

The FIFTH BOOK
OF THE
WORKS
OF

FRANCIS RABELAIS, M. D.

Containing the
Heroic Deeds and Sayings
Of the Good
PANTAGRUEL.

To which is added,
The *Pantagruelian* Prognostication;
Rabelais's Letters, and several other
Pieces by that Author.

Never before Printed in English.

Done out of French by P. M.

L O N D O N :

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THE
AUTHOR'S
PROLOGUE
TO THE
FIFTH BOOK.

INdefatigable Topers, and you Thrice precious Martyrs of the Smock, give me leave to put a serious Question to your Warships, while you are idly stroaking your Codpieces, and I my self not much better employ'd: Pray, Why is it that people say, that men are not such Sots now-a-days as they were in the days of Yore? Sot is an old word, that signifies a Dunce, Dullard, Folthead, Gull, Wittal, or Noddy, one without Guts in his Brains, whose Cockloft is unfurnish'd, and in short, a Fool. Now would I know, Whether you would have us understand by this same Saying, as indeed you logically may, That formerly men were Fools,

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and this Generation is grown Wise? How many and what dispositions made them Fools? How many and what dispositions were wanting to make 'em Wise? Why were they Fools? How should they be Wise? Pray, how came you to know that men were formerly Fools? How did you find that they are now Wise? Who the Devil made 'em Fools? Who a God's name made 'em Wise? Who d'ye think are most, those that lov'd Mankind Foolish, or those that love it Wise? How long has it been Wise? How long otherwise? Whence proceeded the foregoing Folly? Whence the following Wisdom? Why did the old Folly end now, and no later? Why did the Modern Wisdom begin now, and no sooner? What were we the worse for the former Folly? What the better for the succeeding Wisdom? How should the Ancient Folly be come to nothing? How should this same new Wisdom be started up and establish'd?

Now answer me, an't please you; I dare not adjure you in stronger Terms, Reverend Sirs, lest I make your pious fatherly Worships in the least uneasy. Come, pluck up a good heart, speak the Truth, and shame the Devil. Be cheery, my Lads, and if you are for me, take me off three or five Bumpers to the best, while I make an halt at the first part of the Sermon; then answer my Question. If you are not, a vault! avoid Satan! For I swear by my great Grandmother's Placket,
(and

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(and that's a horrid Oath!) that if you don't help me to solve that puzzling Problem, I will, nay, I already do repent, having propos'd it: For still I must remain nettled and gravell'd, and the Devil a bit I know how to get off. Well, what say you? I' faith, I begin to smell you out. You are not yet dispos'd to give me an answer; nor I neither, by these Whiskers. Yet to give some light into the business, I'll e'en tell you what had been anciently foretold in the matter, by a Venerable Doc, who being mov'd by the Spirit in a Prophetic Vein, wrote a Book eclips'd, The Prelatical Bagpipe. What d'ye think the Old Fornicator saith? hearken, you Old Noddies, hearken now or never.

The Jubilee's year, when all, like Fools,
were shorn,

Is about thirty [Trente] supernumerary.
O want of Veneration! Fools they seem'd,
But, persevering, with long Briefs, at last
No more they shall be gaping greedy
Fools:

For they shall shell the Shrub's delicious
Fruit,

Whose Flow'r they in the Spring so much
had fear'd.

L'an Jubilé que tout le monde raire

Fadas se feit, est supernumeraire

Au dessus Trente, O peu de reverence!

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Fat il sembloit; mais, en perseverance
De long Brevets, fat plus ne gloux sera ;
Car le doux fruit de l' herbe esgous era
Dont tant craignoit la fleur en prime vere.

*Now you have it, what do you make on't?
The Seer is Ancient, the Style Laconic, the
Sentences dark, like those of Scotus, though
they treat of matters dark enough in them-
selves. The best Commentators on that good
Father take the Jubilee after the Thirtieth,
to be the years that are included in this pre-
sent Age till 1550, [there being but one
Jubilee every fifty years.] Men shall no
longer be thought Fools next Green Pease Sea-
son.*

*The Fools whose number, as Solomon cer-
tifies, is infinite, shall go to pot like a parcel
of mad Bedlamites as they are; and all
manner of Folly shall have an end, that be-
ing also numberless, according to Avicenna,
Maniæ infinitæ sunt species. Having been
driven back and bidden towards the Centre,
during the rigour of the Winter, 'tis now to
be seen on the Surface, and buds out like the
Trees. This is as plain as a Nose in a man's
Face; you know it by experience, you see it.
And it was formerly found out by that great
good man Hippocrates, Aphorism. Veræ
etenim mania, &c. The World therefore,
wisifying it self, shall no longer dread the
Flower and Blossoms of Beans every coming
Spring;*

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Spring; that is, as you may believe, Bumper in hand, and Tears in Eyes in the woful time of Lent, which us'd to keep them company.

Whole Cartloads of Books that seem'd florid, flourishing and flowry, gay and gawdy as so many Butterflies; but in the main were tiresome, dull, soporiferous, irksome, mischievous, crabbed, knotty, puzzling, and dark as those of Whining Heraclytus, as unintelligible as the Numbers of Pythagoras, that King of the Bean according to Horace: Those Books, I say, have seen their best days, and shall soon come to nothing, being deliver'd to the executing Worms, and merciless Petty-Chandlers; such was their Destiny, and to this they were Predestinated.

In their stead Beans in Cod are started up; that is, these Merry and Fructifying Pantagruelian Books, so much sought now-a-days, in expectation of the following Jubilee's period; to the Study of which Writings all People have given their Minds; and accordingly have gain'd the Name of Wise.

Now, I think, I have fairly solv'd and resolv'd your Problem; then reform and be the better for it. Hem once or twice like hearts of Oak, stand to your Pan-puddings, and take me off your Bumpers Nine go downs, and Hurra! since we are like to have a good Vintage, and Misers hang themselves: Oh! they'll cost me an Estate in Hempen Collars if fair Weather hold. For I hereby promise to

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furnish them with twice as much as will do their business, on free cost, as often as they will take the pains to dance at a Rope's end, providently to save Charges, to the no small disappointment of the Finisher of the Law.

Now my Friends, that you may put in for a share of this new Wisdom, and shake off the antiquated Folly, this very moment, scratch me out of your scrouls, and quite discard the symbol of the old Philosopher with the Golden Thigh, by which he has forbidden you to eat Beans: For you may take it for a truth granted among all Professors in the Science of good eating, that he enjoyn'd you not to taste of them, only with the same kind intent that a certain fresh-water Physitian had, when he did forbid to Amer, late Lord of Camelotiere, kinsman to the Lawyer of that Name, the Wing of the Partridge, the Rump of the Chicken, and the Neck of the Pigeon, saying, *Ala mala, Rumpum dubium, Collum bonum pelle remotâ*. For the Dunsical Dog-leech was so selfish, as to reserve them for his own dainty Chops, and allowed his poor Patients little more than the bare Bones to pick, lest they should overload their squeemish Stomachs.

To the Heathen Philosopher succeeded a pack of Capusions, Monks, who forbid us the use of Beans, that is, Pantagruelian Books: They seem to follow the Example of Philoxenus and Gnatho, Sicilians of fulsome Memory,

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mory, the *Ancient Master-Builders* of their *Monastick Cramgut Voluptuousness*; who when some dainty Bit was serv'd up at a Feast, filthily us'd to spit on it, that none but their nasty selves might have the stomach to eat of it, though their lickerish Chops watered never so much after it.

So those hideous, snotty, pthificky, eves-dropping, musty, moving Forms of Mortification, both in publick and private, curse those dainty Books, and like Toads spit their Venom upon them.

Now though we have in our Mother-Tongue several excellent Works in Verse and Prose, and, Hear'n be prais'd. but little left of the Trash and Trumpery stuff of those dunfical Mumlbers of *Avenaries*, and the barbarous foregoing *Gothick Age*; I have made bold to chuse to chirrup and warble my plain Ditty, or as they say, to whistle like a Goose among the Swans, rather than be thought deaf among so many pretty Poets and Eloquent Orators. And thus I am prouder of Acting the Clown, or any other under-part among the many Ingenious Actors in that Noble Play; than of herding among those Mutes, who, like so many shadows and Cyphers, only serve to fill up the House, and make up a number, gaping and yawning at the Flier, and pricking up their Ears, like so many Arcadian Asses at the striking up of the Musick, thus silently giving to understand, that their

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Fopships are tickled in the right Place.

Having taken this Resolution, I thought it would not be amiss to move my Diogenical Tub, that you might not accuse me of living without Example. I see a swarm of our Modern Poets and Orators, your Collinets, Marots, Drouets, Saingelais, Salels, Mafuels, and many more; who having commenc'd Masters in Apollo's Academy on Mount Parnassus, and drunk Brimmers at the Caballin Fountain, among the Nine merry Muses, have rais'd our Vulgar Tongue and made it a noble and everlasting Structure. Their Works are all Parian Marble, Alebaster, Porphyry, and Royal Ciment, They treat of nothing but Heroick Deeds, Mighty things, grave and difficult matters, and this in a Crimson Alamode Rhetorical Style. Their Writings are all Divine Nectar, rich, racy, sparkling, delicate and luscious Wine. Nor does our Sex wholly engross this Honour; Ladies have had their share of the Glory: One of them of the Royal Blood of France, whom it were a Prophanation but to name here, surprizes the Age at once by her transcendent and Inventive Genius in her Writings, and the admirable Graces of her Style. Imitate those great Examples, if you can, for my part I cannot. Every one, you know, cannot go to Corinth. When Solomon built the Temple, all could not give Gold by handfuls.

Since

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Since then 'tis not in my Power to improve
our Architecture as much as they, I am e'en re-
solv'd to do like Renault of Montauban; I'll
wait on the Masons, set on the Pot for the Ma-
sons, cook for the Stonecutters; and since it was
not my good luck to be cut out for one of them,
I will live and dye the Admirer of their Divine
Writings.

As for you, little envious Prigs, snarling,
bastard, puny Criticks, you'll soon have rail'd
your last: Go hang your selves, and chuse you
out some well-spread Oak, under whose shade
you may swing in state, to the admiration of
the gaping Mob; you shall never want Rope
enough. While I here solemnly protest before my
Helicon, in the Presence of my Nine Mistresses
the Muses, that if I live yet the Age of a Dog,
ek'd out with that of three Crows, sound Wind
and Limbs, like the old Hebrew Captain Moses,
Xenophilus the Musicianer, and Demonax
the Philosopher, by Arguments no ways im-
pertinent, and Reasons not to be disputed, I
will prove, in the teeth of a parcel of Brokers and
Retailers of Ancient Rhapsodies, and such
mouldy Trash, That our Vulgar Tongue is not
so mean, silly, poor, and contemptible, as they
pretend. Nor ought I to be afraid of I know
not what Botchers of old threadbare stuff a hun-
dred and a hundred times clouted up and piec'd
together; wretched Bunglers, that can do nothing
but new vamp old rusty Sams; beggarly Sea-
vengers,

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vengers, that rake even the muddiest Canals of Antiquity for scraps and bits of Latin, as insignificant as they are often uncertain. Beseeching our Grandees of Witland, that, as when formerly Apollo had distributed all the Treasures of his Poetical Exchequer to his Favourites, little hulchback'd Æsop got for himself the Office of Apologuemonger: In the same manner, since I do not aspire higher, they would not deny me that of Pany Riparographer, or Riffraff-scribler of the Sect of Pyrricus.

I dare swear they will grant me this; for they are all so kind, so good-natur'd, and so generous, that they'll ne're boggle at so small a Request. Therefore both dry and hungry Souls, Pot and Trenchermen, fully enjoying those Books, perusing, quoting them in their merry Conventicles, and observing the great Mysteries of which they treat, shall gain a singular Profit and Fame; as in the like case was done by Alexander the Great, with the Books of Prime Philosophy compos'd by Aristotle.

O rare! Belly on Belly! what Swillers, what Twisters will there be!

Then be sure, all you that take care not to dye of the Pip, be sure, I say, you take my advice, and stock your selves with good store of such Books, as soon as you meet with them at the Booksellers, and do not only shell those Beans in Cods, but e'en swallow them down like an Opiat Cordial and let them be in you, I say, let them be within you: Then shall you find, my Beloved,

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ved, what good they do to all clever Shellers of Beans.

Here is a good handsome Basketful of them, which I here lay before your Worships ; they were gather'd in the very individual Garden whence the former came. So I beseech you, Reverend Sirs, with as much Respect as e're was paid by Dedicating Author, to accept of the Gift, in hopes of somewhat better against next Visit the Swallows give us.

T H E

The Fifth Book of

RABELAIS,

Treating of the Heroick Deeds and
Sayings of the Good

PANTAGRUEL.

CHAP. I.

*How Pantagruel arriv'd at the Ring-
ing Island, and of the noise that we
heard.*

Pursuing our Voyage, we sail'd three
days without discovering any
thing ; on the fourth we made
Land. Our Pilot told us, That it
was the *Ringin Island*, and indeed we heard
a kind of a confus'd and often-repeated
Noise , that seem'd to us at a great distance
not unlike the sound of great, middle-siz'd
and little Bells rung all at once as 'tis custo-
mary at *Paris, Tours, Gergeau, Nantes*, and
elsewhere on high Holidays ; and the nearer
we

we came to the Land, the louder we heard that Jangling.

Some of us doubted that this was the *Dodonoan Kettles*, or the *Portico* call'd *Heptaphone* in *Olympia*, or the Eternal humming of the *Colossus* rais'd on *Memnon's Tomb* in *Thebes* of *Egypt*, or the horrid Din that us'd formerly to be heard about a Tomb at *Lipara*, one of the *Eolian Islands*. But this did not square with *Chorography*.

I don't know, said *Pantagruel*, but that some swarms of Bees hereabouts may be taking a Ramble in the Air, and so the Neighbourhood make this dingle dangle with Pans, Kettles, and Basons, the Coribanting Cimbals of *Cybele*, Grand-Mother of the gods, to call them back. Let's harken! when we were nearer, among the everlasting Ringing, we heard the indefatigable Singing (as we thought) of some Men. For this Reason, before we offer'd to Land on the *Ringing Island*, *Pantagruel* was of opinion that we should go in the Pinnacle to a small Rock, near which we discover'd an Hermitage, and a little Garden. There we found a diminutive old Hermit, whose name was *Braguibus*, born at *Glenay*. He gave us a full Account of all the Jangling, and regal'd us after a strange sort of a fashion; four live-long-days, did he make us fast, assuring us, That we should not be admitted into the *Ringing Island*.

Island otherwise, because 'twas then one of the four *Fasting*, or *Ember-Weeks*. As I love my Belly, quoth *Panurge*, I by no means understand this Riddle; methinks, this should rather be one of the four Windy-weeks, for while we fast, we are only puff'd up with wind. Pray now, good Father Hermit, have not you here some other pastime besides Fasting; methinks 'tis somewhat of the leanest, we might well enough be without so many *Palace-bolidays*, and those fasting *Times* of yours. In my *Donatus*, quoth Fryar *Ihon*, I could find yet but three *Times* or *Tenses*, the Preterit, the Present, and the Future, doubtless here the fourth ought to be a work of Supererogation. That *Time* or *Tense*, said *Epistemon*, is *Aorist*, deriv'd from the Preterimperfect Tense of the *Greeks*, admitted in War, and odd Cases: *Patience per force, is a Remedy for a Mad dog*. Saith the Hermit, 'tis as I told you, fatal to go against this, whoever does it, is a rank Heretick, and wants nothing but Fire and Faggot, that's certain. To deal plainly with you, my dear *Pater*, cri'd *Panurge*, being at Sea, I much more fear being wet, than being warm, and being drown'd than being burnt.

Well, however, let us fast a God's Name; yet I have fasted so long, that it has quite undermin'd my Flesh, and I fear that at last, the

the Bastions of this Bodily Fort of mine will fall to ruin. Besides, I am much more affraid of vexing you in this same Trade of Fasting, for the Devil a bit I understand any thing in it, and it becomes me very scurvily, as several People have told me, and I am apt to believe them. For my part, I have no great Stomach to Fasting; for alas, 'tis as easy as pissing a Bed, and a Trade of which any body may set up, there needs no Tools. I am much more inclin'd not to fast for the future; for to do so, there's some Stock requir'd, and some Tools are set a work. No matter, since you are so stedfast, and have us fast, let's fast as fast as we can, and then breakfast in the name of Famine; now we are come to these *esurial* idle Days. I vow, I had quite put them out of my head long ago. If we must fast, said *Pantagruel*, I see no other Remedy but to get rid of it as soon as we can, as we would out of a bad way. I'll in that space of time somewhat look over my Papers, and examine whether the Marine Study be as good as ours at Land. For *Plato*, to describe a silly, raw, ignorant Fellow, compares him to those that are bred on Ship-board, as we would do to one bred up in a Barrel, who never saw any thing but through the Bunghole.

To tell you the short and long of the matter, our Fasting was most hideous and terrible; for, the first day we fasted at Fisticuffs, the second at Cudgels, the third at Sharps, and the fourth at Blood and Wounds; such was the Order of the Fairies.

C H A P. II.

How the Ringing Island had been inhabited by the Siticines, who were become Birds.

HAVING fasted as aforesaid, the Hermit gave us a Letter for one whom he call'd *Albiam Camar*, Master *Ædituus* of the *Ringing Island*; but *Panurge* greeting him, call'd him, Master *Antitus*. He was a little queer old Fellow, bald pated, with a Snout whereat you might easily have lighted a Card-match, and a Phiz as red as a Cardinal's Cap. He made us all very welcome, upon the Hermits Recommendation, hearing that we had fasted, as I have told you.

When we had well-stuff'd our Puddings, he gave us an Account of what was Remarkable in the Island; affirming, That it had been at first inhabited by the *Sit-*
cines,

cines, but that according to the course of Nature, as all things, you know, are subject to change, they were become Birds.

There I had a full Account of all that *Atteius Capito*, *Paulus Marcellus*, *A. Gellius*, *Atheneus*, *Suidas*, *Ammonius* and others had writ of the *Siticines*, and *Sicinnists*; and then we thought we might as easily believe the Transmutations of *Nectimene*, *Progne*, *Itys*, *Alcyone*, *Antigone*, *Tereus*, and other Birds. Nor did we think it more reasonable to doubt of the Transmogrification of the *Macrobian* Children into Swans, or that of the Men of *Pallene* in *Thrace* into Birds, as soon as they have bath'd themselves in the *Tritonic* Lake. After this the Devil a word we could get out of him but of Birds and Cages.

The Cages were spacious, costly, magnificent, and of an admirable Architecture. The Birds were large, fine, and neat accordingly; looking as like the men in my Country, as one Pea do's like another; for they eat and drank like men, muted like men, endued or digested like men, farted like men, but stunk like Devils, slept, bill'd and trod their Females like men, but somewhat oftener; in short, had you seen and examin'd 'em from Top to Toe, you would have laid your head to a Turnip, that they had been meer men. However, they were nothing less, as Master

Ædituus

Ædunnus told us ; assuring us at the same time, that they were neither Secular nor Layick ; and 'truth is, the diversity of their Feathers and Plumes, did not a little puzzle us..

Some of them were all over as white as Swans, others as black as Crows, many-as grey as Owls, others black and white like Magpyes, some all red like Red-birds, and others purple and white like some Pigeons. He call'd the Males, Clerghawks, Monk-hawks, Priesthawks, Abbothawks, Bish-hawks, Cardinhawks, and one, Popehawk, who is a Species by himself. He call'd the Females, Clergkites, Nunkites, Priestkites, Abbetskites, Bishkites, Cardinkites, and Popekites.

However, said he, as Hornets and Drones, will get among the Bees, and there do nothing but buzz, eat and spoil every thing, so, for these last Three hundred Years, a vast Swarm of Bigottello's flockt I don't know how among these goodly Birds every fifth full Moon, and have bemuted, be-ray'd, and conskited the whole Island. They are so hard-favour'd and monstrous, that none can abide 'em. For their wry Necks make a figure like a crooked Billet ; their Paws are hairy like those of rough-footed Pigeons, their Claws and Pounces, belly and breech like those of the *Symphalid Harpies*. Nor is it possible to root them

them out, for if you get rid of one, strait four and twenty new ones fly thither.

There had been need of another Monster-hunter, such as was *Hercules*, for Fryar *Jhon* had like to have run distracted about it, so much he was nettled and puzzled in the matter. As for the good *Pantagruel*, he was e'en serv'd as was Messer *Priapus*, contemplating the Sacrifices of *Ceres*, for want of Skin.

CHAP. III.

How there is but one Popehawk in the Ringing Island.

WE then ask'd Master *Ædituus* why there was but one *Popehawk* among such numbers of venerable Birds, multiply'd in all their Species? He answer'd, that such was the first Institution and fatal destiny of the Stars. That the *Clerghawks* begot the *Priesthawks* and *Monkhawks*, without carnal Copulation, as some Bees are born of a young Bull. The *Priesthawks* beget the *Bishhawks*, the *Bishhawks* the stately *Cardinhawks*, and the stately *Cardinhawks*, if they live long enough, at last come to be *Popehawk*.

Of this last kind, there never is more than one at a time, as in a Beehive there is

is but one King, and in the World is but one Sun.

When the *Popehawk* dies, another arises in his stead out of the whole Brood of *Cardinhawks*, that is, as you must understand it all along, without carnal Copulation. So that there is in that Species an individual Unity, with a perpetuity of Succession, neither more nor less than in the *Arabian Phoenix*.

'Tis true, that about Two thousand seven hundred and sixty Moons ago, two *Popehawks* were seen upon the Face of the Earth; but then you never saw in your lives such a woful Rout and Hurly-burly as was all over this Island. For all these same Birds did so peck, clapperclaw and maul one another all that time, that there was the Devil and all to do, and the Island was in a fair way of being left without Inhabitants. Some stood up for this *Popehawk*, some for t'other. Some, struck with a dumness, were as mute as so many Fishes; the Devil a Note was to be got out of them, Part of the merry Bells here were as-silent as if they had lost their Tongues, I mean their Clappers.

During these troublesome Times, they call'd to their Assistance the Emperours, Kings, Dukes, Earls, Barons, and Commonwealths of the World that live on t'other side the water; nor was this Schism
and

and Sedition at an end, till one of them died, and the Plurality was reduc'd to Unity.

We then ask'd what mov'd those Birds to be thus continually chanting and singing? he answer'd, that it was the Bells that hang'd on the Tops of their Cages. Then he said to us, Will you have me make these *Monkhawks* whom you see bardocucullated with a Bag, such as you use to still Brandy, sing like any Wood-Larks? Pray do, said we. He then gave half a dozen pulls to a little Rope, which caus'd a diminutive Bell to give so many Ting-tings, and presently a parcel of *Monkhawks* ran to him as if the Devil had drove 'em, and fell a-singing like mad.

Pray Master, cry'd *Panurge*, if I also rang this Bell, could I make those other Birds yonder with red-herring-colour'd Feathers sing? Ay, marry would you, return'd *Ædituus*. With this *Panurge* hang'd himself (by the hands, I mean) at the Bell-Rope's end, and no sooner made it speak, but those smok'd Birds hy'd them thither, and began to lift up their voices, and make a sort of an untowardly hoarse noise, which I grudge to call singing. *Ædituus* indeed told us, that they fed on nothing but Fish, like the Hens and Cormorants of the World, and that they were a fifth kind of *Cucullati* newly stamp'd.

He added, that he had been told by *Robert Valbringue*, who lately pass'd that way in his Return from *Africa*, that a sixth kind was to fly hither out of hand, which he call'd Capushawks, more grum, vinegar-fac'd, brainlick, froward, and loathsome, than any kind whatsoever in the whole Island. *Africa*, said *Pantagruel*, still uses to produce some new and monstrous Thing.

CHAP. IV.

How the Birds of the Ringing Island were all Passengers.

Since you have told us, said *Pantagruel*, how the Popehawk is begot by the Cardinhawks, the Cardinhawks by the Bishhawks, and the Bishhawks by the Priesthawks, and the Priesthawks by the Clerghawks, I would gladly know whence you have these same Clerghawks. They are all of them Passengers, return'd *Ædittus*, and come hither from t'other world; part out of a vast Countrey, call'd *Want-o-bread*, the rest out of another toward the *West*, which they stile, *Too-many-of-'em*. From these two Countries flock hither every year, whole Legions of these Clerghawks, leaving their Fathers, Mothers, Friends and Relations.

B

This

This happens when there are too many Children, whether Male or Female, in some good Family of the latter Countrey; insomuch that the House would come to nothing, if the Paternal Estate were shar'd among them all; (*as Reason requires, Nature directs, and God commands.*) For this cause Parents use to rid themselves of that Inconveniency by packing off the Younger Fry, and forcing them to seek their Fortune in this *Isle Boffart*, (*Crooked Island.*) I suppose he means *l' Isle Bouchart*, near *Chinon*, cry'd *Panurge*. No, reply'd t'other, I mean *Boffart* (*Crooked*); for there is not one in ten among them, but is either crooked, crippled, blinking, limping, ill-favour'd, deform'd, or an unprofitable load to the earth.

'Twas quite otherwise among the Heathens, said *Pantagruel*, when they us'd to receive a Maiden among the number of Vestals; for *Leo Antistius* affirms that it was absolutely forbidden to admit a Virgin into that Order, if she had any Vice in her Soul, or Defect in her Body, tho it were but the smallest Spot on any part of it. I can hardly believe, continued *Edituus*, that their *Dams* on t'other side the water go Nine Months with them; for they cannot endure them Nine Years, nay scarce Seven, sometimes in the House: But by putting only a Shirt over the other Cloaths of the

Young

Young Urchins, and lopping off I don't well know how many Hairs from their Crowns, mumbling certain apostrophis'd and expiatory words, they visibly, openly, and plainly, by a Pythagorical *Metempsychosis*, without the least hurt, transmogrify them into such Birds as you now see; much after the fashion of the *Egyptian* Heathens, who us'd to constitute their *Isiacs*, by shaving them, and making them put on certain *Linoistles*, or Surplices. However, I don't know, my good Friends, but that these She-things, whether Clergkites, Monkites, and Abbesskites (that should not) instead of singing some pleasant Verses and *Charisters*, such as us'd to be sung to *Oromasis* by *Zoroaster's* Institution, may be bellowing out such *Catarates* and *Scythropys*, (curs'd, lamentable, and wretched Imprecations) as were usually offer'd to the *Arimanian* Dæmon; being thus in Devotion for their kind Friends and Relations, that transform'd them into Birds, whether when they were Maids, or Thornbacks, in their Prime, or at their last Prayers.

But the greatest number of our Birds come out of *Want-o-Bread*, which tho a barren Countrey, where the days are of a most tedious lingring length, overstocks this whole Island with the lower Class of Birds. For hither fly the *Affaphis* that inhabit that Land, either when they are in dan-

ger of passing their time scurvily for want of Belly-timber, being unable, or what's more likely, unwilling to take heart of grace, and follow some honest lawful calling, or too proud-hearted and lazy to go to service in some sober Family. The same is done by your frantick *Inamoradoes*, who when cross'd in their wild Desires, grow stark-staring mad, and chuse this Life suggested to them by their despair, too cowardly to make them swing like their Brother *Iphis* of doleful Memory. There is another sort, that is, your Goal-birds, who having done some Rogue's Trick, or other heinous Villany, and being sought up and down to be truss'd up, and made to ride the Two or Three-legg'd Mare that groans for them, warily scour off, and come here to save their Bacon: Because all these sorts of Birds are here provided for, and grow in an instant as fat as Hogs, tho they came as lean as Rakes: For having the Benefit of the *Clergy*, they are as safe as Thieves in a Mill, within this Sanctuary.

But, ask'd *Pantagruel*, Do these Birds never return to the world where they were hatch'd? Some do, answer'd *Ædrius* formerly very few, very seldom, very late and very unwillingly. However, since some certain Ecclypses, by the vertue of the Coelestial Constellations, a great Crowd of them fled back to the world. Nor do

we fret or vex our selves a jot about it ; for those that stay, wisely sing, *The fewer the better Cheer* ; and all those that fly away first, cast off their Feathers here among these Nettles and Bryars.

Accordingly we found some thrown by there ; and as we look'd up and down we chanc'd to light on what some people will hardly thank us for having discover'd ; and thereby hangs a Tale.

C H A P. V.*Of the dumb Kighthawks of the Ringing Island.*

THese Words were scarce out of his mouth, when some Five and twenty or Thirty Birds flew towards us : They were of a Hue and Feather like which we had not yet seen any thing in the whole Island. Their Plumes were as changeable as the Skin of the Chamelion, and the Flower of *Tripolion*, or *Tenerion*. They had all under the Left Wing a Mark like two Diameters dividing a Circle into equal parts, or (if you had rather have it so) like a Perpendicular Line falling on a Right Line. The Marks which each of them bore, were much of the same shape, but of different Colours ; for some were White,

others Green, some Red, others Purple, and some Blue. Who are those, ask'd *Panurge*, and how do you call them? They are Mongrels, quoth *Ædituus*.

We call them Knighthawks, and they have a great number of rich *Commanderies*, (fat Livings) in your World. Good your Worship, said I, make them give us a Song; an't please you, that we may know how they sing. They scorn your words, cry'd *Ædituus*, they are none of your Singing Birds; but to make amends, they feed as much as the best two of them all. Pray, where are their Hens, where are their Females, said I? They have none, answer'd *Ædituus*. How comes it to pass then, ask'd *Panurge*, that they are thus bescabb'd, bescurf'd, all embroider'd o're the Phiz with Carbuncles, Pusshes, and Pockroyals; Some of which undermine the handles of their Faces. This same Fashionable and Illustrious Disease, quoth *Ædituus*, is common among that kind of Birds, because they are pretty apt to be tost on the Salt Deep.

He then acquainted us with the occasion of their coming. This, next to us, said he, looks so wistfully upon you, to see whether he may not find among your Company a stately gawdy kind of huge dreadful Birds of Prey, which yet are so untoward, that they ne're could be brought
to

to the *Lure*, nor to Perch on the Glove. They tell us that there are such in your World, and that some of them have goodly Garters below the knee with an Inscription about them, which condemns him (*qui mal y pense*) who shall think ill of it, to be bewray'd and conskited. Others are said to wear the Devil in a string before their Paunches; and others a Ram's skin. All that's true enough, good Master *Ædituus*, quoth *Panurge*, but we have not the honour to be acquainted with their Knightships.

Come on, cry'd *Ædituus* in a merry mood, we have had Chat enough o' Conscience! let's e'en go Drink, — and Eat, quoth *Panurge*: Eat, reply'd *Ædituus*, and Drink bravely old Boy; Twist like Ploughjobbers, and Swill like Tinkers, Pull away and save Tide; for nothing is so dear or precious as Time, therefore we'll be sure to put it to a good use.

He would fain have carried us first to bathe in the *Bagnio's* of the Cardinhawks, which are goodly delicious places, and have us lick'd over with precious Ointments by the *Alyptes*, *alias* Rubbers, as soon as we should come out of the Bath. But *Pantagruel* told him, that he could Drink but too much without that: He then led us into a spacious delicate Refectuary, or Fratrie-room, and told us, *Bra-*

guibus the Hermit, made you Fast Four day-together; now, contrarywise, I'll make you Eat and Drink of the Best, Four days through-flitch before you budge from this place. But hark-ye-me, cry'd *Panurge*, mayn't we take a Nap in the mean time? Ay, ay, answer'd *Ædituus*, that's as you shall think good, for he that Sleeps, Drinks. Good Lord! how we liv'd! what good Bub! what dainty Cheer! Oh what an honest Cod was this same *Ædituus*!

CHAP. VI.

How the Birds are cramm'd in the Ringing Island.

P*Antagruel* look'd I don't know howish, and seem'd not very well pleas'd with the Four days Junketting which *Ædituus* enjoyn'd us. *Ædituus*, who soon found it out, said to him, you know, Sir, that seven days before Winter, and seven days after, there is no Storm at Sea: For then the Elements are still, out of respect for the Halcyons, or Kingfishers, Birds sacred to *Thetis*, which then lay their Eggs and hatch their Young near the Shoar. Now here the Sea makes it self amends for this long Calm; and whenever some Foreigners come hither, it grows Boisterous and Stormy

Stormy for four days together. We can give no other reason for it, but that it is a piece of its Civility, that those who come among us may stay, whether they will or no, and be copiously Feasted all the while with the incomes of the Ringing. Therefore pray don't think your time lost, for willing, nilling, you'll be forc'd to stay; unless you are resolv'd to encounter *Juno*, *Neptune*, *Doris*, *Æolus* and his Fluster-blusters; and in short, all the pack of ill-natur'd lefthanded Godlings and *Vejoves*. Do but resolve to be cheary, and fall to briskly.—

After we had pretty well staid our stomachs with some tight snatches, Fryer *Ibon* said to *Edituus*, For ought I see, you have none but a parcel of Birds and Cages in this Island of yours, and the Devil-a-bit of one of them all that sets his hand to the Plough, or Tills the Land, whose Fat he devours: Their whole Business is to be frolick, to chirp it, to whistle it, to warble it, tos'ing it, and roar it merrily night and day; Pray then, if I may be so bold, Whence comes this Plenty and Overflowing of all dainty Bits and good Things which we see among you? From all the other World, return'd *Edituus*, if you except some part of the Northern Regions, who of late years have stirr'd up the *Jakes*; Mum! they may chance e're long to rue

the day they did so ; their Cows shall have Porrage, and their Dogs Oats; there will be work made among them, that there will: Come, a Fig for't, let's Drink, — But pray what Countreymen are you? *Tourain* is our Countrey, answer'd *Panurge*; Cod so, cry'd *Aedituus*, you were not then hatch'd of an ill Bird, I'll say that for you, since the blessed *Tourain* is your Mother. For from thence there comes hither every year such a vast store of good Things, that we were told by some folks of the Place that happen'd to touch at this Island, that your Duke of *Tourain*'s Income will not afford him to Eat his Belly-full of Beans and Beacon [a good Dish spoil'd between *Moses* and *Pythagoras*] because his Predecessors have been more than liberal to these most holy Birds of ours , that we might here munch it, twist it, cram it, gorge it, crawl it, riot it, junket it, and tickle it off, stuffing our Puddings with dainty Pheasants, Partridges, Pullets with Eggs, Fat Capons of *Loudunois*, and all sorts of Venison and Wild Fowl. Come Box it about, Tope on my Friends. Pray do but see yon jolly Birds that are Perch'd together, how Fat, how Plump, and in good Case, they look with the Income that *Tourain* yields us! And in faith they Sing rarely for their good Founders, that's the truth on't. You never saw any *Arcadian* Birds mumble more fair'y than

than they do over a Dish, when they see these two gilt Battoons, or when I Ring for them these great Bells that you see above their Cages. Drink on, Sirs, whip it away, *verily* Friends 'tis very fine Drinking to day, and so 'tis every day o' the week; then Drink on, Toss it about; here's to you with all my Soul, you are most heartily Welcome: Never spare it, I pray you, fear not we should ever want good Bub, and Belly-Timber; for, look here, though the Sky were of Brass, and the Earth of Iron, we should not want wherewithal to stuff the Gut, though they were to continue so Seven or Eight years longer than the Famine in *Egypt*. Let us then with Brotherly Love and Charity refresh our selves here with the Creature.

Woons, man, cry'd *Panurge*, what a rare time you have on't in this World! Pshaw, return'd *Edituns*, this is nothing to what we shall have in t'other: The *Eli-zian* Fields will be the least that can fall to our Lot. Come, in the mean time let's Drink here, come here's to thee old Fuddlecap.

Your first *Situcines*, said I, were superlatively wise, in devising thus a means for you to compass whatever all men naturally covet so much, and so few or (to speak more properly) none can enjoy together; I mean, a Paradise in this Life, and another

ther in the next ; sure you were Born wrapt in your Mother's smickits. O happy Creatures ! O more than men ! Would I had the luck to fare like you.

C H A P. VII.

How Pantagruel came to the Island of the Apedefers, or Ignoramus's, with long Claws, and Crooked Paws, and of terrible Adventures and Monsters there.

AS soon as we had cast Anchor and had mor'd the Ship, the Pinnace was put over the Ship's side, and Mann'd by the Coxswain's Crew. When the good Pantagruel had prayed publickly, and given thanks to the Lord that had deliver'd him from so great a Danger, he stept into it with his whole Company, to go on shore, which was no ways difficult to do ; for as the Sea was Calm, and the Winds laid, they soon got to the Cliffs. When they were set on shore, Epistemon, who was admiring the Scituation of the Place, and the strange shape of the Rocks, discover'd some of the Natives. The first he met, had on a short Purple Gown, a Doublet cut in Pains like a *Spanish* Leather Jerkin ; half-sleeves

sleeves of Satin, and the upper part of them Leather, a Coif like a Black Pot tipp'd with Tin; he was a good likely sort of a Body, and his name, as we heard afterwards, was *Double-fee*. *Epistemon* ask'd him, how they call'd those strange Craggy Rocks and Deep Vallies? he told him it was a Colony, brought out of *Attorney-land*, and call'd *Process*; and that if we forded the River somewhat further beyond the Rocks, we should come into the Island of the *Apedefers*. By the memory of the *Decretals*, ask'd Fryer *Ibon*, tell us, I pray you, what you honest men here live on? Could not a man take a chirping Bottle with you, to taste your Wine? I can see nothing among you but Parchment, Inkhorns and Pens. We live on nothing else, return'd *Double-fee*; and all who live in this place must come through my hands. How, quoth *Panurge*, are you a Shaver then, do you fleece 'em? ay, ay, their Purse, answer'd *Double-fee*, nothing else. By the Foot of *Pharao*, cry'd *Panurge*, the De'll a Sous you'll get of me. However, sweet Sir, be so kind as to shew an honest man the way to those *Apedefers*, or Ignorant People, for I come from the Land of the Learned, where I did not learn over much.

Still talking on, they got to the Island of the *Apedefers*, for they were soon got over the Ford. *Pantagruel* was not a little taken

taken up with admiring the Structure and Habitation of the People of the Place. For they live in a swindging Wine-press, fifty steps up to it; you must know there are some of all sorts, little, great, private, middlefiz'd, and so forth. You go through a large *Peristile*, *alias* a long Entry set about with Pillars, in which you see in a kind of Landskip the Ruins of almost the whole World; besides so many great Robbers Gibbets, so many Gallows and Racks, that 'tis enough to fright you out of your seven Senses. *Double-fee* perceiving that *Pantagruel* was taken up with Contemplating those things, Let us go further, Sir, said he to him, all this is nothing yet. Nothing, quoth he, cri'd Frier *Ibon*, By the soul of my over-heated Codpiece, Friend *Panurge* and I here shake and quiver for meer hunger. I had rather be drinking, than staring on those Ruins. Pray come along, Sir, said *Double-fee*. He then led us into a little Wine-press that lay backwards in a blind Corner, and was call'd *Pithies* in the Language of the Countrey. You need not ask whether Master *Ibon* and *Panurge* made much of their sweet selves there; 'tis enough that I tell you, there was no want of *Bolonia* Sawcidges, Turkey-poots, Capons, Bustards, Malmesey, and all other sorts of good Belly-Timber, very well drest.

A pimping Son of ten Fathers, who, for want of a better, who did the Office of a Butler, seeing that Frier *Ihon* had cast a Sheep's eye at a choice Bottle that stood near a Cup-board by it self, at some distance from the rest of the *Bottellie* Magazine, like a Jack-in-an-Office, said to *Pantagruel*, Sir, I perceive that one of your Men here is making love to this Bottle, he ogles it, and would fain caress it; but I beg that none offer to meddle with it; for 'tis reserv'd for their Worships. How, cri'd *Panurge*, there are some Grandees here then I see: 'Tis Vintage-time with you, I perceive.

Then *Double-fee* led us up a private Stair-case, and shew'd us into a Room, whence, without being seen, out at a Loop-hole, we could see their Worships in the great Wine-press, where none could be admitted without their leave. Their Worships, as he call'd them, were about a score of fusty Crackropes and Gallowclappers, or rather more, all posted before a Bar, and staring at each other like so many dead Pigs: Their Paws were as long as a Crane's Foot, and their Claws four and twenty Inches long at least; for you must know, they are injoin'd never to pair off the least Chip of them, so that they grow as crooked as a Welch Hook, or a Hedging Bill.

We saw a swindging Bunch of Grapes that are gather'd and squeez'd in that Country,

Country, brought in to them. As soon as it was laid down, they clapp'd it into the Press, and there was not a bit of it out of which each of them did not squeeze some Oil of Gold. Infomuch, that the poor Grape was tri'd with a Witness, and brought off so drain'd and pick'd, and so dry, that there was not the least moisture, juice or substance left in it, for they had prest out its very quintessence.

Double-fee told us they had not often such huge Bunches, but, let the worst come to the worst, they were sure never to be without others in their Press. But hark you me, Master of mine, ask'd *Panurge*, Have they not some of different growth? ay marry have they, quoth *Double-fee*; do you see here this little Bunch, to which they are going to give 'tother wrinch; 'Tis of Tyth-growth you must know; they crush'd, wrung, squeez'd and strain'd out the very heart's blood of it but t'other day, but it did not bleed freely, the Oil came hard, and smelt of the Priest's Chest; so that they found there was not much good to be got out of 't. Why then, said *Pantagruel*, do they put it again into the Press? only, answer'd *Double-fee*, for fear there should still lurk some Juice among the Husks, and Hullings, in the Mother of the Grape. The Devil be damn'd, cri'd Frier *Ihon*, do you call these
same

same Folks illiterate Lobcocks, and Dunfical Doddipoles? may I be broil'd like a Red-herring, if I don't think they are wise enough to skin a Flint, and draw Oil out of a Brick-wall. So they are, said *Double-fee*, for they sometimes put Castles, Parks and Forests into the Press, and out of them all extract *Aurum potabile*. You mean, *Potabile*, I suppose, cri'd *Epistemon*, *such as may be born*. I mean as I said, repli'd *Double-fee*, *Potabile, such as may be drunk*; for it makes them drink many a good Bottle more than otherwise they should.

But I cannot better satisfy you as to the growths of the Vine-tree Syrup that is here squeez'd out of Grapes, than in desiring you to look your self yonder in that Back-yard, where you'll see above a thousand different growths that lie a waiting to be squeez'd every moment. Here are some of the publick, and some of the private growth; some of the Builders, Fortifications, Loans, Gifts and Gratuities, Escheats, Forfeitures, Fines and Recoveries, Penal Statutes, Crown-Lands and Demesne, Privy-Purse, Post-Office, Offerings, Lordships of Mannors, and a world of other growths for which we want Names. Pray, quoth *Epistemon*, tell me of what growth is that great one with all those little *Grapelings* about it. Oh, oh! return'd *Double-fee*, that plump one is of the Treasury,

fury, the very best growth in the whole
 Countrey ; whenever any one of that
 growth is squeez'd, there is not one of
 their Worships but gets Juice enough out
 of it to soak his Nose six Months together.
 When their Worships were up, *Pantagruel*
 desir'd *Double-fee* to take us into that great
 Wine-press, which he readily did. As
 soon as we were in, *Epistemon*, who under-
 stood all sorts of Tongues, began to shew
 us many Devises on the Press which was
 large and fine, and made of the Wood of
 the Cross (at least *Double-fee* told us so.)
 On each part of it were names of every
 thing in the Language of the Countrey.
 The Spindle of the Press was call'd *Receipt*;
 the Trough, *Costs and Damages*; the Hole
 for the Vice-pin, *State*; the Side-boards,
Money paid into the Office; the great Beam,
Respit of homage; the Branches, *Radiatur*;
 the Side-beams, *Recuperetur*; the Fats,
 * *Ignoramus*; the two-handled
 * *plus Va-* Baskets, *the Rolls*; the Tread-
leur. ing place, *Acquittance*; the
 I don't Doffers, *Validation*; the Pan-
 know what niers, *Authentic Decrees*; the
 it means. Pailles, *Potentials*; the Fun-
 nel, *Quietus est*.

By the Queen of the Chitterlings, quoth
Panurge, all the Hieroglyphics of *Egypt* are
 mine A—— to this *Jargon*. Why!
 here's a parcel of Words full as analogous

as Chalk and Cheese, or a Cat and a Cart-wheel! But why, pr'y thee, Dear *Double-fee*, do they call these Worshipful Dons of yours, Ignorant Fellows? Only, said *Double-fee*, because they neither are or ought to be Clerks, and all must be ignorant as to what they transact here; nor is there to be any other Reason given, but, *The Court hath said it; The Court will have it so; The Court has decreed it.* Cop's Body, quoth *Panurge*, they might full as well have call'd 'em *Necessity*; for *Necessity has no Law.*

From thence, as he was leading us to see a thousand little puny Presses, we spy'd another paltry Bar, about which sate four or five ignorant waspish Churls, of so testy, suming a Temper, and so ready to take Pepper in the Nose for Yea and Nay, that a Dog would not have liv'd with 'em. They were hard at it, with the lees and dregs of the Grapes, which they grip'd over and over again, might and main, with their clench'd Fists. They were call'd *Contractors*, in the Language of the Countrey. These are the ugliest, mishapen, grim-look'd Scrubbs, said Fryar *Ihon*, that ever were beheld with or without Spectacles. Then we pass'd by an infinite number of little pimping Wine-presses, all full of Vintage-mongers, who were picking, examining, and raking the Grapes with some Instruments, call'd *Bills of Charge.*

Finally,

Finally, We came into a Hall down Stairs, where we saw an overgrown curst mangy Curr with a pair of Heads, a Wolf's Belly, and Claws like the Devil of Hell. The Son of a Bitch was fed with *Cost*; for he liv'd on a *Multiplicity* of *Fine Amonds*, and *Amerciaments*, by Order of their Worship, to each of whom the Monster was worth more than the best Farm in the Land. In their Tongue of Ignorance, they call'd him *Twofold*. His Dam lay by him, and her hair and shape was like her Whelp's; only she had four Heads, two Male, and two Female, and her Name was *Fourfold*. She was certainly the most curs'd and dangerous Creature of the place, except her Grandam, that had been kept lockt up in a Dungeon, time out of mind, and her Name was *Refusing of Fees*.

Fryar Ihon, who had always twenty yards of Gut ready empty, to swallow a Gallimaufry of Lawyers, began to be somewhat out of humour, and desir'd *Pantagruel* to remember he had not din'd, and bring *Double-fee* along with him. So, away we went, and as we march'd out at the Back-gate, whom should we meet but an old piece of Mortality in Chains; he was half Ignorant, and half Learned, like an Hermaphrodite of Satan. The Fellow was all caparison'd with Spectacles, as a Tortoise is with Shells, and liv'd on nothing

thing but a sort of Food, which, in their Gibberish, was call'd *Appeals*. *Pantagruel* ask'd *Double-fee* of what Breed was that Prothonotary, and what Name they gave him? *Double-fee* told us, that time out of mind, he had been kept there in Chains, to the great Grief of their Worships, who starv'd him, and his Name was *Review*. By the Pope's sanctify'd Two-pounders, cry'd Fryar *Ihon*, I don't much wonder at the meager Cheer which this old Chuff finds among their Worships, do but look a little on the weather-beaten Scratch *Toby*, Friend *Panurge*; by the sacred Tip of my Cowle, I'll lay Five Pounds to a Hazel-Nutt, the foul Thief has the very Looks of *Gripe-me-now*. These same Fellows here, ignorant as they be, are as sharp and knowing as other Folk. But were it my Case, I'd send him packing with a Squib in his Breech, like a Rogue enough as he is. By my oriental Barnicles, quoth *Panurge*, honest Fryar, thou'rt in the Right; for if we but examin that treacherous *Review's* ill-favour'd Phiz, we find that the filthy Snudge is yet more mischievous and ignorant than these *Ignorant* Wretches here; since they (honest Dunces!) grapple and glean with as little harm and pother as they can, without any long Fiddle-come-farts, or Tantalizing in the Case; nor do they dally and demur in your Suit, but, in
two

two or three words, whip-stitch, in a trice they finish the Vintage of the Close, bating you all those damn'd redious Interlocutories, Examinations and Appointments which frets to the hearts-blood your *Furr'd Law-cats*.

C H A P. VIII.

How Panurge related to Master Ædituus, the Fable of the Horse and the Ass.

WHen we had cramm'd and cramm'd again, Ædituus took us into a Chamber that was well furnish'd, hung with Tapestry, and finely gilt. Thither he caus'd to be brought store of Mirabolans, Cashou, Green Ginger preserv'd, with plenty of Hypocras, and delicious Wine. With these Antidotes, that were like a sweeter *Lethe*, he invited us to forget the hardships of our Voyage; and at the same time he sent plenty of Provisions on Board our Ships that rid in the Harbour. After this, we e'en jogg'd to Bed for that Night, but the Devil-a-bit poor Pilgarlic could sleep one wink, the everlasting jingle-jangle of the Bells kept me awake whether I would or no.

About

About midnight *Ædituus* came to wake us, that we might drink. He himself shew'd us the way, saying, You Men of t'other World say that Ignorance is the Mother of all Evil, and so far you are right; yet for all that, you don't take the least care to get rid of it, but still plod on, and live in it, with it, and by it, for which cause a plaguy-deal of mischief lights on you every day, and you are right enough serv'd; you are perpetually ailing somewhat, making a moan, and never right. 'Tis what I was ruminating upon just now. And, indeed, Ignorance keeps you here fasten'd in Bed, just as that Bully-rock *Mars* was detain'd by *Vulcan's* Art; for all the while you don't mind that you ought to spare some of your Rest, and be as lavish as you can of the Goods of this famous Island. Come, come, you shou'd have eaten three Breakfasts already, and take this from me for a certain Truth, That if you wou'd consume the Mouth-Ammunition of this Island, you must rise betimes; Eat them, they multiply; Spare them, they diminish.

For Example: Mow a Field in due Season, and the Grass will grow thicker and better; don't mow it, and in a short time 'twill be floor'd with Moss. Let's drink, and drink again my Friends; come, let's all carouse it. The leanest of our Birds are
now

now singing to us all, we'll drink to them if you please. Let's take off one, two, three, nine Bumpers, *Non Zelus, sed Charitas.*

When Day peeping in the East, made the Sky turn from Black to Red, like a boiling Lobster, he wak'd us again to take a Dish of Monastical Browews. From that time we made but one Meal that only lasted the whole Day, so that I cannot well tell how I may call it, whether Dinner, Supper, Nunchion, or After-Supper; only to get a Stomach, we took a turn or two in the Island, to see and hear the blessed singing Birds.

At Night *Panurge* said to *Ædituus*, give me leave, sweet Sir, to tell you a merry Story of something that happen'd some three and twenty Moons ago in the Countrey of *Chastelleraudland*.

On the first of *April*, a certain Gentleman's Groom, *Roger* by Name, was walking his Master's Horses in some fallow ground. There 'twas his good Fortune to find a pretty Shepherdess, feeding her bleeting Sheep, and harmless Lambkins, on the Brow of a neighbouring Mountain, in the shade of an adjacent Grove: Near her, some frisking Kids tripp'd it o're a green Carpet of Nature's own spreading, and to compleat the Pastoral Landskip, There stood an Ass. *Roger*, who was a Wag, had a Dish of Chat with her, and after some If's, And's, and

and But's, Hem's, and Heighs on her side, got her in the mind to get up behind him, to go and see his Stable, and there take a Bit by the bye in a Civil way. While they were holding a parley, the Horse directing his discourse to the Ass (for all Brute Beasts spoke that year in divers places) whisper'd these words in his Ear: Poor Ass, how I pity thee! Thou slavest like any Hack, I read it on thy Crupper; thou do'st well, however, since God has created thee to serve Mankind; thou art a very honest Ass: But not to be better Rub'd down, Curri-com'd, Trap'd, and Fed than thou art, seems to me indeed to be too hard a Lot. Alas! Thou art all Rough-coated, in ill Plight; Jaded, Foundred, Crestfallen, and Drooping like a Mooting Duck, and Feedest here on nothing but coarse Grass, or Bryars and Thistles: Therefore do but Pace it along with me, and thou shalt see how we noble Steeds, made by Nature for War, are Treated; come, thou'lt lose nothing by coming, I'll get thee a taste of my Fare. I' troth Sir, I can but love you and thank you, return'd the Ass; I'll wait on you, good Mr. Steed. Methinks, Gaffer Ass, you might as well have said, Sir *Grandpaw* Steed: Oh! Cry mercy, good Sir *Grandpaw*, return'd the Ass; we Country Clowns are somewhat gross, and apt to knock Words out of joynt. How-

C

ever

ever, an't please you, I'll come after your Worship at some distance, lest for taking this Run my side should chance to be Firk'd and Curried with a Vengeance, as 'tis but too often, the more's my sorrow.

The Sheperdess being got behind Roger, the As followed, fully resolv'd to Bate like a Prince with Roger's Steed. But when they got to the Stable, the Groom who spy'd the Grave Animal, order'd one of his Underlings to welcome him with the Pitchfork, and Curricomb him with a Cudgel. The As who heard this, recommended himself *Mentally* to the God *Neptune*, and was packing off, thinking, and syllogising within himself thus; Had not I been an As, I had not come here among great Lords, when I must needs be sensible that I was only made for the use of the small Vulgar; *Æsop* had given me a fair warning of this in one of his Fables. Well, I must e'en scamper, or take what follows. With this he fell a Trotting, and Winsing, and Yerking, and Calcitrating, *alias* Kick- ing, and Farting, and Funking, and Cur- vetting, and Bounding, and Springing, and Galloping full drive, as if the Devil had been come for him *in propria personâ*.

The Sheperdess who saw her As scamper off, told Roger that 'twas her Cattle, and desir'd he might be kindly us'd, or else she would not stir her foot over the Threshold.

Friend

Friend Roger no sooner knew this, but he order'd him to be fetch'd in, and that my Master's Horses should rather chop Straw for a Week together, than my Mistress's Beast should want his Belly full of Corn.

The most difficult point was to get him back; for in vain the youngsters complimented and cox'd him to come; I dare not, said the Ass, I am bashful; and the more they strove by fair means to bring him with them, the more the stubborn Thing was untoward, and flew out at heels; Insomuch that they might have been there to this hour, had not his Mistress advis'd them to toss Oats in a Sive, or in a Blanket, and call him, which was done, and made him wheel about, and say; Oats with a witness, Oats shall go to pot, *ad-veniat*; Oats will do, there's Evidence in the Case; but none of the Rubbing down, non of the Firking. Thus Melodiously Singing, for as you know that *Arcadian* Bird's Note is very Harmonious, he came to the young Gentlemen of the Horse, *alias* Blackgarb, who brought him into the Stable.

When he was there, they plac'd him next to the great Horse, his Friend, Rub'd him him down, Curricom'd him, laid clean Straw under him up to his Chin, and there he lay at Rack and Manger; the first stuff'd with sweet Hay, the latter with

Oats; which when the Horse-Valets-de-Chambre lifted, he clap'd down his Legs to tell them by Signs that he would Eat it but too well without sitting, and that he did not deserve so great an honour.

When they had well Fed, quoth the Horse to the Afs, Well poor Afs, how is it with thee now? How dost thou like this Fare? Thou wert so nice at first, a body had much ado to get thee hither. By the Fig, Answer'd the Afs, which one of our Ancestors Eating, *Philemon* dyed Laughing, this is all sheer Ambrosia, good Sir *Grandpaw*; But what would you have an Afs say? Methinks all this is yet but half Cheer; don't your Worships here use now and then to take a leap? What leaping dost thou mean, ask'd the Horse, the Devil leap thee, dost thou take me for an Afs? I troth, Sir *Grandpaw*, quoth the Afs, I am somewhat a Blockhead you know, and can't for the heart's blood of me learn so fast the Courtway of speaking of you Gentlemen-horses; I mean don't you *Stallionize* it sometimes here among your metal'd Fillies? Tush, whisper'd the Horse, speak lower; for, by *Bucephalus*, if the Grooms but hear thee, they'll maul and belam me and thee thrice as threefold; so that thou'lt have but little stomach to a leaping bout. Cod so, man, we dare

dare not so much as grow stiff at the tip of the lowermost snout, though 'twere but to leak or so, for fear of being Jirk'd and Paid out of our Letchery. As for any thing else we are as happy as our Master, and perhaps more. By this Packsaddle, my old Acquaintance, quoth the Ass, I have done with you, a fart for thy Litter and Hay, and a fart for thy Oats: Give me the Thistles of our Fields, since there we leap when we list: Eat less, and leap the more, I say; 'tis Meat, Drink and Cloath to us. Ah! Friend *Grandpaw*, it would do thy heart good to see us at a Fair when we hold our Provincial Chapter! Oh! how we leap it while our Mistresses are selling their Goslings and other Poultry! With this they parted: *Dixi*: I have done.

Panurge then held his Peace; *Pantagruel* would have had him to have gone on to the end of the Chapter; but *Editrus* said, A word to the wise is enough; I can pick out the meaning of that Fable, and know who is that Ass and who the Horse; but you are a bashful youth I perceive; Well, know that there's nothing for you here, scatter no words. Yet, return'd *Panurge*, I saw but e'en now a pretty kind of a cooing Abbeykite as white as a Dove, and her I had rather ride than lead. May I never stir, if she is not a dainty bit, and very well

worth a Sin or two. Heav'n forgive me !
I meant no more harm in it than you ;
may the harm I meant in it befall me pre-
sently.

C H A P. IX.

*How with much ado we got a sight of
the Popehawk.*

OUR Junketting and Banquetting held on at the same Rate the third day, as the two former. *Pantagruel* then earnestly desir'd to see the *Popehawk*, but *Aedituus* told him, it was not such an easy matter to get a sight of him. How, ask'd *Pantagruel*, has he *Plato's* Helmet on his Crown, *Gyges's* Ring on his Pounces, or a *Cameleon* on his Breast, to make him invisible when he pleases ? No, Sir, return'd *Aedituus*, but he is naturally of pretty difficult access ; however I'll see and take care that you may see him if possible. With this he left us piddling ; then within a quarter of an hour came back, and told us the *Popehawk* is now to be seen ; so he led us, without the least noise, directly to the Cage wherein he sat drooping, with his Feathers staring about him, attended by a Brace of little *Cardinhawks*, and six lusty lusty *Bishawks*.

Panurge

Panurge star'd at him like a dead Pig, examining exactly his Figure, Size, and Motions. Then with a loud voice he said, a Curse light on the hatcher of the ill Bird, o'my word this is a filthy *Whoophooper*. Tush, speak softly, said *Ædituus*, By G—he has a pair of Ears, as formerly *Michael de Metiscone* remark'd. What then, return'd *Panurge*, so hath a Whoopcat. So, said *Ædituus*, if he but hear you speak such another blasphemous word, you had as good be damn'd: Do you see that Basin yonder in his Cage? Out of it shall fall Thunderbolts and Lightnings, Storms, Bulls, and the Devil and all, that will sink you down to Peg-Trantums an hundred Fathom under ground. 'Twere better to drink and be merry, quoth Friar *Iban*.

Panurge was still feeding his Eyes with the sight of the *Popehawk*, and his Attendants, when somewhere under his Cage he perceiv'd a *Madgebowllet*; with this he cry'd out, By the Devil's-maker's Master, there's Roguery in the Case; they put Tricks upon Travellers here more than any where else, and would make us believe that a T—d's a Sugar-loaf. What damn'd cou-sening, gulling, and Coney-catching have we here! Do you see this *Madgebowllet*? by *Minerva* we are all beshit. Odsoons, said *Ædituus*, speak softly, I tell you, 'tis no

Madgebowlet, no she-thing, on my honest word, but a male and a noble Bird.

May we not hear the *Popehawk* sing, ask'd *Pantagruel*? I dare not promise that, return'd *Ædituus*, for he only sings and eats at his own time; so don't I, quoth *Panurge*, Poor *Pilgarlic* is fain to make every body's time his own; if they have time, I find time: Come then, let us go drink if you will. Now this is something like a *Tansy*, said *Ædituus*; you begin to talk somewhat like, still speak in that fashion, and I'll secure you from being thought an Heretic. Come on, I am of your mind.

As we went back to have t'other fuddling Bout, we spy'd an old green-headed *Bishhawk*, who sat moping with his Mate and three jolly *Bitter* Attendants, all snoring under an Arbor. Near the old Chuff stood a buxom *Abbeskite*, that sung like any Linet; and we were so mightily tickl'd with her singing, that I vow and swear we could have wish'd all our Members but one turn'd into Ears, to have had more of the melody. Quoth *Panurge*, This pretty Cherubin of Cherubins is here breaking her Head with chanting to this huge, fat, ugly-face, who lies grunting all the while like a Hog as he is. I'll make him change his Note presently in the Devil's Name.

With

When this he rang a Bell that hung over the *Bishbawke's* Head ; but tho he rang and rang again, the Devil a-bit *Bishbawke* would hear ; the lowder the sound, the lowder his snoring. There was no making him sing. By G— quoth *Panurge*, You old Buzzard, If you won't sing by fair means, you shall by foul. Having said this, he took up one of *St. Stephens's* Loaves, *alias* a Stone, and was going to hit him with it about the middle. But *Adituns* cry'd to him, Hold, hold, honest Friend, strike, wound, poyson, kill and murther all the Kings and Princes in the world, by Treachery, or how thou wilt, and as soon as thou wouldst, unnesse the Angels from their Cockloft, *Popehawk* will pardon thee all this. But never be so mad as to meddle with these sacred Birds, as much as thou lov'st the profit, welfare and life not only of thy self, and thy Friends and Relations alive or dead, but also of those that may be born hereafter to the thousandth Generation ; for so long thou wouldst entail misery upon them. Do but look upon that Basin. Cat-so ! let us rather drink then, quoth *Panurge*. He that spoke last, spoke well, Mr. *Antituns*, quoth *Friar Ibon* ; while we are looking on these devilish Birds, we do nothing but blaspheme ; and while we are taking a Cup, we do nothing but praise God. Come on

then, let's go drink ; How well that w
sounds !

The third day (after we had drank, as
you must understand) *Ædituus* dismiss'd
us. We made him a Present of a pretty
little *Perguois* Knife, which he took more
kindly than *Artaxerxes* did the Cup of cold
Water that was given him by a Clown.
He most courteously thank'd us, and sent all
sorts of Provisions aboard our Ships, wish'd
us a prosperous Voyage and Success in our
undertakings, and made us promise and
swear by *Jupiter* of Stone to come back by
his Territories. Finally, he said to us,
Friends, pray note that there are many
more Stones in the world than men ; take
care you don't forget it.

C H A P. X.

How we arriv'd at the Island of Tools.

HAVING well ballasted the holds of our
Human Vessels, we weigh'd Anchor,
hois'd up Sail, stow'd the Boats, set the
Land, and stood for the Offing with a fair
loom Gale, and for more hast unparrell'd
the Misen yard, and lanch'd it and the Sail
over her Lee-quarter, and fitted Givies to
keep it steady, and boom'd it out ; so in
three

Three days we made the Island of *Tools*, that is altogether uninhabited. We saw there a great number of Trees which bore Mattocks, Pickaxes, Crows, weeding Hooks, Sythes, Sickles, Spades, Trowels, Hatchets, hedging Bills, Saws, Addes, Bills, Axes, Sheers, Pincers, Bolts, Piercers, Augres and Wimbles.

Others bore Dags, Daggers, Poniards, Bayonets, Square-bladed Tucks, Stilettoes, Poinadoes, Skenes, Penknives, Puncheons, Bodkins, Swords, Rapiers, Backswords, Cutlasses, Semiters, Hangers, Falchions, Glaives, *Raillons*, Whittles and Whinyards.

Whoever would have any of these, needed but to shake the Tree, and immediately they dropp'd down as thick as Hops, like so many ripe Plumbs; nay, what's more, they fell on a kind of Grass call'd Scabbard, and sheath'd themselves in it cleverly. But when they came down there was need of taking care lest they happen'd to touch the Head, Feet, or other Parts of the Body. For they fell with the point downwards, and in they stuck, or slit the *continuum* of some Member, or lopt it off like a Twig; either of which generally was enough to have kill'd a man, though he were a hundred year old, and worth as many thousand Spankers, Spur-royals and Rose-nobles.

Under

Under some other Trees, whose names I can't justly tell you, I saw some certain sorts of Weeds that grew and sprouted like Pikes, Lances, Javelins, Javelots, Darts, Dartlets, Halbarts, Boarspears, Eelspears, Partisans, Tridentes, Prongs, Trout-staves, Spears, Half-pikes and Hunting Sticks. As they sprouted up and chanc'd to touch the Tree, straight they met with their Heads, Points and Blades, each suitable to its Kind, made ready for them by the Trees over them; as soon as every individual Wood was grown up, fit for its Steel; even like the Childrens Coats that are made for them as soon as they can wear them, and you Weane them of their Swaddling Clothes; nor do you mutter, I pray you, at what *Plato*, *Anaxagoras* and *Democritus* have said; Od's fish! they were none of your Lower-Form Gimcracks; were they?

Those Trees seem'd to us Terrestrial Animals, in no wise so different from Brute Beasts as not to have Skin, Fat, Flesh, Veins, Arteries, Ligaments, Nerves, Cartilages, Kernels, Bones, Marrow, Humours, *Matrices*, Brains and Articulations; for they certainly have some, since *Theophrastus* will have it so; but in this point they differ'd from other Animals, that their Heads, that is, the part of their Trunks next to the Root are downwards;
their

their Hair, that is, their Roots, in the Earth; and their Feet, that is their Branches, upside down; as if a man should stand on his Head with out-stretch'd Legs. And as you, batter'd Sinners, on whom *Venus* has bestow'd something to remember her, feel the approach of Rains, Winds, Cold, and every Change of Weather, at your *Ischiatic* Legs, and your *Omoplates*, by means of the perpetual Almanac which she has fix'd there; So these Trees have notice given them by certain sensations which they have at their Roots, Stocks, Gums, Paps or Marrow, of the growth of the Staffs under them; and accordingly they prepare suitable Points and Blades for them beforehand. Yet as all things, except God, are sometimes subject to Error, Nature its self not free from it, when it produceth Monstrous things; likewise I observ'd something amiss in these Trees. For a Half-pike that grew up high enough to reach the Branches of one of these Instrumentiferous Trees, happen'd no sooner to touch them, but instead of being join'd to an Iron-head, it impal'd a stubb'd Broom at the Foundation. Well, no matter, 'twill serve to sweep the Chimney. Thus a Pertusan met with a Pair of Garden-shears; Come, all's good for something, 'twill serve to nip off little Twigs, and destroy Catterpillars. The Staff of a Halbert got the Blade

Blade of a Sythe, which made it look like an Hermaphrodite ; happy be lucky, 'tis all a case, 'twill serve for some Mower. Oh 'tis a great blessing to put our trust in the Lord ! As we went back to our Ships, I spy'd behind I don't know what Bush, I don't know what Folks, doing I don't know what business, in I don't know what posture, scowring I don't know what Tools, in I don't know what manner, and I don't know what place.

C H A P. XI.

How Pantagruel arriv'd at the Island of Sharping.

WE left the Island of Tools to pursue our Voyage, and the next day stood in for the Island of Sharping, the true Image of *Fontainbleau* ; for the Land is so very lean there, that the Bones, that is the Rocks, shoot through its Skin. Besides, 'tis sandy, barren, and unpleasant. Our Pilot shew'd us there two little square Rocks, which had eight equal Points in the shape of a Cube ; they were so white that I might have mistaken them for Alabaster or Snow, had he not assur'd us they were made of Bone.

He

He told us that twenty chance Devils, very much fear'd in our Countrey, dwelt there in six different Stories, and that the biggest Twins or Braces of them were call'd Sixes, and the smallest Amb'face; the rest Cinques, Quaters, Treys and Dewses. When they were conjur'd up, otherwise coupled, they were call'd either, Sice cincq, Sice quater, Sice trey, Sice dewse, and Sice ace; or Cincq quater, Cincq trey, and so forth. I made there a shrewd Observation; would you know what 'tis, Gamesters? 'Tis that there are very few of you in the world but what call upon and invoke the Devils. For the Dice are no sooner thrown on the board, and the greedy gazing Sparks have hardly said, *two sixes, Frank*, but *six Devils damn it*, cry as many of them; If amb's Ace, then, *A Brace of Devils broil me*, will they say. *Quater Dewse, Tom*; *The Dewse take it*, cries another, and so on to the end of the Chapter. Nay, they don't forget sometimes to call the Black Cloven-footed Gentlemen by their Cristen-names and Sir-names; and what's stranger yet, they use them as their greatest Cronies, and make them so often the Executors of their Wills, not only giving themselves, but every body and every thing to the Devil, that there's no doubt but he takes care to seize, soon or late, what's so zealously bequeath'd him.

Indeed

Indeed 'tis true, *Lucifer* do's not always immediately appear by his lawful Attornies; but alas! 'tis not for want of good will; he is really to be excus'd for his delay, for what the Devil would you have a Devil do? he and his black Guards are then at some other places, according to the priority of the persons that call on them; Therefore pray let none be so venturesome as to think, that the Devils are deaf and blind.

He then told us, that more Wrecks had happen'd about those Square-rocks, and a greater loss of Body and Goods, than about all the *Syrtes*, *Sylla's* and *Charibdes*, *Sirens*, *Scrophades* and *Gulphs* in the Universe. I had not much ado to believe it, remembering, that formerly amongst the wise *Egyptians*, *Neptune* was describ'd in Hieroglyphics by the first Cube, *Apollo* by an Ace, *Diana* by a Duce, *Minerva* by seven, and so forth.

He also told us that there was a Phial of *Sang real*, a most divine thing, and known but to a few. *Panurge* did so sweeten up the Syndics of the place, that they blest us with the sight of't: But it was with three times more pother and ado, with more Formalities and antick Tricks, than they shew the *Pandects* of *Justinian* at *Florence*, or the Holy *Veronica* at *Rome*. I never saw such a sight of *Flambeaux*, *Torches* and

Hagio's

Hagio's, sanctifi'd Tapers, Rush-Lights, and Farthing Candles, in my whole life. After all, that which was shewn us, was only the ill-fac'd countenance of a roasted Conny.

All that we saw there worth speaking of, was a good face set upon an ill game, and the shells of the two Eggs formerly laid up and hatch'd by *Leda*, out of which came *Castor* and *Pollux*, fair *Helen's* brothers. These same Syndics sold us a piece of 'em for a Song, I mean, for a morsel of bread. Before we went, we bought a parcel of Hats and Caps of the Manufacture of the place, which, I fear, will turn to no very good account: Nor are those who shall take 'em off our hands, more likely to commend their wearing.

C H A P. XII.

How we pass through the Wicket, inhabited by Gripe-men-all, Arch-Duke of the Furr'd Law-cats.

FROM thence *Condemnation* was pass'd by us: 'Tis another damn'd barren Island, whereat none for the world car'd to touch. Then we went through the *Wicket*, but *Pantagruel* had no mind to bear us company, and 'twas well he did not, for we were nabb'd

nabb'd there, and clapp'd into *Lob's-Pouch* by Order of *Gripe-men-all*, Arch-Dnke of the *Furr'd Law-cats*, because one of our Company wou'd ha' put upon a Serjeant some Hats of the *sharping* Island.

The *Furr'd Law-cats* are most terrible and dreadful Monsters, they devour little Children, and trample over Marble-Stones. 'Pray tell me, Noble Topers, do they not deserve to have their Snouts slit? The hair of their Hides do's n't lie outward, but inwards; and every Mother's son of 'em for his Devise wears a gaping Pouch, but not all in the same manner; for some wear it ty'd to their Neck Scarf-wise, others upon the Breech, some on the Paunch, others on the Side, and all for a Cause, with Reason and Mystery: They have Claws so very strong, long, and sharp, that nothing can get from 'em, that is once fast between their Clutches. Sometimes they cover their heads with Mortar-like Caps, at other times with *mortify'd* Caparisons.

As we enter'd their Den, said a common Mumper to whom we had given half a *Teston*, *Worshipful Culprits*, God send you a good deliverance. Examine well, said he, the Countenance of these stout Props and Pillars of this Catch coin Law and Iniquity; and pray observe, that if you still live but Six Olympiads, and the Age of two Dogs more, you'll see these *Furr'd Law-cats*

Lords

Lords of all *Europe*, and in peaceful Possession of all the Estates and Dominions belonging to it; unless by Divine Providence what's got over the Devil's Back is spent under his Belly; or the Goods which they unjustly get, perish with their Prodigal Heirs: Take this from an Honest Poor Beggar.

Among 'em reigns the *Sixth Essence*; by the means of which they gripe all, devour all, conskite all, burn all, draw all, hang all, quarter all, behead all, murther all, imprison all, waste all, and ruin all, without the least notice of Right or Wrong: For among *them* Vice is call'd Virtue, Wickedness Piety, Treason Loyalty, Robbery Justice: *Plunder* is their Motto, and when acted by them is approv'd by all men, except the Heretics; and all this they do, because they dare; their Authority is Sovereign and Irrefragable.

For a sign of the Truth of what I tell you, you'll find, **That** there the Mangers are above the Racks. Remember hereafter, that a Fool told you this; and if ever Plague, Famine, War, Fire, Earthquakes, Inundations, or other Judgments befall the World, do not attribute 'em to the Aspects and Conjunctions of the Malevolent Planets, to the Abuses of the Court of *Romania*, or the Tyranny of Secular Kings and Princes, to the Impositions of the
false

false Zealots of the Cowl, Heretical Bigots, False Prophets and Broachers of Sects, the Villany of griping Usurers, Clippers and Coiners; or to the Ignorance, Impudence, and Imprudence of Physicians, Surgeons, and Apothecaries, nor to the Lewdness of Adulteresses and Destroyers of By-blows; but charge 'em all whole and solely to the inexpressible, incredible and inestimable Wickedness and Ruin which is continually hatch'd, brew'd, and practis'd in the Den of those *Furr'd Law-eats*. Yet 'tis no more known in the world than the *Cabala* of the *Jews*, the more the Pity; and therefore 'tis not detested, chastis'd, and punished, as 'tis fit it should be. But shou'd all their Villany be once display'd in its true Colours, and expos'd to the people, there never was, is, nor will be any Spokesman so sweet-mouth'd whose fine colloquing Tongue cou'd save 'em; nor any Laws so rigorous and Draconic, that could punish 'em as they deserve; nor yet any Magistrate so powerful as to hinder their being burn'd alive in their Cony-boroughs without Mercy. Ev'n their own *Furr'd Kittlings*, Friends and Relations wou'd abominate 'em.

For this reason, as *Hannibal* was solemnly sworn by his Father *Amilcar* to pursue the *Romans* with the utmost hatred, as long as ever he liv'd; so, my late Father has enjoin'd

join'd me to remain here *without*, till God Almighty's Thunder reduce them there *within* to Ashes, like other presumptuous *Titans*, Prophane Wretches, and Opposers of God; since Mankind is so inur'd to their Oppressions, that they either do not remember, foresee, or have a sense of the Woes and Miseries which they have caused; or if they have, either will, dare, or cannot root 'em out.

How, said *Panurge*, say you so! Catch me there and hang me! Damme, Let's march off! This Noble Beggar has scar'd me worse than the Thunder would do them. Upon this we were filing off; but alas! we found our selves trapp'd: The door was double lock'd and barricado'd. Some Messengers of ill news told us, 'twas full as easy to get in there as to get into Hell, and as hard for some to get out. Ay, There indeed lay the Difficulty: For there is no getting loose without a Pass and Discharge in due course from the Bench. This for noother reason than because Folks go easier out of a Church than out of a Spunging-house, and they could not have our Company when they would. The worst on't was when we got through the Wicket, for we were carry'd to get out our Pass or Discharge, before a more dreadful Monster than ever was read of in the Legends of Knight-Errantry: They call'd him *Gripe-*
men-

men-all: I can't tell what to compare it to better than to a *Chymera*, a *Sphynx*, a *Cerberus*; or to the Image of *Osiris*, as the *Egyptians* represented him, with Three Heads, one of a Roaring Lion, t'other of a Fawning Cur, and the last of a Howling Prowling Wolf, twisted about with a Dragon, biting his Tail, surrounded with Fiery Rays. His Hands were full of Gore, his Talons like those of the Harpies, his Snout like a Hawk's Bill; his Fangs or Tusks like those of an overgrown brindled Wild-Boare; his Eyes were flaming, like the Jaws of Hell, all cover'd with Mortar interlac'd with Pestles, and nothing of his Arms was to be seen, but his Clutches. His Hutch, and That of the *Warren cats* his Collaterals, was a long, spick-and-span new Rack, a top of which (as the *Mumper* told us) some large, stately Mangers were fix'd in the Reverse. Over the Chief Seat was the Picture of an Old-woman holding the Case or Scabbord of a Sickle in her Right hand, a Pair of Scales in her Left, with Spectacles on her Nose: The Cups of the Balance were a Pair of Velvet Pouches; the one full of *Bullion*, which over-weigh'd t'other, empty and long, hoisted higher than the middle of the Beam: I'm of opinion that it was the true Effigies of Justice *Gripe-men-all*; far different from the Institution of the Ancient *Thebans*, who

set

set up the Statues of their *Dicaſtes* without Hands, in Marble, Silver, or Gold, according to their Merit, even after their Death.

When we made our Personal Appearance before him, a ſort of I don't-know-what-men, all cloath'd with I don't-know-what Bags and Pouches, with long Scrowls in their Clutches, made us ſit down upon a Cricket : [*Such as Criminals ſit on when they are Try'd in France.*] Quoth *Panurge* to 'em, Good my Lords, I'm very well as I am, I'd as lieve ſtand, an't pleaſe you. Beſides, this ſame Stool is ſomewhat of the loweſt for a man that has new Breeches and a ſhort Doublet. Sit you down, ſaid *Gripe-men-all* again, and look that you don't make the Court bid you twice. Now, continu'd he, The Earth ſhall immediately open its Jaws, and ſwallow you up to quick Damnation, if you don't answer as you ſhould.

C H A P. XIII.

How Gripe-men-all propounded a Riddle to us.

WHEN we were ſate, *Gripe-men-all*, in the middle of his furr'd cats, call'd to us in a hoarſe, dreadful Voice ; Well, come on, give, give me preſently -- an answer. Well, come on, mutter'd *Panurge*

merge between his Teeth, give, give me
presently --- a comforting Dram. Hark
to the Court continu'd *Gripe-men-all*.

AN ENIGMA.

A Young tight Thing, as Fair as may be,
Without a Dad conceiv'd a Baby ;
And brought him forth, without the Pother
In Labour made by teeming Mother.
Yet the curs'd Brat fear'd not to Gripe her,
But gnaw'd for haste, her sides like Viper.
Then the black Upstart boldly sallies,
And walks and flies o're Hills and Vallies
Many fantastick Sons of Wisdom,
Amaz'd, foresaw their own in his Doom,
And thought, like an old *Gracian* Noddy,
A Human Spirit mov'd his Body.

ENIGME.

*Une bien jeune et toute blondelette
Conceut un fils Ethiopien sans pere ;
Puis l'enfant sans douleur la tendrette,
Quoy quil sortit comme fait la vipere,
L'ayant rongé, en moult grand vitupere,
Tout l'un des Planetes, pour son impatience,
Depuis, passa monts & vauz en fiance,
Par l'Air volant, en terre cheminante ;
Tant qu'estonna l'amy de sapience,
Qui l'estimoit estre humain animante.*

Give,

Give, give me out of hand — an Answer to this Riddle, quoth *Gripe-men-all*. Give, give me — leave to tell you, good good my Lord, answer'd *Panurge*, That if I had but a *Sphynx* at home, as *Verres* one of your Precursors had, I might then solve your *Enigma* presently ; but verily, good my Lord, I was not there ; and as I hope to be sav'd, am as innocent in the matter as the Child unborn : Foh, give me — a better Answer, cry'd *Gripe-men-all*, or, by Gold, this shall not serve your turn ; I'll not be paid in such Coin : If you have nothing better to offer, I'll let your Rascalship know, that it had been better for you to have fallen into *Lucifer's* own Clutches, than into ours. Dost thou see 'em here, *Sirrah* ? hah ? and dost thou prate here of thy being Innocent, as if thou could'st be deliver'd from our Racks and Tortures for being so ! Give me — Patience ! Thou Widgeon, our Laws are like Cobwebs ; your silly little Flies are stopt, caught, and destroy'd there, but your stronger Birds break them, and force and carry them which way they please. Likewise don't think we are so mad as to set up our Nets to snap up your great Robbers and Tyrants : No, they are somewhat too hard for us, there's no meddling with them ; for they would make no more of us, than we make of the little ones : But you paltry, silly, Innocent

D

Wretches,

Wretches, must make us amends; and, by Gold, we will *Innocentise* your Fopship with a Wannion, you never were so innocentis'd in your days.

Friar *Ibon* hearing him run on at that moderate rate, had no longer the power to remain silent, but cry'd to him, High day! Pr'ythee, Mr. Devil in a Coif, would'st thou have a man tell thee more than he knows? has-n't the Fellow told you he does not know a word of the business? his Name is *Twyford*. A Plague rot you, won't Truth serve your turns? Why, how-now, Mr *Prate-a-pate* (cry'd *Gripe-men-all*, taking him short) Marry come up, who made you so forward as to open your lips before you were spoken to? Give me — Patience! By Gold! this is the first time since I reign, that any one has had the impudence to speak before he was bidden. How came this Mad Fellow to break loose? (Villain, thou liest, said Friar *Ibon*, without stirring his lips.) Sirrah, firrah, continued *Gripe-men-all*, I doubt thou'lt have business enough on thy hands, when it comes to thy turn to answer (Damme thou liest, said Friar *Ibon*, *silently*.) Dost thou think, continu'd my Lord, thou'rt in the Wilderness of your foolish University wrangling and bawling among the idle wandering Searchers and Hunters after Truth? By Gold, we have here other Fish to fry, we go another-gat's way to work

that we do: By Gold, People here must give Categorical Answers to what they don't know. By Gold, they must confess they have done those things which they have not and ought not to have done. By Gold, they must protest that they know what they never knew in their lives: And after all, *Patience per Force* must be their only Remedy, as well as a Mad Dog's. Here silly Geese are pluck'd, yet cackle not. Sirrah, Give me — an Account, Whether you had a Letter of Attörney, or whether you were see'd, or no, that you offer'd to lawl in another man's Cause? I see you had no Authority to speak, and I may chance to have you wed to something you won't like. Oh you Devils, cry'd Friar Ibon, Proto-Devils, Panto-Devils, you would wed a Monk, would you? Ho ha, ho ha, Heretick, a Heretick, I'll give thee out for a rank Heretic.

C H A P. XIV.

How Panurge solv'd Gripe-men-all's Riddle.

Gripe-men-all, as if he had not heard what Friar Ibon said, directed his discourse to Panurge, saying to him, Well, what have you to say for your self, Mr. Rogue-

enough, hah! Give, give me out of hand—
 an Answer. Say! quoth *Panurge*, what
 what would you have me say? I say
 we are damnably beshit, since you give
 heed at all to the Equity of the Plea, and
 the Devil sings among you; let this
 answer serve for all, I beseech you, and
 us go about our business; I am no longer
 able to hold out, as god shall judge me.

Go to, go to, cry'd *Gripe-men-all*, What
 did you ever hear that for these Three
 hundred years last past any body ever
 got out of this Wheel without leaving some
 thing of his behind him. No, no, get
 out of the Trap if you can, without losing
 Leather, Life, or at least some Hair, and
 you'll have done more than ever was done
 yet. For why, this would bring the
 Authority of the Court into question, as if
 I had took you up for nothing, and done
 wrongfully by you. Well, by hook or
 crook we must have something out of you.
 Look ye, 'tis a folly to make a Rour for
 a fart and a doe; one word's as good
 as twenty; I have no more to say to thee
 but that as thou likest thy former en-
 tertainment, thou'lt tell me more of the new
 for 'twill go ten times worse with thee
 unless, by Gold, you give me—a Solution
 to the Riddle I propounded. Give,
 —it, without any more ado, I say.

By Gold, quoth *Panurge*, 'tis a black Mite or Weevil, which is born of a white Bean, and sallies out at the hole which he makes, gnawing it: The Mite being turn'd into a kind of a Fly, sometimes walks and sometimes flies over Hills and Dales. Now *Pythagoras* the Philosopher and his Sect, besides many others, wondering at its Birth in such a place, (which makes some argue for equivocal Generation) thought that by a *Metempsychosis* the Body of that insect was the Lodging of an Human Soul. Now were you *Men* here, after your welcom'd Death, according to his Opinion, your Souls would most certainly enter into the Body of Mites or Weevils; for in your present state of life you are good for nothing in the world, but to gnaw, bite, eat, and devour all things; so in the next you'll en gnaw and devour your Mothers very sides, as the Vipers do. Now, by Gold, I think I have fairly solv'd and resolv'd your Riddle.

May my Bawble be turn'd into a Nutcracker, quoth Friar *Ibon*, if I could not almost find in my heart to wish that what comes out at my Bunghole were Beans, that these evil Weevils might feed as they deserve.

Panurge then, without any more ado, threw a large Leathern Purse stuff'd with Gold Crowns [*Escus au Soleil*] among them:

them: The Furr'd Law-Cats no sooner heard the jingling of the Chink, but they all began to bestir their Claws, like a parcel of Fiddlers running a Division; and they fell to't, squimble squamble, catch that catch can. They all said aloud, These are the Fees, these are the Gloves; now this is somewhat like a Tanzy: Oh, 'twas a pretty Trial, a sweet Trial, a dainty Trial. O' my word they did not starve the Cause: these are none of your sniveling *Forma Pauperis*'s: No, they are Noble Clients, Gentlemen every Inch of them. By Gold 'tis Gold, quoth *Panurge*, good old Gold I'll assure you. ble

Saith *Gripe-men-all*, The Court upon a full Hearing, (of the Gold, quoth *Panurge*, and *weighty* Reasons given, finds the Prisoners *Not Guilty*; and accordingly orders 'em to be discharg'd out of Custody, paying their Fees. Now, Gentlemen, proceed ye forwards, said he to us; we have not so much of the Devil in us, as we have of his Hue; tho we are Stout, we are Merciful.

As we came out at the *Wicket*, we were conducted to the Port by a Detachment of certain Highland-Griffins, *scribere can dashoes*, who advised us, before we came to our Ships, not to offer to leave the place till we had made the usual Presents, first to the Lady *Gripe-men-all*, then to all the Furr'd

Law

Law-Puffes; otherwise *we must return to the place from whence we came.* Well, well, saith Frier Ibon, we'll fumble in our Fobs, examine every one of us his Concern, and e'en give the Women their due; we'll ne'er boggle or stick out on that account; as we tickled the Men in the Palm, we'll tickle the Women in the right place. Pray, Gentlemen, added they, don't forget to leave somewhat behind you for us poor Devils to drink your Healths. O Lawd! never fear, answer'd Frier Ibon, I don't remember that I ever went any where yet where the poor Devils are not mention'd and encourag'd.

C H A P. XV.

How the Furr'd Law-Cats live on Corruption.

FRiar Ibon had hardly said those words ere he perceiv'd Seventy Eight Gallies and Frigats just arriving at the Port. So he hied him thither to learn some News; and as he ask'd what Goods they had o'board, he soon found that their whole Cargo was Venison, Hares, Capons, Turkeys, Pigs, Swine, Bacon, Kids, Calves, Hens, Ducks, Teals, Geese, and other Poultry and Wild-fowl.

He also spy'd among these some pieces of Velvet, Satin and Damask. This made him ask the New-comers whither and to whom they were going to carry those dainty Goods? They answer'd that they were for *Gripe-men-all*, and the Furr'd Law-Cats.

Pray, ask'd he, what's the true name of all these things, in your Countrey Language? *Corruption*, they repli'd. If they live on Corruption, said the Friar, they'll perish with their Generation; May the Devil be damn'd, I have it now: Their Fathers devour'd the good Gentlemen, who, according to their state of life, us'd to go much a Hunting and Hawking to be the better inur'd to Toil in time of War: For Hunting is an Image of a Martial Life; and *Xenophon* was much in the right on't, when he affirm'd that Hunting had yielded a great number of excellent Warriors, as well as the *Trojan Horse*. For my part I am no Scholar, I have it but by hearsay, yet I believe it. Now the Souls of those brave Fellows, according to *Gripe-men-all's* Riddle, after their decease, enter into Wild-boars, Stags, Roe-bucks, Hens, and such other Creatures, which they lov'd, and in quest of which they went while they were men; and these Furr'd Law-Cats having first destroy'd and devour'd their Castles, Lands, Demesnes, Possessions,

Rents

Rents and Revenues, are still seeking to have their Blood and Soul in another Life. What an honest Fellow was that same Mumper who had forewarn'd us of all these things, and bid us take notice of the *Mangers* above the *Racks*!

But, said *Panurge* to the New-comer, how do you come by all this Venison? methinks the Great King has issued out a Proclamation strictly inhibiting the destroying of Stags, Does, Wild-boars, Roc-bucks, or other Royal Game, on pain of Death. All this is true enough answer'd one for the rest: But the Great King is so good and gracious, you must know, and these Furr'd Law-Cats so curst and cruel, so mad and thirsting after Christian Blood, that we have less cause to fear in trespassing against that Mighty Sovereign's Commands, than reason to hope to live, if we do not continually stop the mouths of these Furr'd Law-Cats with such Bribes and Corruption. Besides, added he, to-morrow *Gripe-men* all marries a Furr'd Law-Puss of his to a high and mighty Double-furr'd Law-Tibert.

Formerly we us'd to call them *Chop-hays*; but alas, they are not such *neat* Creatures now as to eat any, or Chew the Cud. We call them Chop-Hares, Chop-Partridges, Chop-Woodcocks, Chop-Pheasants, Chop-pullets, Chop-Venison, Chop Connies,

Chop-Pigs; for they scorn to feed on courser Meat. A T—d for their Chop cry'd Friar Ibon, next year we'll have 'em call'd Chop-Dung, Chop-Stront, Chop-Filth.

Would you take my Advice, added he to the Company? What is it, answer'd we? Let's do two things, return'd he. First, Let's secure all this Venison and Wild-fowl, (I mean paying well for them; for my part I am but too much tir'd already with our Salt-meat, it heats my Flank so horribly: In the next place let's go back to the Wicket, and destroy all these devilish Furr'd Law-Cats. For my part, quoth Panurge, I know better things, catch me there, and hang me; No, I am somewhat more inclin'd to be fearful than bold, love to sleep in a whole skin.

CHAP. XVI.

How Friar Ibon talks of rooting out the Furr'd Law-Cats.

VERTUE of the Fröck, quoth Friar Ibon, what kind of a Voyage are we making? A shitten one o'my word; the Devil of any thing we do but fizzling, farting, finking, squattering, dozing, raving, and doing nothing. Ods Belly, 'tis n't in my Nature

Nature to lie idle, I mortally hate it ; unless I am doing some Heroic Deed every foot , I can't sleep one wink o' nights. Dam it, did you then take me along with you for your Chaplain, to sing Mass and thrive you ? By *Maunday-Thurs*day, the first of ye all that comes to me on such an Account shall be fitted ; for, the only Penance I'll enjoin shall be, that he immediately throw himself headlong over-board into the Sea like a wicked Cow-hearted Son of ten Fathers ; this in deduction of the Pains of Purgatory.

What made *Hercules* such a famous Fellow, d'ye think ? nothing, but that while he travell'd he still made it his business to rid the World of Tyrannies, Errors, Dangers and Drudgeries , he still put to death all Robbers, all Monsters, all venomous Serpents and hurtful Creatures. Why then do we not follow his Example, doing as he did in the Countries through which we pass ? He destroy'd the *Stymphalides*, the *Lernæan Hydra*, *Cacus*, *Antheus*, the *Centaur*s, and what not ; I am no Clericus, those that are such, tell me so.

In imitation of that noble By-blow, let's destroy and root out these wicked Furr'd Law-Cats, that are a kind of Ravenous Devils ; thus we shall remove all manner of Tyranny out of the Land. *Mawmet's* Tutor swallow me Body and Soul ; Tripes and

and Guts, if I would stay to ask your help or advice in the matter, were I but as strong as he was. Come, he that would be thought a Gentleman, let him storm a Town: Well then, shall we go? I dare swear we'll do their business for them with a wet Finger; they'll bear it, never fear, since they could swallow down more foul Language that came from us, than ten Sows and their Babies could swill Hog-wash. Dam 'em, they don't value all the ill words or dishonour in the world at a Rush, so they but get the Coin into their Purses, though they were to have it in a shitten Clout. Come, we may chance to kill 'em all, as *Hercules* would have done, had they liv'd in his time. We only want to be set to work by another *Eurystheus*, and nothing else for the present; unless it be what I heartily wish them, That *Jupiter* may give 'em a short visit only some two or three hours long, and walk among their Lordships in the same Equipage that attended him when he came last to his Miss *Semele*, jolly *Bacchus's* Mother.

'Tis a very great mercy, quoth *Panurge*, that you have got out of their Clutches; for my part, I have no stomach to go there again; I'm hardly come to my self yet, so scar'd and appall'd I was; my hair still stands up an end when I think on't; and most damnably troubled I was there, for
three

three very weighty Reasons. First, Because I was troubled. Secondly, Because I was troubled. Thirdly and lastly, Because I was troubled. Heark'n to me a little on thy right side, Friar Ibon, my left Cod, since thou'lt not hear at the other: When-ever the Maggot bites thee; to take a Journey down to Hell, and visit the Tribunal of *Minos*, *Eacus*, and *Rhadamantus*, do but tell me, and I'll be sure to bear thee company, and never leave thee, as long as my name's *Panurge*, but will wade over *Acheron*, *Styx* and *Cocytus*, drink whole Bumpers of *Lethe's* Water, (tho I mortally hate that Element) and even pay thy Passage to that bawling cross-grain'd Ferryman *Caron*. But as for that damn'd *Wicket*, if thou art so weary of thy life as to go thither again, thou mayst e'en look for some body else to bear thee company; for I'll not move one step that way, e'en rest satisfy'd with this positive Answer. By my good-will, I'll not stir a foot to go thither as long as I live, any more than *Calpe* will come over to *Abyla*. [*Calpe is a Mountain in Spain, that faces another, call'd Abyla in Mauritania, both said to have been sever'd by Hercules.*] Was *Ulysses* so mad as to go back into the *Cyclops's* Cave to fetch his Sword? No marry was he not. Now, I have left nothing behind me at the *Wicket* through forgetfulness, why then should I think of going thither?

Well

Well, quoth Fryar *Ihon*, as good sit still as rise up and fall; what can't be cur'd, must be endur'd. But, pr'ythee, let's hear one another speak. Come, wert thou not a wise Doctor, to fling away a whole Purse of Gold on those mangy Scoundrels? Hah? A Squinzy choak thee, we were too rich, were we? Had it not been enough to have thrown the Hell-hounds a few cropt Pieces of white Cash?

How could I help it, return'd *Panurge*? Did you not see how *Gripe-men-all* held his gaping Velvet-Pouch, and every moment roar'd and bellow'd, *By Gold, give, give me out of hand; By Gold, give, give, give me presently*. Now, thought I to my self, we shall never come off scotfree; I'll e'en stop their mouths with Gold, that the Wicket may be open'd, and we may get out; the sooner the better. And I judg'd that lowly Silver would not do the business; for, d'ye see, Velvet-Pouches don't use to gape for little paultry clipt Silver, and small Cash: No, they are made for Gold, my Friend *Ihon*, that they are my dainty Cod. Ah! when thou hast been larded, basted, and roasted, as I was, thou'lt hardly talk at this rate, I doubt. But now what's to be done — we are enjoin'd by them to go for *Wards*.

The Scabby Slabberdegullions still waited for us at the Port, expecting to be greas'd in the Fist as well as their Masters.

Now

Now when they perceiv'd that we were ready to put to Sea, they came to Fryar *Ihon*, and begg'd that we might not forget to gratify the Apparitors before we went off, according to the Asselsment for the Fees at our Discharge. Hell and Damnation, cry'd Fryar *Ihon*, Are you here still, ye Bloodhounds, ye citing, scribbling Imps of Satan? Rot you, Am I not vext enough already, but you must have the impudence to come and plague me, ye scurvy Fly-catchers you? By Cob's-Body I'll gratify your Russianships as you deserve, I'll *Apparitorize* you presently, with a Wannion, that I will. With this he lugg'd out his flashing Cutlas, and, in a mighty heat, came out of the Ship, to cut the coufening Varlets into Stakes, but they scamper'd away, and got out of fight in a Trice.

However, there was somewhat more to do; for some of our Sailors, having got leave of *Pantagruel* to go o' shoar, while we were had before *Gripe-men-all*, had been at a Tavern near the Haven to make much of themselves, and roar it, as Seamen will do when they come into some Port. Now I don't know whether they had paid their Reck'ning to the full or no; but, however it was, an old fat Hostess meeting Friar *Ihon* on the Key, was making a woful Complaint, before a Sergeant, Son-in-law to one of the Furr'd Law-Cats, and a Brace of Bums his Assistants.

The

The Friar, who did not much care to be tir'd with their impertinent Prating, said to them, Harkee me, ye lubbardly Gnats-nappers, Do you presume to say, that our Seamen are not honest Men? I'll maintain they are, ye Dotterells, and will prove it to your brazen Faces, by *Justice*; I mean this trusty piece of cold Iron by my side; with this, he lugg'd it out, and flourish'd with it, The forlorn Lobcocks soon shew'd him their backs, betaking themselves to their heels: But the old fusty Landlady kept her ground, swearing, like my Butter-whore, that the Tarpawlines were very honest Cods; but that they had only forgot to pay for the Bed on which they had lay'n after Dinner, and she ask'd Five-pence *French* money for the said Bed. May I never sup, said the Friar, if it be not Dog-cheap; they are sorry Guests, and unkind Customers, that they are; they don't know when they have a Penniworth, and will not always meet with such Bargains; Come, I my self will pay you the money, but I would willingly see it first.

The Hostess immediately took him home with her, and shew'd him the Bed, and having prais'd it for all its good *qualifications*, said that she thought, as Times went, she was not out of the way, in asking Five-pence for't. Friar Ibon then gave her the Five-pence, and she no sooner turn'd her back,

back, but he presently began to rip up the Ticking of the Featherbed and Bolster, and throw'd all the Feathers out at the window. In the mean time the old Hag came down, and roar'd out for help, crying out Murther, to set all the Neighbourhood in an uproar. Yet she also fell to gathering the Feathers that flew up and down in the Air, being scatter'd by the wind. Friar Ibon let her bawl on, and, without any further ado, march'd off with the Blanket, Quilt, and both the Sheets, which he brought aboard undiscover'd; for the Air was dark'ned with the Feathers, as it uses sometimes to be with Snow. He gave them away to the Sailers, then said to *Pantagruel*, that Beds were much cheaper at that place than in *Chinnonois*, tho we have there the famous Geese of *Pantile*; for the old Beldar had ask'd him but Five-pence for a Bed, which in *Chinnonois* had been worth above Twelve * *Francs*.

* There were several sorts of *Francs* then, some worth about Eighteen pence, others four or five shillings.

C H A P. XVII.

How we went For-wards, and how Panurge had like to have been kill'd.

WE put to Sea that very moment, steering our Course For-wards, and gave Pantagruel a full account of our Adventures, which so deeply struck him with compassion, that he wrote some Elegies on that Subject, to divert himself during the Voyage. When we were safe in the Port, we took some Refreshment, and took in fresh water and wood. The People of the place, who had the countenance of jolly Fellows, and boon Companions, were all of them For-ward Folks, bloated and puff'd up with Fat; and we saw some who slash'd and pink'd their Skin, to open a passage to the Fat, that it might swell out at the slits and gashes which they made: neither more nor less than the shitbreech Fellows in our Countrey-bepink and cut open their Breeches, that the Tafety on the inside may stand out and be puff'd up. They said that what they did was not out of Pride or Ostentation, but because otherwise their Skins would not hold them without much pain. Having thus slash'd their Skin, they us'd to grow much bigger, like the

the young Trees, on whose Barks the Gardeners make Incisions, that they may grow the better.

Near the Haven there was a Tavern which *forwards* seem'd very fine and stately; we repair'd thither, and found it fill'd with People of the Forward Nation, of all Ages, Sexes, and Conditions; so that we thought some notable Feast or other was getting ready: But we were told that all that Throng were Invited to the Bursting of mine Host, which caus'd all his Friends and Relations to hasten thither.

We did not understand that Jargon, and therefore thought that in that Country, by that Bursting they meant some Merry-meeting or other, as we do in ours, by Betrothing, Wedding, Groaning, Christening, Churching [*of Women*] Shearing [*of Sheep*] Reaping [*of Corn*, or Harvest home] and many other Junketting Bouts that end in *ing*. But we soon heard that there was no such matter in hand.

The Master of the House, you must know, had been a Good-fellow in his time, lov'd heartily to wind up his Bottom, to bang the Pitcher, and lick his Dish; he us'd to be a very fair swallower of gravy Soupe, a notable accountant in matter of Hours; and his whole life was one continual Dinner, like mine Host at *Rouillac*.
But

But now having Farted out much Fat for Ten years together, and water'd the Mari-golds with much Wine of his own Burning, according to the custom of the Countrey, he was drawing towards his Bursting hour; for neither the inner thin kell wherewith the Intrals are cover'd, nor his skin that had been jagg'd and mangl'd so many years, were able to hold and enclose his Guts any longer, or hinder them from forcing their way out; like a Wine-Vessel whose sides fly out. Pray, quoth *Panurge*, is there no remedy, no help, for the poor Man, good People? Why don't you swaddle him round with good tight Girts, or secure his natural Tub with a strong Sorbopple-tree-hoop? nay, Why don't you Iron-bind him if needs be? This would keep the Man from Flying out and Bursting. The word was not yet out of his mouth, when we heard something give a loud Report, as if a huge sturdy Oak had been split in two; then some of the Neighbours told us, that the Bursting was over, and that the Clap, or Crack, which we heard, was the last Fart: And so there was an End of mine Host.

This made me call to mind a saying of the venerable Abbot of *Castillers*, the very same who never car'd to hump his Maids but when he was in *Pontificatus*. That Pious Person, being much dunn'd, teiz'd, and

and importun'd by his Relations to resign his Abbey in his old Age, said and profess'd, That he would not Strip till he were ready to go to bed ; and that the *last Fart* which his Reverend Paternity was to utter, should be the *Fart of an Abbot*.

C H A P. XVIII.

How our Ships were Stranded, and we were reliev'd by some People that were Subject to Queen Whims
[*qui tenoient de la Quinte.*]

WE weigh'd and set Sail with a merry Westerly Gale, when about Seven Leagues off [Twenty two Miles] some gusts, or scuds of Wind suddenly arose, and the Wind veering and shifting from Point to Point, was, as they say, like an old Woman's Breech at no certainty ; so we first got our Starboard Tacks Aboard, and Haled off our Lee Sheets. Then the Gusts encreas'd, and by fits blow'd all at once from several Quarters ; yet we neither settled nor braded up close our Sails, but only let fly the Sheets, not to go against the Master of the Ship's Direction ; and thus having let go amain, lest we should spend our Topails, or the Ship's Quick-side should lye in the Water and she be overset,

we

we lay by and run adrift, that is, in a Landlopers phrase, we temporis'd it. For he assur'd us, that, as these gusts and whirlwinds would not do us much good, so they could not do us much harm, considering their easiness and pleasant strife, as also the clearness of the Sky, and calmness of the Current. So that we were to observe the Philosopher's Rule, *Bear, and Forbear*: that is, Trim, or go according to the Time.

However these Whirlwinds and Gusts lasted so long, that we persuaded the Master to let us go and lye at Trie with our main Course; that is, to hale the Tack Aboard, the Sheet close aft, the Boling set up, and the Helm tied close Aboard; so after a Stormy Gale of wind we broke through the whirlwind. But 'twas like falling into *Scylla* to avoid *Carybdis*, [out of the Fryingpan into the Fire.] For we had not Sail'd a League, e're our Ships were Stranded upon some Sands, such as are the Flats of *St. Maixant*.

All our Company seem'd mightily disturb'd, except Fryar *Ibon*, who was not a jot daunted, and with sweet Sugar-plumb-words comforted now one, and then another, giving them hopes of speedy assistance from above, and telling them that he had seen *Castor* at the Main-yard-arm, Oh! that I were but now ashoar, cry'd *Panurge*, that's

that's all I wish, for my self (at present) and that you who like the Sea so well, had each man of you Two hundred thousand Crowns; I would fairly let you set up Shop on these Sands, and would get a fat Calf dress'd, and a hundred of Faggots, [*i. e. Bottles of Wine*] cool'd for you against you come alhoar. I freely consent never to mount a Wife, so you but set me alhoar, and mount me on a Horse that I may go home; no matter for a Servant, I'll be contented to serve my self; I am never better treated than when I'm without a Man. Faith old *Plantus* was in the right on't. when he said, the more Servants the more Crosses; for such they are, even supposing they could want what they all have but too much of, a Tongue, that most busy, dangerous, and pernicious Member of Servants; accordingly 'twas for their sakes alone, that the Racks, and Tortures for Confession were Invented; though some Foreign Civilians in our time have *unwisely* drawn alogical and unreasonable Consequences from it.

That very moment we spy'd a Sail that made toward us; when it was close by us, we soon knew what was the Lading of the Ship; and who was aboard of her. She was full Freight'd with Drums: I was acquainted with many of the Passengers that came in her, who were most of

'em of good Families; among the rest *Harry Cottiral*, an old Toft, who had got a swinging Ass's Touchtripe fasten'd to his waste, as the Good women's Beads are to their girdle. In his left hand he held an old over-grown greasy foul Cap, such as your Scald-pated *Fellows* wear, and in the right a huge Cabbage-stump.

As soon as he saw me he was overjoy'd, and bawl'd out to me, What Cheer ho? How dost like me now? Behold the true *Algamana* (this he said shewing me the Asses Ticklegizard.) This Doctor's Cap is my true *Elixir*; and this (continued he, shaking the Cabbage-stump in his Fist) is *Lunaria Major*, you old Noddy, I have 'em, old Boy, I have 'em; we'll make 'em when thou'rt come back. But pray, Father, said I, whence come you? Whither are you bound? What's your Lading? Have you smelt the salt deep? To these Four Questions he answer'd, From *Queen Whims*; for *Touraine*; *Alchymy* to the very Bottom.

Whom have you got o' board, said I? Said he, Astrologers, Fortunetellers, Alchymists, Rhimers, Poets, Painters, Projectors, Mathematicians, Watchmakers, Sing-songs, *Musitioners*, and the Devil and all of others that are Subject

to Queen * *Whims*. They have very fair legible *Patents* to shew for't, as any body may see. *Panurge* had no sooner heard this, but he was upon the High-Rope, and began to rail at them like mad. What o' Devil d'ye mean, cry'd he? to set idly here like a pack of loitering Sneaksbies, and see us stranded, while you may help us and tow us off into the Current! A plague o' your *Whims*, you can make all things whatsoever they say, so much as good Weather and little Children, yet won't make haste to fasten some Hawfers and Cables, and get us off. I was just coming to set you afloat, quoth *Harry Quotiral*; By *Trismegistus* I'll clear you in a Trice. With this he caus'd 7532810 huge Drums to be un-headed on one side, and set that open side so that it fac'd the End of our Streamers and Pendants; and having fasten'd them to good Tacklings, and our Ship's head to the Stern of theirs, with Cables fasten'd to the Bits abaft the Manger in the Ship's Loof, they towed us off ground at one pull; so easily and pleasantly, that you'd have wonder'd at it, had you been there. For the Dub-o-dub rattling of the Drums,

* *La Quinte*, This means a fantastick Humour, Maggots, or a foolish Giddiness of Brains; and also, a fifth, or the Proportion of Five in Musick, &c.

with the soft noise of the Gravel, which murmuring disputed us our way, and the merry Cheers and Huzzaes of the Sailors made an Harmony almost as good as that of the Heavenly Bodies when they roul and are whirl'd round their Spheres, which rattling of the Celestial wheels, *Plato* said he heard some nights in his sleep.

We scorn'd to be behind-hand with 'em in Civility, and gratefully gave 'em store of our Sawfidges and Chitterlings, with which we fill'd their Drums; and we were just a hoisting Two and sixty Hogheads of Wine out of the Hold, when two huge Whirlpools with great Fury made towards their Ship; spouting more water than is in the River *Vienne*, [*Vigenna*] from *Chinon* to *Saumur*: To make short All their Drums, all their Sails, their Concerns, and themselves were sows'd, and their very Hoze were water'd by the Collar.

Panurge was so overjoy'd seeing this, and laugh'd so heartily, that he was forc'd to hold his sides, and it set him into a Fit of the Cholic for two hours and more. I had a mind, quoth he, to make the Dogs drink, and those honest Whirlpools e'gad have sav'd me that Labour and that Cost. There's Sawce for them; *ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ* Water's good, saith a Poet; let 'em *Pindarus* rise upon't; they never car'd for fresh water,

ter, but to wash their Hands or their Glasses. This good Salt water will stand 'em in good stead for want of *Sal Armoniac* and Nitre in *Geber's Kitchen*.

We could not hold any further discourse with 'em; for the former Whirlwind hinder'd our Ship from feeling the Helm. The Pilot advis'd us henceforwards to let her run adrift and follow the stream, not busying our selves with any thing, but making much of our Carcasses. For, our only way to arrive safe at the *Queendom* of Whims, was to trust to the Whirlwind, and be led by the Current.

C H A P. XIX

How we arriv'd at the Queendom of Whims, or Enthelechy.

WE did as he directed us for about twelve hours, and on the Third day the Sky seem'd to us somewhat clearer, and we happily arriv'd at the Port of *Mateotechny*, not far distant from *Queen-Whims*, alias the *Quintessence*.

We met full-but on the Key a great number of Guards and other Military Men that garison'd the *Arsenal*; and we were somewhat frighted at first, because they made us all lay down our Arms, and

in a haughty manner ask'd us whence we came ?

Cousin, quoth *Panurge* to him that ask'd the Question, we are of *Touraine*, and come from *France*, being ambitious of paying our Respects to the Lady *Quintessence*, and visit this famous Realm of *Entbelechy*.

What do you say, cry'd they ? do you call it *Entbelechy* or *Endelechy* ? Truly, truly, sweet Cousins, quoth *Panurge*, we are silly sort of grout-headed Lobcocksan't please you ; be so kind as to forgive us if we chance to knock words out of joint ; as for any thing else, we are down-right honest fellows, and true hearts.

We have not ask'd you this question without a cause, said they ; for a great number of others who have pass'd this way from your Country of *Touraine*, seem'd as meer jolt-headed Doddipoles, as ever were scor'd o're the Coxcomb, yet spoke as correct as other folks. But there have been here from other Countries a pack of I know not overweening self-conceited Prigs, as moody as so many Mules, and as stout as any Scotch Lairds, and nothing would serve these, forsooth, but they must wilfully wrangle and stand out against us at their coming ; and must they got by it after all ; Troth we e'en finished them, and claw'd 'em off with a vengeance, for all they look'd so big and so grum

'Pray tell me, Do's your time lie so heavy upon you in your world, that you don't know how to bestow it better than in thus impudently talking, disputing and writing of our Sovereign Lady? There was much need that your *Tully*, the Confessing, should go and leave the Care of his Commonwealth to busie himself idly about her; and after him, your *Diogenes Laertius* the Biographer, and your *Theodorus Gaza* the Philosopher, and your *Argiopilus* the Emperor, and your *Bessarion* the Cardinal, and your *Politian* the Pedant, and your *Budens* the Judge, and your *Lascaris* the Embassador, and the Devil and all of those you call Lovers of Wisdom; whose number it seems, was not thought great enough already, but lately your *Scaliger*, *Brigot*, *Chambrier*, *Francis Fleury*, and I can't tell how many such other junior sneaking Fly-blows must take upon 'em to encrease it.

A Squincy gripe the Cods-headed Changelings at the Swallow, and eke at the cover-weefel; we shall make 'em——But the Dewse take 'em; (they flatter the Devil here, and *smoothify* his name, quoth *Panurge*, between his Teeth) you don't come here, continu'd the Captain, to uphold 'em in their Folly, you have no Commis-sion from 'em to this Effect; well then, we'll talk no more on't.

Aristotle, that First of Men and peerless Pattern of all Philosophy, was our Sovereign Lady's Godfather; and wisely and properly gave her the Name of *Entelechy*. Her true Name then is *Entelechy*, and may he be in Tail beshit, and entail a Shit-bed Faculty, and nothing else on his Family, who dares call her by any other Name; for whoever he is, he do's her wrong, and is a very impudent person. You are heartily welcome, Gentlemen; with this they coll'd and clipt us about the neck, which was no small Comfort to us, I'll assure you.

Panurge then whisper'd me; Fellow-Traveller, quoth he, hast thou not been somewhat afraid this Bout? a little, said I. To tell you the Truth of't, quoth he, never were the *Ephraimites* in a greater fear and quandary when the *Gileadites* kill'd and drowned them for saying *Sibboleth* instead of *Shibboleth*; and among Friends, let me tell you, that perhaps there is not a man in the whole Country of *Beauce*, but might easily have stopt my Bughole with a Cart-load of Hay.

The Captain afterwards took us to the Queen's Palace, leading us silently with great Formality. *Pantagruel* would have said something to him; but the other, not being able to come up to his heighth, wish'd for a Ladder, or a very long pair
of

of Stilts ; then said *Patience*, if it were our Sovereign Lady's will , we'd be as tall as you ; well, we shall, when she pleases.

In the first Galleries we saw great numbers of sick persons, differently plac'd according to their Maladies. The *Leprous* were apart ; those that were poison'd on one side, those that had got the Plague on another. Those that had the Pox in the first Rank, and the rest accordingly.

C H A P. XX.

*How the Quintessence cur'd the sick
with a Song.*

THE Captain show'd us the Queen, attended with her Ladies and Gentlemen in the second Gallery. She look'd young, tho she was at least Eighteen hundred Years old ; and was handsom, slender, and as fine as a Queen , that is, as hands cou'd make her. He then said to us, 'Tis not yet a fit time to speak to the Queen, be you but mindful of her doings in the mean while.

You have Kings in your VVorld, that fantastically pretend to cure some certain Diseases ; as for Example, *Scrophube* or Wens, swell'd Throats, nick-nam'd the King's Evil, and Quartan Agues, only

with a touch ; Now our Queen cures all manner of Diseases without so much as touching the sick, but barely with a Song, according to the nature of the Distemper, he then shew'd us a Set of Organs, and said, that when it was touch'd by her, those miraculous Cures were perform'd. The Organ was indeed the strangest that ever Eyes beheld ; for, the Pipes were of *Cassia Fistula* in the Cod ; the Top and Cornish of *Guayacum* ; the Bellows of *Rhubarb* ; the Pedals of *Turbit* ; and the Clavier or Keys of *Scammony*.

While we were examining this wonderful new make of an Organ, the Leprous were brought in by her Abstractors, Spodizators, Masticators, Pregustics, Tabachins, Chachanins, Neemanins, Rabrebans, Nercins, Rozuins, Nebidins, Tearins, Sagamions, Peratons, Chasmins, Sarins, So-teins, Aboth, Enilins, Archasdarpenins, Mebins, Chabourins, and other Officers, for whom I want names ; so she plaid 'em I don't know what sort of a Tune or Song, and they were all immediately cur'd.

Then those who were poyson'd were had in, and she had no sooner given them a Song, but they began to find a use for their Legs, and up they got. Then came on the Deaf, the Blind and the Dumb, and they too were restor'd to their lost Senses with the same Remedy ; which did so strangely

strangely amaze us (and not without reason, I think) that down we fell on our faces, remaining prostrate like men ravish'd in Extasy, and were not able to utter one word thro the excess of our Admiration, till she came, and having touch'd *Pantagruel* with a fine fragrant Nosegay of white Roses, which she held in her hand, thus made us recover our Senses and get up. Then she made us the following Speech in *Byssin* Words, such as *Parisatis* desir'd should be spoken to her Son *Cyrus*, or at least of *Crimson Alamode*.

The Probity that scintillizes in the Superficies of your Persons, informs my ratiocinating Faculty, in a most stupendous manner, of the radiant Vertues, latent within the precious Caskets and Ventracles of your Minds. For, contemplating the mellifluous Suavity of your thrice discreet Reverences, 'tis impossible not to be persuaded with Facility, that neither your Affections nor your Intellects are vitiated with any defect, or Privation of liberal and exalted Sciences; far from it, all must judge that in you are lodg'd a *Cernucopia*, an *Encyclopediæ*, an unmeasurable Profundity of Knowledge in the most peregrine and sublime Disciplines; so frequently the Admiration, and so rarely the Concomitants of the imperite vulgar. This gently compels me, who in preceding Times

indefatigably kept my private Affections absolutely subjugated, to condescend to make my Application to you in the trivial Phrase of the Plebeian World; and assure you, that you are well, most well, most heartily well, more than most heartily welcome.

I have no hand at making of Speeches, quoth *Panurge* to me privately; prithee, man, make answer to her for us if thou canst; this would not work with me however, neither did *Pantagruel* return a word; so that *Queen-Whims*, or *Queen Quintessence* (which you please) perceiving that we stood as mute as Fishes, said: Your Taciturnity speaks you not only Disciples of *Pythagoras*, from whom the venerable Antiquity of my Progenitors in successive propagation was eman'd and derives its Original; but also discovers, that, through the Revolution of many Retrograde Moons, you have in *Egypt* press'd the Extremities of your Fingers, with the hard Tenants of your Mouths, and scalptiz'd your heads with frequent applications of your Unguicules. In the School of *Pythagoras*, Taciturnity was the Symbol of abstracted and superlative Knowledge; and the silence of the *Egyptians* was agnited as an expressive manner of Divine Adoration: This caus'd the Pontifs of *Hieropolis* to Sacrifice to the great Deity in silence, impercussively,

ly, without any vociferous or obstreperous Sound. My design is not to enter into a Privation of Gratitude towards you; but by a vivacious formality, tho matter were to abstract it self from me, excentricate to you my Cogitations.

Having spoken this, she only said to her Officers, *Tabachins a Panacea*; and strait they desir'd us not to take it amiss, if the Queen did not invite us to dine with her; for she never eat any thing at dinner but some Categories, Jecabots, Eminins, Dimions, Abstractions, Harborins, Chelimins, second Intentions, Caradosh, Antitheses, Metempsycofes, transcendent Prolepsies and such other light Food.

Then they took us into a little Closet, lin'd through with Alarums, where we were treated God knows how. 'Tis said, that *Jupiter* writes whatever is transacted in the World, on the *Diphthera* or Skin of the *Amalthean* Goat that suckled him in *Crete*, which Pelt serv'd him instead of a Shield against the *Titans*, whence he was Nick-nam'd *Egiocbos*. Now, as I hate to drink water, Brother Topers, I protest, it would be impossible to make Eighteen Goat-skins hold the Description of all the good Meat they brought before us; tho it were written in Characters as small as those in which were penn'd

Homer's

Homer's Iliads, which *Tully* tells us he saw enclos'd in a Nut-shell.

For my part, had I one hundred Mouths, as many Tongues, a Voice of Iron, a Heart of Oak, and Lungs of Leather, together with the mellifluous *Abundance* of *Plato*; yet I never could give you a full account of a Third part of a second of the whole.

Pantagruel was telling me, that he believ'd the Queen had given the Symbolic Word us'd among her Subjects, to denote Sovereign good Chear, when she said to her *Tabachins*, *A Panacea*; just as *Lucullus* us'd to say, in *Apollo*, when he design'd to give his Friends a singular Treat, tho sometimes they took him at unawares, as among the rest, *Cicero* and *Hortensius* sometimes us'd to do.

C H A P. XXI.

How the Queen pass'd her Time after Dinner.

WHEN we had din'd, a Chachanin led us into the Queen's Hall, and there we saw how, after Dinner, with the Ladies and Princes of her Court, she used to sift, searse, bould, range, and pass away time

time with a fine large white and blew Silk Sieve. We also perceiv'd how they reviv'd Ancient Sports, diverting themselves together at

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------------|
| * 1. <i>Cordax.</i> | 8. <i>Calabrismes.</i> |
| 2. <i>Emmelia.</i> | 9. <i>Molossia.</i> |
| 3. <i>Siciunis.</i> | 10. <i>Cernophorum.</i> |
| 4. <i>Jambics.</i> | 11. <i>Monodia.</i> |
| 5. <i>Persica.</i> | 12. <i>Terminalia.</i> |
| 6. <i>Phrygia.</i> | 13. <i>Floralia.</i> |
| 7. <i>Thracia.</i> | 14. <i>Pyrrhice.</i> |

And a thousand other Dances.

Afterwards she gave orders that they should show us the Apartments and Curiosities in her Palace; accordingly we saw there such new strange and wonderful things, that I am still ravish'd in Admiration every time I think of't. However

* 1. A sort of Country-dance. 2. A still Tragick-dance. 3. Dancing and Singing us'd at Funerals. 4. Cutting Sarcasms and Lampoons. 5. The *Persian*-dance. 6. Tunes, whose Measure inspir'd Men with a kind of Divine Fury. 7. The *Thracian*-movement. 8. Smutty Verses. 9. A Measure to which the *Molossi* of *Epirus* danc'd a certain Morice. 10. A Dance with Bowls or Pots in their Hands. 11. A Song where one Sings alone. 12. Sports at the Holidays of the God of Bounds. 13. Dancing naked at *Flora's* Holidays. 14. The *Trojan*-dance in Armour.

nothing

nothing surpriz'd us more than what was done by the Gentlemen of her Household, Abstractors, Pazarons, Nebidins, Spodizators, and others, who freely and without the least dissembling, told us, That the Queen their Mistress did all impossible things, and cur'd Men of incurable Diseases; and they, her Officers, us'd to do the rest.

I saw there a young Parazon cure many of the new Consumption, I mean the Pox, tho they were never so pepper'd; had it been the rankest *Roan-ague* [*Anglice*, the *Covent-garden Gout*] 'twas all one to him, touching only their *Dentiform Vertebra* thrice with a piece of a Wooden-shoos, he made them as wholesome as so many Sucking-pigs.

Another did thoroughly cure Folks of Dropsies, Tympanies, Ascites, and Hypofarcidies, striking them on the Belly nine times with a Tenedian Satchel, without any Solution of the Continuum.

Another cur'd of all manner of Fevers and Agues, on the spot, only with hanging a Fox-tail on the left side of the Patient's Girdle.

One remov'd the Tooth-ach only with washing the root of the aking Tooth with Elder-vinegar, and letting it dry half an hour in the Sun.

Another,

Another, the Gout, whether hot or cold, natural or accidental, barely making the Gouty-person shut his Mouth, and open his Eyes.

I saw another ease nine good Gentlemen of * *St. Francis's* Distemper, in a very short space of time, having clapt a Rope about their Necks, at the end of which hang'd a Box with ten thousand Gold Crowns in't.

One with a wonderful Engine, throw'd the Houses out at the Windows, by which means they were purg'd of all Pestilential Air.

Another cur'd of all the three kinds of Heeticks, the Tabid, Atrophes, and Emaciated, without bathing, Tabian Milk, Dropax, *alias* Depilatory, or other such Medicaments; Only turning the Consumptive for three Months into Monks; and he assur'd me, that if they did not grow fat and plump in a Monastick way of living, they never would be fatten'd in this World, either by Nature, or by Art.

I saw another surrounded with a Croud of two sorts of Women; some were young, quaint, clever, neat, pretty, juicy, tight, brisk, buxom, proper, kind-hearted, and as right as my Leg, to any Man's thinking.

* *A Consumption in the Pocket, or want of Money; those of St. Francis's Order must carry none about 'em.*

The rest were old, weather-beaten, over-ridden, toothless, blear-ey'd, tough, wrinkled, shrivell'd, tawny, mouldy, ptyficky, decrepit hags, beldams, and walking Carcasses. We were told that his Office was to cast anew those She-pieces of Antiquity, and make them such as the pretty Creatures whom we saw, who had been made young again that day, recovering at once the Beauty, Shape, Size, and Disposition, which they enjoy'd at Sixteen, except their Heels that were now much shorter than in their former Youth.

This made them yet more apt to fall backwards whenever any Man happen'd to touch 'em, than they had been before. As for their Counterparts, the old Mother-scratch-tobies, they most devoutly waited for the blessed hour, when the Batch that was in the Oven was to be drawn, that they might have their turns, and in a mighty haste they were pulling and hawling the Man like mad, telling him, that 'tis the most grievous and intollerable thing in nature, for the Tail to be o' Fire, and the Head to scare away those who should quench it.

The Officer had his hands full, never wanting *Patients*; neither did his place bring him in little, you may swear. *Pantagruel* ask'd him, whether he could also make old Men young again? He said,
he

he could not. But the way to make them new men, was to get 'em to cohabit with a new-cast Female; for thus they caught that fifth kind of Crinckams, which some call *Pellade*; in *Greek*, 'Oplams, that makes them cast off their old Hair and Skin, just as the Serpents do; and thus their Youth is renew'd like the *Arabian Phoenix's*. This is the true Fountain of Youth, for there the Old and Decrepit become Young, Active and Lusty.

Just so, as *Euripides* tells us, *Jolau* was transmogrifi'd; and thus *Phaon*, for whom kind-hearted *Sappho* run wild, grew young again for *Venus's* use; so *Tisbon* by *Aurora's* means; so *Æson* by *Medea*, and *Jason* also, who, if you'll believe *Pherecides* and *Simonides*, was new-vamp'd and died by that Witch; and so were the Nurses of *Jolly Bacchus*, and their Husbands, as *Eschbinus* relates.

C H A P. XXII.

How Queen Whims's Officers were employ'd; and how the said Lady retain'd us among her Abstractors.

I Then saw a great number of the Queen's Officers, who made Black-a-moors white, as fast as Hops, just rubbing their Bellies

Bellies with the Bottom of a Pannier.

Others with three Couples of Foxes in one Yoke, plow'd a Sandy-shoar, and did not lose their Seed.

Others wash'd burnt Tiles, and made them lose their Colour.

Others extracted Water out of Pumice-Stones, braying them a good while in a Mortar, and chang'd their substance.

Others sheer'd Asses, and thus got Long-fleece-wooll.

Others gather'd Barberries and Figs off of Thistles.

Others stroak'd He-goats by the Dugs, and sav'd their Milk in a Sieve; and much they got by it.

Others taught Cows to dance, and did not lose their tidling.

Others pitch'd Nets to catch the Wind, and took Cock-lobsters in them.

I saw a young *Spodizator*, who very artificially got Farts out of a dead Ass, and sold 'em for five pence an Ell.

Another did putrify Beetles. O the dainty Food!

Poor *Panurge* fairly casted up his Accompts, and gave up his half-penny, [i.e. vomited] seeing an *Archafdarpenin*, who laid a huge plenty of Chamberlee to putrify in Horse-dung, mish-mash'd with a bundance of *Christian* Sir Reverence; pugh, fie upon him, nasty Dog. However, he told

told us, that with this sacred Distillation, he *water'd* Kings and Princes, and made their *sweet* Lives a fathom or two the longer.

Others built Churches to jump over the Steeples.

Others set Carts before the Horses, and began to flay Eels at the Tail; neither did those Eels cry before they were hurt, like those of *Melun*.

Others out of nothing made great things, and made great things return to nothing.

Others cut Fire into Stakes with a Knife, and drew Water with a Fish-net.

Others made Chalk of Cheese, and Honey of a Dog's T—d.

We saw a knot of others, about a Baker's dozen in Number, tipping under an Arbour. They top'd out of jolly bottomless Cups, four sorts of cool, sparkling, pure, delicious Vine-tree Syrup, which went down like Mother's Milk; and Healths and Bumpers flew about like Lightning. We were told, that these true Philosophers were fairly multiplying the Stars by drinking till the Seven were Fourteen, as brawny *Hercules* did with *Atlas*.

Others made a Virtue of Necessity, and the best of a bad Market, which seem'd to me a very good piece of Work.

Others

Others made Alchymy [i. e. *Sir-reverence*] with their Teeth, and clapping their Hind-retort to the Recipient, made scurvy Faces, and then squeez'd.

Others in a large *Grass-plat*, exactly measur'd how far the Fleas could go at a Hop, a Step, and Jump; and told us, that this was exceeding useful for the Ruling of Kingdoms, the Conduct of Armies, and the Administration of Commonwealths. And that *Socrates*, who first had got Philosophy out of Heaven, and from idle and trifling, made it profitable and of moment, us'd to spend half his Philosophizing time in measuring the leaps of Fleas, as *Aristophanes*, the *Quintessential*, affirms.

I saw two *Gibroins* by themselves, keeping Watch on the top of a Tower; and we were told, they guarded the Moon from the Wolves.

In a blind Corner, I met four more very hot at it, and ready to go to Logger-heads. I ask'd what was the cause of the stir and ado, the mighty coil and pother they made? And I heard that for four live-long-days, those over-wise Roisters had been at it ding-dong, disputing on three high, more than Metaphysical Propositions, promising themselves Mountains of Gold by solving them: The first was concerning a He-asses Shadow: The second, of the Smoke of a Lanthorn: And the third, of Goat's Hair, whether

whether it were Wool or no? We heard that they did not think it a bit strange, that two Contradictions in Mode, Form, Figure, and Time, should be true. Tho I'll warrant the *Sophists* of *Paris* had rather be unchrist'ned than own so much.

While we were admiring all those men's wonderful doings, the Evening Star already twinkling; the Queen (God bless her) appear'd attended with her Court, and again amaz'd and dazled us. She perceiv'd it, and said to us;

What occasions the Aberrations of humane Cogitations through the perplexing Labyrinths and Abysses of Admiration, is not the Source of the Effects, which sagacious Mortals visibly experience to be the consequential Result of Natural Causes; 'Tis the Novelty of the Experiment, which makes Impressions on their conceptive, cogitative Faculties; that do not previse the facility of the operation adequately, with a subact and sedate Intellection, associated with diligent and congruous Study. Consequently let all manner of Perturbation abdicate the Ventricles of your Brains, if any one has invaded them while you were contemplating what is transacted by my Domestick Ministers. Be Spectators and Auditors of every particular Phænomenon, and every individual Proposition, within the extent of my Mansion, satiate your selves with
all

all that can fall here under the Consideration of your Visual or Auscultating Powers, and thus emancipate your selves from the Servitude of Crassous Ignorance. And that you may be induc'd to apprehend how sincerely I desire this, in consideration of the studious Cupidity, that so demonstratively emicates at your external Organs, from this present Particle of time, I retain you as my Abstractors. *Geber*, my Principal *Talaochin*, shall Register and Initiate you at your Departing.

We humbly thank'd her Queenship, without saying a word, accepting of the Noble Office she conferr'd on us.

C H A P. XXIII.

How the Queen was serv'd at Dinner, and of her way of eating.

Queen *Whims* after this, said to her Gentlemen, The Orifice of the Ventricle, that Ordinary Embassador for the Alimentation of all Members, whether Superior or Inferior, importunes us to restore by the Apposition of Idoneous Sustenance, what was dissipated by the internal Calidity's Action on the Radical Humidity. Therefore Spodizators, Geginins, Memains, and Arazons, be not culpable of Dilatory Protractions

Protractions in the Apposition of every re-roboring Species, but rather let 'em pullulate and super-abound on the Tables. As for you, *Nobilissim Prægnstators*, and my *Gentilissim Masticators*, your frequently experimented Industry internected with perditigent Sedulity, and sedulous Perdilligence, continually adjuvates you to perficiate all things in so expedititious a manner, that there is no necessity of exciting in you a Cupidity to consummate them. Therefore I can only suggest to you still to operate, as you are assuefacted indefatigably to operate.

Having made this *fine* Speech, she retir'd for a while with part of her Women, and we were told, that 'twas to bathe, as the Ancients did, more commonly than we use now-a-days to wash our Hands before we eat. The Tables were soon plac'd, the Cloath spread, and then the Queen sat down; she eat nothing but Cœlestial Ambrosia, and drank nothing but Divine Nectar: As for the Lords and Ladies that were there, they as well as we, far'd on as rare, costly, and dainty Dishes, as ever *Apicius* wot or dream'd of in his Life.

When we were as round as Hoops, and as full as Eggs, with stuffing the Gut, an * *Olla Podrida* was set before us, to force Hunger to come to terms with us, in case

* Some call it an Olio. Rabelais Pot-pourry.

it had not granted us a Truce; and such a huge vast thing it was, that the Plate which *Pythius Albinus* gave King *Darius*, would hardly have cover'd it. The *Ole* consisted of several sorts of Pottages, Salads, Fricasees, *Saugrenees*, Cabirotadoes, Rost and Boil'd-meat, Carbonadoes, swindging pieces of Powder'd-beef, good old Hams, dainty *Somates*, Cakes, Tarts, a world of Curds after the Morisk-way, fresh Cheese, Gellies and Fruit of all sorts. All this seem'd to me good and dainty; however the sight of it made me sigh; for alas; I could not taste a bit on't; for full I had fill'd my Puddings before, and a Belliful's a Belliful you know. Yet I must tell you what I saw, that seem'd to me odd enough o' Conscience; 'twas some Pasties in Paste; and what should those Pasties in Paste be, d'ye think, but Pasties in Pots! At the bottom I perceiv'd store of Dice, Cards, * *Tarots*, * *Luettes*, Chess-men, and Chequers, besides full Bowles of Gold Crowns, for those who had a mind to have a Game or two, and try their Chance. Under this, I saw a Jolly Company of Mules in stately Trappings, with Velvet foot-cloaths, and a Troop of Am-

* Great Cards on which many different things are figur'd.

* Pieces of Ivory to play withal.

bling Nags, some for Men, and some for Women; besides, I don't know how many Litters all lin'd with Velvet, and some Coaches of *Ferrara*-make; all this for those who had a mind to take the Air.

This did not seem strange to me; but if any thing did, 'twas certainly the Queen's way of eating, and truly 'twas very new, and very odd; for she chew'd nothing, the good Lady, not but that she had good sound Teeth, and her meat requir'd to be *masticated*; but such was her Highness's Custom. When her *Pregustators* had tasted the meat, her *Masticators* took it and chew'd it most nobly; for their dainty Chops and Gulletswere lin'd through with Crimfin Satin with little Welts, and Gold Purls, and their Teeth were of delicate White Ivory; thus, when they had chew'd the Meat ready for her Highness's Maw, they pour'd it down her Throat through a Funnel of fine Gold, and so on to her Craw. For that reason, they told us, she never visited a Close-stool but by Proxy.

CHAP. XXIV.

How there was a Ball in the manner of a Tournament, at which Queen Whim was present.

AFTER Supper there was a Ball in the form of a Tilt or Tournament, not only worth seeing, but also never to be forgotten. First, the Floor of the Hall was cover'd with a large piece of Velvet, white and yellow chequer'd Tapistry, each Chequer exactly Square, and three full Spans in breadth.

Then thirty two young Persons came in to the Hall; sixteen of them array'd in Cloath of Gold; and of these, eight were young Nymphs, such as the Ancients describ'd *Diana's* Attendants; the other eight were a King, a Queen, two Wardens of the Castle, two Knights, and two Archers. Those of the other Band were clad in Cloath of Silver.

They posted themselves on the Tapistry in the following manner: The Kings on the last Line on the fourth Square, so that the Golden King was on a White Square, the Silver'd King on a Yellow Square, and each Queen by her King; the Golden Queen on a Yellow Square, and the Silver'd Queen on a White one, and on each

side stood the Archers to guard their Kings and Queens; by the Archers the Knights, and the Wardens by them. In the next Row before 'em stood the eight Nymphs; and between the two Bands of Nymphs, four rows of Squares stood empty.

Each Band had its Musicians, eight on each side drest in its Livery; the one with Orange-colour'd Damask, the other with White, and all plaid on different Instruments most melodiously and harmoniously, still varying in Time and Measure as each the Figure of the Dance requir'd. This seem'd to me an admirable thing considering the numerous diversity of Steps, Back-steps, Bounds, Rebounds, Jerts, Leaps, Skips, Turns, *Coupés*, Hops, Readings, Risings, Meetings, Flights, Embracements, Cascadoes, Moves, and Removes.

I was also at a loss, when I strove to comprehend how the Dancers could so suddenly know what every different Note meant; for they no sooner heard this or that sound, but they plac'd themselves in the place which was denoted by the Musicians, tho' their Motions were all different. For the Nymphs that stood in the first Square, as if they design'd to begin the Fight, march'd strait forwards to their Enemies from Square to Square, unless it were the first step, at which they were free to move over two steps at once. They alone never

fall back [which is not very natural to other Nymphs] and if any one of them is as lucky as to advance to the opposite King's Row, she is immediately crown'd Queen of her King, and after that, moves with the same State, and in the same manner as the Queen; but till that happens, they never strike their Enemies but forward and obliquely in a diagonal Line. However, they make it not their chief Business to take their Foes, for if they did they would leave their Queen expos'd to the adverse Parties, who then might take her.

The Kings move and take their Enemies on all sides square-ways, and one step from a white Square into a yellow one and *vice versa*, except at their first step a Rank should want other Officers than Wardens; for then they can set 'em in their place, and retire by him.

The Queens take a greater Liberty than any of the rest, for they move backwards and forwards all manner of ways, in a straight Line, as far as they please, provided the place be not fill'd with one of her own Party, and diagonally also keeping to the Colour on which she stands.

The Archers move backwards or forwards, far and near, never changing Colour on which they stand.

Chap. XXIV. WORKS. III

The Knights move, and take in a lineal manner, stepping over one Square, tho a Friend or a Foe stand upon it, posting themselves on the second Square to the right or left, from one Colour to another, which is very unwelcome to the adverse Party, and ought to be carefully observ'd, for they take them unawares.

The Wardens move, and take to the right or left, before or behind them, like the Kings, and can advance as far as they find places empty; which liberty the Kings take not.

The Laws which both sides observe, is at the end of the Fight, to besiege and enclose the King of either Party, so that he may not be able to move; and being reduced to that extremity, the Battle is over, and he loses the day.

Now to avoid this, there is none of either Sex of each Party, but is willing to sacrifice his or her Life, and they begin to take one another on all sides in time, as soon as the Musick strikes up. When any one takes a Prisoner, he makes his Honours, and striking him gently in the hand, puts him out of the Field of Combate, and Encampments were he stood.

If one of the Kings chance to stand where he might be taken, it is not lawful for any of his Adversaries that had discovered him, to lay hold on him; far from

it they are strictly enjoyn'd humbly to pay him their Respects, and give him notice, saying, God preserve you, Sir, that his Officers may relieve and cover him, or he may remove, if unhappily he cou'd not be reliev'd. However, he is not to be taken, but greeted with a *Good morrow*, the others bending the Knee; and thus the Tournament uses to end.

CHAP. XXV.

How the Thirty two Persons at the Ball fought.

THE two Companies having taken their Stations, the Musick struck up, and with a Martial-sound, which had something of horrid in it, like a Point of War, round and allarm'd both Parties, who now began to shiver, and then soon were warm with Warlike rage; and having got in readiness to fight desperately, impatient of delay, stood waiting for the Charge.

Then the Musick of the Silver'd Band ceas'd playing, and the Instruments of the Golden-side alone were heard, which denoted that the Golden-party attack'd. Accordingly a new Movement was plaid for the Onset, and we saw the Nymph, who stood before the Queen, turn to the left towards

her King, as it were to ask leave to fight; and thus saluting her Company at the same time, she mov'd two Squares forwards, and saluted the adverse Party.

Now the Musick of the Golden Brigade ceas'd playing, and their Antagonists began again. I ought to have told you, That the Nymph, who began by saluting her Company, had by that Formality also given them to understand that they were to fall on. She was saluted by them in the same manner with a full turn to the left, except the Queen, who went aside towards her King to the right; and the same manner of Salutation was observ'd on both sides, *la* during the whole Ball.

The Silver'd Nymph that stood before her Queen likewise mov'd, as soon as the Musick of her Party sounded a Charge; her Salutations, and those of her side, were to the Right, and her Queens to the left. She mov'd into the second Square forwards, and saluted her Antagonists, facing the first Golden Nymph, so that there was not any distance between them, and you would have thought they two had been going to fight, but they only strike sideways.

Their Comrades, whether Silver'd or Golden, follow'd 'em in an intercalary Figure, and seem'd to Skirmish a while, till the Golden Nymph, who had first enter'd

ter'd the Lists, striking a Silver'd Nymph in the hand on the right, put her out of the Field, and set her self in her place. But soon the Musick playing a new Measure, she was struck by a Silver'd Archer, who after that was oblig'd himself to retire. A Silver'd Knight then sallied out, and the Golden Queen posted her self before her King.

Then the Silver'd King dreading the Golden Queen's Fury., remov'd to the right, to the place where his Warden stood which seem'd to him strong and well-guarded.

The two Knights on the left, whether Golden or Silver'd, march'd up, and on either side took up many Nymphs, who could not retreat, principally the Golden Knight, who made this his whole business: But the Silver'd Knight had greater Designs, dissembling all along, and even sometimes not taking a Nymph when he could have done it, still moving on till he was come up to the main Body of his Enemies, in such a manner, that he saluted their King with a, *God save you, Sir.*

The whole Golden Brigade quak'd for fear and anger, those words giving notice of their King's danger; not but that they could soon relieve him, but because their King being thus saluted, they were to lose their Warden on the right Wing, without
any

any hopes of a Recovery. Then the golden King retir'd to the Left, and the silver'd Knight took the golden Warden, which was a mighty Loss to that Party. However, they resolv'd to be reveng'd, and surrounded the Knight that he might not escape; he try'd to get off, behaving himself with a great deal of Gallantry, and his Friends did what they could to save him, but at last he fell into the golden Queen's hands and was carried off.

Her Forces not yet satisfied, having lost one of their best men, with more Fury than Conduct mov'd about, and did much mischief among their Enemies: The silver'd Party warily dissembled, watching their opportunity to be even with them, and presented one of their Nymphs to the golden Queen, having laid an Ambuscado, so that the Nymph being taken, a golden Archer had like to have seiz'd the silver'd Queen. Then the golden Knight undertakes to take the silver'd King and Queen, and says, good morrow. The silver'd Archer salutes them, and was taken by a golden Nymph, and she her self by a silver'd one.

The Fight was obstinate and sharp: The Wardens left their Posts, and advanc'd to relieve their Friends. The Battle was doubtful, and Victory hover'd over both Armies. Now the Silver Host

charge and break through their Enemy Ranks, as far as the Golden King's Tower, and now they are beaten back; The golden Queen distinguishes her self from the rest by her mighty Achievements, more than by her Garb and Dignity, for at once she takes an Archer, and going side-ways, seizes a silver'd Warden. Which Thing the silver'd Queen perceiving she came forwards, and rushing on with equal Bravery, takes the last golden Warden and some Nymphs. The two Queens fought a long while hand to hand; now striving to take each other by Surprise, then to save themselves, and sometime to guard their Kings. Finally, The golden Queen took the silver'd Queen; but presently after she her self was taken by the silver'd Archer.

Then the silver'd King had only three Nymphs, an Archer, and a Warden left; and the golden only three Nymphs and the right Knight, which made them fight more slowly and warily than before. The two Kings seem'd to mourn for the Loss of their loving Queens, and only studied and endeavour'd to get new ones out of all their Nymphs, to be rais'd to that Dignity, and thus be married to them. This made them excite those brave Nymphs to strive to reach the farthest Rank, where stood the King of the contrary Party promising

promising them certainly to have them Crown'd if they could do this. The golden Nymphs were beforehand with the others, and out of their number was created a Queen, who was dress'd in Royal Robes, and had a Crown set on her head. You need not doubt the silver'd Nymphs made also what haste they could to be Queens; one of them was within a step of the Coronation Place; but there the golden Knight lay ready to intercept her, so that she could go no further.

The new golden Queen, resolv'd to shew her self valiant and worthy of her Advancement to the Crown, achiev'd great Feats of Arms. But in the mean time, the silver'd Warden takes the golden Knight who guarded the Camp; and thus there was a new silver'd Queen, who, like the other, strove to excel in Heroic Deeds at the beginning of her Reign. Thus the Fight grew hotter than before. A thousand Stratagems, Charges, Rallyings, Retreats and Attacks were try'd on both sides; till at last the silver'd Queen, having by stealth advanc'd as far as the golden King's Tent, cry'd; God save you, Sir. Now none but his new Queen could relieve him; so she bravely came and expos'd herself to the utmost Extremity to deliver him out of it. Then the silver'd Warden with his Queen, reduc'd the golden King to such

such a stress, that to save himself, he was forc'd to lose his Queen; but the golden King took him at last. However, the rest of the golden Party were soon taken; and that King being left alone, the silver'd Party made him a low Bow; crying, *Good morrow, Sir*; which denoted that the silver'd King had got the Day.

This being heard, the Musick of both Parties loudly proclaim'd the Victory. And thus the first Battel ended to the unspeakable Joy of all the Spectators.

After this the two Brigades took their former Stations, and began to tilt a second time, much as they had done before; only the Music plaid somewhat faster than at the first Battel; and the motions were altogether different. I saw the golden Queen sally out one of the first, with an Archer and a Knight, as it were angry at the former Defeat, and she had like to have fallen upon the silver'd King in his Tent among his Officers; but having been baulk'd in her Attempt, she skirmish'd briskly, and overthrew so many silver'd Nymphs and Officers, that it was a most amazing sight. You would have sworn she had been another *Penthesilea*; for she behav'd her self with as much Bravery as that Amazonian Queen did at *Troy*.

But this havock did not last long; for, the silver'd Party, exasperated by their Loss,

Loss, resolv'd to perish, or stop her Progress; and having posted an Archer in Ambuscado on a distant Angle, together with a Knight Errant, her Highness fell into their hands, and was carried out of the Field. The rest were soon routed after the taking of their Queen; who without doubt, from that time resolv'd to be more wary, and keep near her King, without venturing so far amidst her Enemies, unless with more Forces to defend her. Thus the silver'd Brigade once more got the Victory.

This did not dishearten or deject the golden Party; far from it, they soon appear'd again in the Field to face their Enemies; and being posted as before, both the Armies seem'd more resolute and chearful than ever. Now the martial Consort began, and the Music was above a *Hemiole* the quicker, according to the Warlike *Pbrygian Mode*, such as was invented by *Marsias*.

Then our *Combatants* began to wheel about and charge with such a swiftness, that in an instant they made four moves, besides the usual Salutations. So that they were continually in Action, flying, hovering, jumping, vaulting, tumbling, curvetting, with petauristical Turns and Motions, and often intermingled.

Seeing them turn about on one Foot after they had made their Honours, we compar'd them to your Tops or Gigs, such as Boys use to whip about ; making them turn round so swiftly, that they sleep, as they call it, and motion cannot be perceiv'd, but resembles rest its contrary : So that if you make a Point or Mark on some part of one of those Gigs, 'twill be perceiv'd not as a Point, but as a continual Line, in a most divine manner, as *Cusanus* has wisely observ'd.

While they were thus warmly engag'd, we heard continually the Claps and *Episemasties* which those of the two Bands reiterated at the taking of their Enemies ; and this, join'd to the variety of their Motions and Music, would have forc'd Smiles out of the most severe *Cato*, the never-laughing *Crassus*, the *Athenian* Man-hater *Timon* ; nay, even the whining *Hieraclytus*, tho he abhorr'd Laughing, the Action that's most peculiar to Man. For who could have forborn? seeing those young Warriors with their Nymphs and Queens so briskly and gracefully advance, retire, jump, leap, skip, spring, fly, vault, caper, move to the Right, to the Left every way still in Time, so swiftly, and yet so dextrously, that they never touch'd one another but methodically.

As the number of the Combatants less'n'd, the Pleasure of the Spectators encreas'd; For the Stratagems and Motions of the remaining Forces were more singular. I shall only add, that this pleasing Entertainment charm'd us to such a degree, that our minds were ravish'd with Admiration and Delight; and the martial Harmony mov'd our Souls so powerfully, that we easily believ'd what is said of *Ismenias's* having excited *Alexander* to rise from Table and run to his Arms with such a warlike Melody. At last the golden King remained Master of the Field; And, while we were minding those Dances, Queen-Whims vanish'd, so that we saw her no more from that day to this.

Then *Geber's Michelots* conducted us, and we were set down among her Abstractors, as her Queenship had commanded. After that, we return'd to the Port of *Mateo-techny*, and thence strait o' board our Ships; For the Wind was fair, and had we not hoisted Sail out o' hand, we could hardly have got off in three quarters of a Moon in the Wain.

C H A P. XXVI.

*How we came to the Island of Odes,
where the Ways go up and down.*

WE Sail'd before the Wind, between a pair of Courses, and in two days made the Island of *Odes*; at which Place we saw a very strange thing. The ways there are Animals; so true is *Aristotle's* Saying, that all self-moying things are Animals. Now the Ways walk there; *Erge*. They are then Animals: Some of them are strange unknown ways, like those of the Planets; others are High-ways, Cross-ways, and By-ways. I perceiv'd that the Travellers and Inhabitants of that Country ask'd whither do's this way go? whither do's that way go? Some answer'd, between *Midy* and *Fenrolles*, to the Parish Church, to the City, to the River, and so forth. Being thus in their right way, they us'd to reach their Journeys end without any further trouble, just like those who go by water from *Lyons* to *Avignon* or *Arles*.

Now, as you know that nothing is perfect here below, we heard there was a sort of People whom they call'd *High-way-men*, *Way-beaters*, and makers of Inroads
in

in Roads; and that the poor ways were sadly afraid of them, and shun'd them as you do Robbers. For these us'd to way-lay them, as people lay Trains for Wolves, and set Ginns for Woodcocks. I saw one who was taken up with a Lord-Chief-Justice's Warrant, for having unjustly and in spite of *Pallas* taken the *School-way*, which is the longest. Another boasted that he had fairly taken his shortest, and that doing so, he first compass'd his design. Thus *Carpalin*, meeting once *Epistemon* looking upon a Wall with his Fiddle-diddle, or live Urinal, in his hand, to make a little Maid's water, cry'd, that he did not wonder now how the other came to be still the first at *Pantagruel's Lever*, since he held his shortest, and least us'd.

I found *Bourges* Highway among these, It went with the deliberation of an Abbot, but was made to scamper at the approach of some Waggoners, who threatned to have it trampled under their Horses feet, and make their Waggon run over it, as *Tullia's* Chariot did over her Father's Body.

I also spy'd there the old *Way* between *Peronne* and *St. Quentin*, which seem'd to me a very good, honest, plain way, as smooth as a Carpet, and as good as ever was trod upon by shoe of Leather.

Among the Rocks I knew again the good old way to *la Ferrare*, mounted on a huge Bear.

Bear. This at a distance would have put me in mind of St. *Jerome's* Picture, had but the Bear been a Lyon; for the poor way was all mortified, and wore a long hoary Beard uncomb'd and entangled, which look'd like the Picture of Winter, or at least like a white-frosted Bush.

On that way were store of Beads or Rosaries, coarsely made of wild Pine-Tree; and it seem'd kneeling, not standing, nor lying flat; but its sides and middle were beaten with huge stones; insomuch, that it prov'd to us atonce an Object of Fear and Pity.

While we were examining it, a Runner *Batchelour* of the Place took us aside, and shewing us a white smooth Way, somewhat fill'd with Straw, said, Henceforth, Gentlemen, do not reject the Opinion of *Thales the Milesian*, who said that water is the beginning of all things, nor that of *Homer*, who tells us, that all things derive their Original from the Ocean: For, this same Way which you see here, had its beginning from water, and is to return whence she came before two months come to an end; now Carts are driven here where Boats us'd to be row'd.

Truly, said *Pantagrue*, you tell us no news, we see five hundred such changes and more every year in our World. Then reflecting on the different manner of going
of

of those moving Ways ; he told us, he believ'd that *Philolaus* and *Aristarchus* had Philosophis'd in this Island, and that some indeed were of Opinion, the Earth turns round about its Poles, and not the Heavens, whatever we may think to the contrary ; As when we are on the River *Loire*, we think the Trees and the Shoar moves, tho this is only an effect of our Boat's motion.

As we went back to our Ships, we saw three Way-Layers, who having been taken in Ambuscado, were going to be broken on the Wheel ; and a huge Fornicator was burn'd with a lingring Fire, for beating a way, and breaking one of its sides : we were told it was the way of the Banks of the *Nile* in *Egypt*.

C H A P. XXVII.

*How we came to the Island of Sandals ;
and of the Order of Semiquaver
Fryars.*

THence we went to the Island of *Sandals*, whose Inhabitants live on nothing but Ling Broth. However, we were very kindly receiv'd and entertain'd by *Benius* the Third, King of the Island ; who, after he had made us drink, took
us

us with him to show us a spick-and-span-new Monastery, which he had contriv'd for the *Semiquaver* Friars; so he call'd the Religious Men whom he had there. For he said, that on t'other side the Water liv'd Friars, who fill'd themselves her sweet *Ladyships* most humble Servants. *Item*, the goodly Friar-minors, who are *Semibreves* of Bulls; the smoak'd-herring Tribe of *Minim* Friars; then the *Crotchets* Friars. So that these diminutives could be no more than *Semiquavers*. By the Statutes, Bulls, and Patents of *Queen-Whims*, they were all drest like so many *House-Burners*; except that as in *Anjou*, your *Bricklayers* use to quilt their Knees when they tile houses, so these holy Friars had usually quilted Bellies, and thick quilted Paunches were among them in much Repute: Their Cod-pieces were cut Slipper-fashion, and every Monk of them wore two; one sow'd before, and another behind, reporting that some certain dreadful Mysteries were duly represented by this duplicity of Cod-pieces.

They wore Shoes as round as Basons, in Imitation of those who inhabit the sandy Sea. Their Chins were close shav'd, and their Feet Iron-shod; and to show they did not value Fortune, *Benius* made them shave and powl the hind part of their Poles, as bare as a Bird's Arse, from the Crown

to the Shoulder-blades: But they had leave to let their Hair grow before, from the two triangular Bones in the upper part of the Skull.

Thus they did not value Fortune a Button, and cared no more for the Goods of this World, than you or I do for hanging. And to show how much they desi'd that blind Jilt, all of them wore, not in their Hands like her, but at their Waste, instead of Beads, Sharp-razors, which they us'd to new grind twice a Day, and set thrice a Night.

Each of them had a round Ball on their Feet, because Fortune is said to have one under hers.

The Flap of their Cowles hang'd forwards, and not backwards, like those of others; thus none could see their Noses, and they laugh'd without fear both at Fortune and the Fortunate; neither more nor less than our Ladies laugh at bare-fac'd Trulls, when they have those Mufflers on, which they call Masks, and which were formerly much more properly call Charity, because they cover multitude of Sins.

The hind part of their Faces were always uncover'd, as are our Faces, which made them either go with their Belly, or the Arse foremost, which they pleas'd. When their hind Face went forwards, you would

would have sworn this had been their Natural-gate ; as well on account of their round Shooes, as of the double Codpiece, and their Face behind, which was as bare as the back of my Hand , and coarsely dawb'd over with two Eyes, and a Mouth, such as you see on some *Indian-nuts*. Now, if they offer'd to waddle along with their Bellies forwards, you would have thought they were then playing at Blind-man's Buff. May I never be hang'd, if 'twas not a Comical sight.

Their way of Living was thus ; about Owl light they charitably began to Boot and Spur one another : This being done, the least thing they did, was to Sleep and Snoar ; and thus Sleeping, they had Bar-pacles on the Handles of their Faces, or Spectacles at most.

You may swear, we did not a little wonder at this odd fancy ; but they satisfi'd us presently , telling us , That the Day of Judgment is to take Mankind napping ; therefore to shew they did not refuse to make their Personal Appearance , as Fortune's Darlings use to do, they were always thus Booted and Spur'd , ready to mount whenever the Trumpet should sound.

At Noon , as soon as the Clock struck, they us'd to awake. You must know that their Clock-bell, Church-bells, and Refectuary-bells ; were all made according to the

the *Pontial* device, that is, quilted with the finest Down, and their Clappers of Fox-tails.

Having then made shift to get up at Noon, they pull'd off their Boots, and those that wanted to speak with a Maid, *alias* piss, piss'd; those that wanted to Scumber, scumber'd; and those that wanted to Sneeze, sneez'd. But all, whether they would or no (poor Gentlemen!) were oblig'd largely and plentifully to Yawn; and this was their first Breakfast (O rigorous Statute!) Methought 'twas very comical to observe their Transactions; for, having laid their Boots and Spurs on a Rack, they went into the Cloysters: There they curiously wash'd their Hands and Mouths, then sat them down on a long Bench, and pick'd their Teeth till the Provost gave the Signal, whistling through his Fingers; then every He stretch'd out his Jaws as much as he could, and they gap'd and yawn'd for about half an hour, sometimes more, sometimes less, according as the Prior judg'd the Breakfast to be suitable to the day.

After that, they went in Procession; two Banners being carried before them, in one of which was the Picture of Virtue, and that of Fortune in the other. The last went before, carried by a Semiquavering-Friar, at whose Heels was another with
the

the Shadow or Image of Virtue in one hand, and an Holy-water-sprinkle in the other; I mean of that Holy Mercurial-water, which *Ovid* describes in his *de fastis*. And as the preceeding Semiquaver rang a Hand-bell, this shak'd the Sprinkle with his Fist. With that, says *Pantagruel*, This Order contradicts the Rule which *Tully* and the *Academics* prescrib'd, That Virtue ought to go before, and Fortune follow. But they told us, they did as they ought, seeing their Design was to breech, lash, and bethwack Fortune.

During the Processions they trill'd and quaver'd most melodiously betwixt their Teeth I don't know what Antiphones, or Chantings by turns: For my part, 'twas all *Hebrew-Greek* to me, the Devil a word I could pick out on't; at last pricking up my Ears, and intensely listning, I perceiv'd they only sang with the Tip of theirs. O, what a rare Harmony it was! How well 'twas tun'd to the sound of their Bells! You'll never find these to justify that you won't. *Pantagruel* made a notable Observation upon the Processions; for, says he, have you seen and observ'd the policy of these Semiquavers? To make an end of their Procession, they went out at one of the Church-doors, and came in at the other; they took a deal of care not to come in at the place whereat they went out.

out. On my honour, these are a subtle sort of people, quoth *Panurge*, they have as much wit as three folks, Two Fools and a mad man; they are as wise as the Calf that ran Nine miles to suck a Bull, and when he came there 'twas a Steer. This Subtilty and Wisdom of theirs, cry'd Friar *Ibon*, is borrow'd from the *Occult Philosophy*, may I be gutted like an Oyster, if I can tell what to make on't. Then the more 'tis to be fear'd, said *Pantagruel*; for Subtilty suspected, Subtilty foreseen, Subtilty found out, loses the Essence and very Name of Subtilty, and only gains that of Blockishness. They are not such fools as you take them to be, they have more Tricks than are good, I doubt.

After the Procession, they went slug-gingly into the Fraternity-Room by the way of walk and healthful Exercise, and there kneel'd under the Tables, leaning their Breasts on Lanterns. While they were in that Posture, in came a huge *Sandal*, with a Pitch fork in his hand, who us'd to baste, rib-roast, swaddle, and swindge them well-favour'dly, as they said, and in truth treated them after a fashion. They began their Meal as — you end yours, with Cheese, and ended it with Mustard and Lettice, as *Martial* tells us the Ancients did. Afterwards a Platter full of Mustard was brought before every one of them; and thus they

made good the Proverb, *After Meat comes Mustard.*

Their Diet was this.

O' *Sundays* they stuff'd their Puddings with Puddings, Chitterlings, Links, *Bolonia*-Sawcidges, Forc'd-meats, Liverings, Hogs-haslets, young Quails, and Teals; you must also always add Cheese for the first Course, and Mustard for the last.

O' *Mondays*, they were cramm'd with Pease and Pork, *cum commento*, and interlineary Glosses.

O' *Tuesdays*, they us'd to twist store of Holy-bread, Cakes, Buns, Puffs, Lenten-Loaves, Jumbals and Biscuits.

O' *Wednesdays*, my Gentlemen had fine Sheeps-heads, Calves-heads, and Brocks-heads, of which there's no want in that Country.

O' *Thursdays*, they guzzled down seven sorts of Porridge, not forgetting Mustard.

O' *Frydays*, they munch'd nothing but Services or Sorbapples; neither were these full ripe, as I guess'd by their *Complexion*.

O' *Saturdays*, they gnaw'd Bones, not that they were poor or needy, for every Mother's Son of 'em had a very good fat Belly-Benefice.

As for their Drink, 'twas an *Antifortuna*, thus they call'd I don't know what sort of a Liquor of the place. When

When they wanted to eat or drink, they turn'd down the Back-points or Flaps of their Cowls forwards, below their Chins, and that serv'd 'em instead of Gorgets or Slabberring-Bibs.

When they had well din'd, they pray'd rarely, all in *Quavers* and Shakes; and the rest of the day, expecting the day of Judgment, they were taken up with Acts of Charity. And particularly,

O' *Sundays*, Rubbers at Cuffs.

O' *Mondays*, lending each other Flirts and Fillups on the Nose.

O' *Tuesdays*, clapperclawing one another.

O' *Wednesdays*, sniting and fly-flapping,

O' *Thursdays*, worming and pumping,

O' *Fridays*, tickling,

O' *Saturdays*, jirking and firking one another.

Such was their Diet when they resided in the Convent, and if the Prior of the Monk-house sent any of them abroad, then they were strictly enjoyn'd, neither to touch nor eat any manner of Fish, as long as they were on Sea or Rivers; and to abstain from all manner of Flesh whenever they were at Land, that every one might be convinc'd, that while they enjoy'd the Object, they deni'd themselves the Power, and even the Desire, and were no more mov'd with it, than the *Marpesian* Rock.

All this was done with proper Antiphones, still sung and chanted by Ear, as we have already observ'd.

When the Sun went to bed, they fairly Booted and Spurr'd each other as before, and having clapt on their Barnicles, e'en jogg'd to bed too. At Midnight the *Sandal* came to them, and up they got, and having well whetted and set their Rasors, and been a processioning, they clapt the Tables over themselves, and like wire-drawers under their work, fell to it as aforesaid.

Friar *Ihon des Entourmeures*, having shrewdly observ'd these jolly Semiquaver-Friars, and had a full account of their Statutes, lost all patience, and cry'd out aloud; Bounce Tail, and God ha' mercy Guts; if every Fool should wear a Bable, Fewel would be dear. A Plague rot it, we must know how many Farts go to an Ounce; would *Priapus* were here as he us'd to beat the nocturnal Festivals in *Crete*, that I might see him play backwards and wriggle and shake to the purpose. Ay, ay, this is the World, and t'other is the Country; may I never piss, if this be not an Antichthonian Land, and our very *Antipodes*: In *Germany* they pull down Monasteries and *unfrocks* the Monks; here they go quite Kam, and act clean contrary to others, setting new ones up, against the hair.

C H A P. XXVIII.

How Panurge ask'd a Semiquaver Fryar many questions. and was only answer'd in Monosyllables.

Panurge, who had since been wholly taken up with staring at these Royal Semiquavers, at last pull'd one of them by the Sleeve, who was as lean as a Rake, and ask'd him,

Hark 'e me, Friar Quaver, Semiquaver, Demisemiquavering Quaver, where's the Punk?

The Fryar pointing downwards, answer'd, There.

Pan. Pray have you many?

Fry. Few.

Pan. How many Scores have you?

Fry. One.

Pan. How many would you have?

Fry. Five.

Pan. Where do you hide 'em?

Fry. Here.

Pan. I suppose they are not all of one age; but pray how is their Shape?

Fry. Straight.

Pan. Their Complexion?

Fry. Clear.

Pan. Their Hair?

Fry. Fair.

Pan. Their Eys?

Fry. Black.

Pan. Their Features?

Fry. Good.

Pan. Their Brows?

Fry. Small.

Pan. Their Graces?

Fry. Ripe.

Pan. Their Looks?

Fry. Free.

Pan. Their Feet?

Fry. Flat.

Pan. Their Heels?

Fry. Short.

Pan. Their lower Parts?

Fry. Rare.

Pan. And their Arms?

Fry. Long.

Pan. What do they wear on their hands?

Fr. Gloves.

Pan. What sorts of Rings on their Fingers?

Fry. Gold.

Pan. What Rigging do you keep 'em in?

Fry. Cloath.

Pan. What sort of Cloath is it?

Fry. New.

Pan. What Colour?

Fry. Sky.

Pan. What kind of Cloath is it?

Fry. Fine.

Pan. What Caps do they wear?

Fry. Blew.

Pan.

Pan. What 'the Colour of their Stockins?

Fry. Red.

Pan. What wear they on their Feet?

Fry. Pumps.

Pan. How do they use to be?

Fry. Fowl.

Pan. How do they use to walk?

Fry. Fast.

Pan. Now let's talk of the Kitchin, I mean that of the Harlots, and without going hand over head, let's a little examine things by particulars. What is in their Kitchens?

Fry. Fire.

Pan. What Fuel feeds it?

Fry. Wood.

Pan. What sort of Wood is't?

Fry. Dry.

Pan. And of what kind of Trees?

Fry. Yews.

Pan. What are the Faggots and Brushes of?

Fry. Holme.

Pan. What Wood d'ye burn in your Chambers?

Fry. Pine.

Pan. And of what other Trees?

Fry. Line.

Pan. Harkee me, as for the Buttocks, I'll go your halves: Pray, how do you feed 'em?

Fry. Well.

Pan. First, what do they eat?

Fry. Bread.

Pan. Of what *Complexion*?

Fry. White.

Pan. And what else?

Fry. Meat.

Pan. How do they love it drest?

Fry. Roast.

Pan. What sort of Porridge?

Fry. None.

Pan. Are they for Pies and Tarts?

Fry. Much.

Pan. There I'm their Man. Will Fish
go down with them?

Fry. Well.

Pan. And what else?

Fry. Eggs.

Pan. How do they like 'em?

Fry. Boild.

Pan. And how must they be done?

Fry. Hard.

Pan. Is this all they have?

Fry. No.

Pan. What have they besides then?

Fry. Beef.

Pan. And what else?

Fry. Pork.

Pan. And what more?

Fry. Geese.

Pan. What then?

Fry. Ducks.

Pan. And what besides?

Fry. Cocks.

Pan. What do they season their Meat with?

Fry. Salt.

Pan. What Sawce are the most dainty for?

Fry. Must.

Pan. What's their last Course?

Fry. Rice.

Pan. And what else?

Fry. Milk.

Pan. What besides?

Fry. Pease.

Pan. What sort?

Fry. Green.

Pan. What do they boil 'em with?

Fry. Pork.

Pan. What fruit do they eat?

Fry. Good.

Pan. How?

Fry. Raw.

Pan. What do they end with?

Fry. Nuts.

Pan. How do they drink?

Fry. Neat.

Pan. What Liquor?

Fry. Wine.

Pan. What sort?

Fry. White.

Pan. In Winter?

Fry. Strong.

Pan. In the Spring?

Fry. Brisk.

Pan. In Summer?

Fry. Cool.

Pan. In Autumn?

Fry. New.

Buttock of a Monk! cry'd Frier *Ihon*, how plump these plaguy Trulls, these arch Semiquavering Strumpets must be! That damn'd Cattle are so high fed that they must needs be high mettal'd, and ready to winse, and give two ups for one go-down, when any one offers to ride 'em below the Crupper.

Prethee, Friar *Ihon*, quoth *Panurge*, hold thy prating Tongue, stay till I have done.

Till what time do the Doxies set up?

Fry. Night.

Pan. When do they get up?

Fry. Late.

Pan. May I ride on a Horse that was foal'd of an Acorn, if this be not as honest a Cod as ever the Ground went upon, and as grave as an old Gate-post into the Bargain. Would to the blessed St. Semiquaver, and the blessed worthy Virgin St. *Semiquaverera*, he were Lord Chief President [*Justice*] of *Paris*. Odsbodikins, how he'd dispatch! with what Expedition would he bring disputes to an upshot! what an Abbreviator and Clawer off of Law-suits, Reconciler of Differences], Examiner and Fumbler

Fumbler of Bags, Peruser of Bills, Scrib-
ler of Rough-drafts, and Ingrosser of
Deeds, would he not make! Well, Friar,
spare your Breath to cool your Porridge:
Come, let's now talk with Deliberation,
fair and softly, as Lawyers go to Heaven.
Let's know how you Victual the Venereal
Camp.

How is the Snatchblatch?

Fry. Rough.

Pan. How is the Gate-way?

Fry. Free.

Pan. And how'st within?

Fry. Deep.

Pan. I mean, what weather is it there?

Fry. Hot.

Pan. What shadows the Brooks?

Fry. Groves.

Pan. Of what's the Colour of the Twigs?

Fry. Red.

Pan. And that of the Old?

Fry. Gray.

Pan. How are you when you shake?

Fry. Brisk.

Pan. How is their Motion?

Fry. Quick.

Pan. Would you have them Vault or
Wriggle more.

Fry. Less.

Pan. What kind of Tools are yours?

Fry. Big.

Pan. And in their helves?

Fry.

Fry. Round.

Pan. Of what Colour's the Tip?

Fry. Red.

Pan. When they've been us'd, how are they?

Fry. Shrunk.

Pan. How much weighs each Bag of Tools?

Fry. Pounds.

Pan. How hang your Pouches?

Fry. Tight.

Pan. How are they when you've done?

Fry. Lank.

Pan. Now, by the Oath you have taken, tell me, when you have a mind to Cohabit, how you throw 'em?

Fry. Down.

Pan. And what do they say then?

Fry. Fye.

Pan. However, like Maids, they say nay, and take it, and speak the less, but think the more; minding the work in hand, do they not?

Fry. True.

Pan. Do they get you Bairns?

Fry. None.

Pan. How do you pig together?

Fry. Bare.

Pan. Remember you're upon your Oath, and tell me justly, and *bonâ fide*; how many times o' day you Monk it?

Fry. Six.

Pan. How many bouts o' Night?

Fry. Ten.

Cat so, quoth Friar *Ibon*, the poor fornicating Brother's bashful, and sticks at Sixteen, as if that were his stint. Right, quoth *Panurge*, but couldst thou keep pace with him, Friar *Ibon*, my dainty Cod? May the Devil's dam suck my Teat, if he does not look as if he had got a Blow over the Nose with a *Naples* Cowlstaff.

Pan. Pray, Friar *Shakewell*, does your whole Fraternity quaver and shake at that rate?

Fry. All.

Pan. Who of them is the best Cock o' the Game?

Fry. I.

Pan. Do you never commit dry Bobs, or Flashes in the Pan?

Fry. None.

Pan. I blush like any black Dog, and could be as testy as an old Cook, when I think on all this; it passes my Understanding. But, pray, when you have been pumpt dry one day, what have you got the next?

Fry. More.

Pan. By *Priapus*, they have the *Indian*-herb, of which *Theophrastus* spoke, or I'm much out. But harkee me, thou Man of Brevity, should some Impediment honestly, or otherwise, impair your Talents, and cause

cause your Benevolence to lessen, how would it fare with you then?

Fry. Ill.

Pan. What would the Wenches do?

Fry. Rail.

Pan. What if you skipt, and let 'em fast a whole day?

Fry. Worse.

Pan. What do you give 'em then?

Fry. Thwacks.

Pan. What do they say to this?

Fry. Bawl.

Pan. And what else?

Fry. Curse.

Pan. How do you correct 'em?

Fry. Hard.

Pan. What do you get out of 'em then?

Fry. Blood.

Pan. How's their Complexion then?

Fry. Odd.

Pan. What do they mend it with?

Fry. Paint.

Pan. Then, what do they do?

Fry. Fawn.

Pan. By the Oath you have taken, tell me truly, what time of the year do you do it least in?

Fry. Now*.

Pan. What season do you do it best in?

Fry. March.

* *August.*

Pan. How is your performance the rest of the Year.

Fry. Brisk.

Then, quoth *Panurge* sneering, Of all, and of all commend me to Ball, this is the Friar of the World, for my Money; you've heard how short, concise, and compendious he is in his Answers? Nothing is to be got out of him but Monosyllables; by Jingo, I believe he would make three bits of a Cherry.

Dam him, cry'd Friar *Ihon*, that's as true as I am his Uncle, the Dog yelps at another gat's rate when he is among his Bitches; there he is Polisyllable enough, my Life for yours; you talk of making three bits of a Cherry! God send Fools more Wit, and us more Money; May I be doom'd to fast a whole Day, if I don't verily believe he would not make above two bits of a Shoulder of Mutton, and one swoop of a whole Pottle of Wine; zoons do but see how down o'the mouth the Cur looks? He's nothing but Skin and Bones; he has pist his Tallow.

Truly, truly, quoth *Epistemon*, this Rascally Monastical Vermin all over the World mind nothing but their Gut, and are as ravenous as any Kites, and then forsooth, they tell us they've nothing but Food and Rayment in this World; 'sdeath, what more have Kings and Princes?

C H A P.

C H A P. XXIX.

How Epistemon dislik'd the Institution of Lent.

PRAY did you observe, continu'd *Epistemon*, how this damn'd ill-favour'd *Semiquaver* mention'd *March* as the best Month for Catterwawling. True, said *Pantagruel*, yet *Lent* and *March* always go together; and the first was instituted to macerate and bring down our pamper'd Flesh, to weaken and subdue its Lusts, and curb and assuage the Venereal rage.

By this, said *Epistemon*, you may guess what kind of a Pope it was, who first enjoyn'd it to be kept; since this filthy *wooden-shoo'd Semiquaver* owns that his Spoon is never oftner or deeper in the Porringer of Letchery than in *Lent*; add to this, the evident Reasons given by all Good and Learned Physicians, affirming, That throughout the whole Year no Food is eaten, that can prompt Mankind to lascivious Acts, more than at that time.

As for Example, Beans, Pease, Phasels or Long-peason, Ciches, Onions, Nuts, Oysters, Herrings, Saltmeats, *Garum*, (a kind of Anchovy) and Salads, wholly made up of venereous Herbs and Fruits, as

Rocket,
Nose-smart,
Taragon,
Cresses,
Parsly,
Rampions,
Poppy,
Sellery,
Hop-buds,
Figs,
Rice,
Raisins, and others,

'Twould not a little surprize you, said
Pantagruel, should a Man tell you, That
 the Good Pope, who first order'd the
 keeping of *Lent*, perceiving that at that time
 o' year the Natural heat (from the Centre
 of the Body; whither it was retired, du-
 ring the Winter's Cold) diffuses it self as
 the Sap does in Trees, through the Cir-
 cumference of the Members, did therefore
 in a manner prescribe that sort of Diet to
 forward the Propagation of Mankind.
 What makes me think so, is, that by the
 Registers of Christenings at *Touars*, it ap-
 pears that more Children are born in *Octo-*
ber and *November*, than in the other ten
 months of the Year, and reckoning back-
 wards, 'twill be easily found that they
 were all made, conceiv'd, and begotten in
Lent.

I listen

I listen to you with both my Ears, quoth Fryar Ibon, and that with no small pleasure I'll assure you. But I must tell you, that the Vicar of *Jambée* ascrib'd this copious Prolification of the Women, not to that sort of Food that we chiefly eat in Lent, but to the little licens'd stooping Mumpers, your little booted Lent-Preachers, your little draggle-tail'd Father Confessors; who, during all that time of their Reign, damn all Husbands, that run astray, three Fathom and a half below the very lowest Pit of Hell. So the silly Cods-headed Brothers of the Noose, dare not then stumble any more at the Truckle-bed, to the no small discomfort of their Maids, and are e'en forc'd, poor Souls! to take up with their own bodily Wives. *Dixi*, I have done,

You may descant on the Institution of Lent as much as you please, cry'd *Epistemon*; So many Men, so many Minds: But certainly all the Physicians will be against its being suppress'd, tho I think that time is at hand, I know they will, and have heard 'em say, Were it not for Lent, their Art would soon fall into Contempt, and they'd get nothing, for hardly any Body would be sick.

All Distempers are sow'd in Lent; 'tis the true Seminary and native Bed of all Diseases; nor do's it only weaken and putrifie Bodies, but it also makes Souls mad and uneasy.

uneasy. For then the Devils do their best, and drive a subtle Trade, and the Tribe of canting Dissemblers come out of their holes. 'Tis then Term-time with your cucullated Pieces of Formality, that have one Face to God, and another to the Devil; and a wretched clutter they make with their Sessions, Stations, Pardons, Synteresses, Confessions, Whipping, Anathematizations, and much Prayer, with as little Devotion. However, I'll not offer to infer from this, that the *Arimaspians* are better than we are in that Point; yet I speak to the purpose.

Well, quoth *Panurge*, to the *Semiquaver* Fryar, who happen'd to be by, Dear bum-basting, shaking, trilling, quavering Cod, what think'st thou of this Fellow, is he a rank Heretic?

Fry. Much.

Pan. Ought he not to be findg'd?

Fry. Well.

Pan. As soon as may be?

Fry. Right.

Pan. Should not he be scalded first?

Fry. No.

Pan. How then should he be roasted?

Fry. Quick.

Pan. Till at last he be?

Fry. Dead.

Pan. What has he made you?

Fry. Mad.

Pan. What d'ye take him to be?

Fry.

Fry. Damn'd.

Pan. What place is he to go to?

Fry. Hell.

Pan. But first, how would you have 'em serv'd here?

Fry. Burnt.

Pan. Some have been serv'd so?

Fry. Store,

Pan. That were Heretics.

Fry. Less.

Pan. And the number of those that are to be warm'd thus hereafter is?

Fry. Great.

Pan. How many of 'em d'ye intend to save?

Fry. None.

Pan. So you'd have them burnt?

Fry. All.

I wonder, said *Epistemon* to *Panurge*, what pleasure you can find in talking thus with this lowly Tatterdemallion of a Monk; I vow, did not I know you well, I might be ready to think you had no more wit in your head, than he has in both his shoulders. Come, come, scatter no words, return to *Panurge*, every one as they like, as the Woman said when she kiss'd her Cow; I wish I might carry him to *Gargantua*; when I'm married he might be my Wife's Fool. And to make you one, cry'd *Epistemon*. Well said, quoth Fryar *Ihon*, now, poor *Panurge*, take that along with thee, thou'rt e'en fitted;

is a plain case, thou'lt never scape wearing the Bull's Feather ; thy Wife will be as common as the high-way, that's certain.

CHAP. XXX.

How we came to the Land of Satin.

HAVING pleas'd our selves with observing that new Order of Semiquaver Fryars, we set Sail, and in three days our Skipper made the finest and most delightful Island that ever was seen ; he call'd it the Island of Frize ; for, all the ways were of Frize.

In that Island is the Land of *Satin*, so celebrated by our Court Pages. Its Trees and Shrubs never lose their Leaves or Flowers, and are all Damask and flower'd Velvet : As for the Beasts and Birds, they are all of Tapestry-work. There we saw many Beasts, Birds and Trees of the same Colour, Bigness and Shape of those in our Country, with this difference, however, that these did eat nothing, and never sung, or bit like ours ; and we also saw there many sorts of Creatures which we had never seen before.

Among the rest, several Elephants in various Postures ; twelve of which were the six Males and six Females that were brought

to Rome by their Governour in the Time of Germanicus, Tiberius's Nephew; some of them were Learned Elephants, some Musicians, others Philosophers, Dancers, and Showers of Tricks, and all sat down at Table in good Order, silently eating and drinking like so many Fathers in a Fraternity-room.

With their Snouts or *Proboscis's* some two Cubits long, they draw up water for their own drinking, and take hold of Palm Leaves, Plumbs, and all manner of Edibles, using them offensively or defensively, as we do our Fists; with them tossing men high into the Air in Fight, and making them burst out with laughing when they come to the ground.

They have Joints, whatever some men, who doubtless never saw any but Painted, may have written to the contrary. Between their Teeth they have two huge Horns; thus *Juba* call'd 'em, and *Pausanias* tells us, they are no Teeth, but Horns: However, *Philostratus* will have 'em to be Teeth, and not Horns. 'Tis all one to me, provided you will be pleas'd to own them to be true Ivory. These are some three or four Cubits long, and are fixt in the upper Jaw-bone, and consequently not in the lowermost. If you hearken to those who will tell you the contrary, you'll find your selves damnably mistaken, for that's a Lye with a Latchet: Tho 'twere *Alim* that

that Long-Bow-man that told you so, never believe him, for he lyes as fast as a Dog can trot. 'Twas in this very Island that *Pliny*, his Brother tell-truth, had seen some Elephants dance on the Rope with Bells, and whip over the Tables, *Presto*, be gone, while people were at Feasts, without so much as touching the Topping Topers, or the Topers toping.

I saw a *Rhinoceros* there, just such a one as *Harry Clerberg* had formerly shew'd me; methought it was not much unlike a certain Boar which I had formerly seen at *Limoges*, except the sharp Horn on its Snout, that was about a Cubit long; by the means of which that Animal dares encounter with an Elephant, that is sometimes kill'd with its Point thrust into its Belly, which is its most tender and defenceless part.

I saw there two and thirty Unicorns; they are a curst sort of Creatures, much resembling a fine Horse, unless it be that their Heads are like a Stags, their Feet like an Elephants, their Tails like a wild Boar's, and out of each of their Foreheads sprouts out a sharp black Horn, some six or seven Foot long; commonly it dangles down like a Turkey-Cock's Comb. When an Unicorn has a mind to fight, or put it to any other use, what does it do but make it stand, and then 'tis as straight as an Arrow.

I saw

I saw one of them, which was attended with a Throng of other wild Beasts, purify a Fountain with its Horn. With that *Panurge* told me, that his Prancer, *alias* his Nimble-Wimble, was like the Unicorn, not altogether in length indeed, but in Vertue and propriety: For as the Unicorn purify'd Pools and Fountains from Filth and Venom, so that other Animals came and drank securely there afterwards; in the like manner, others might water their Nags, and dabble after him without fear of Shankers, Carnosities, Gonorrhæas, Buboes, Crinckams, and such other Plagues caught by those who venture to quench their Amorous Thirst in a common Puddle; for with his Nervous Horn he removed all the Infection that might be lurking in some blind Cranny of the *Mephitic* sweet-scented Hole.

Well, quoth Friar *Ihon*, when you are Sped, that is, when you are Married, well make a Tryal of this on thy Spouse, meekly for Charity-sake, since you are pleas'd to give us so beneficial an Instruction.

Ay, ay, return'd *Panurge*, and then immediately I'll give you a pretty gentle Aggregative Pill of God made up of two and twenty kind Stabs with a Dagger, after the *Cesarian* way. Cat 'so, cry'd Friar *Ihon*, I had rather take off a Bumper of good cool Wine.

I saw

I saw there the golden Fleece, formerly conquer'd by *Jason*, and can assure you on the word of an honest man, that those who have said it was not a Fleece, but a golden Pippin, because *Μῦλον* signifies both an Apple and a Sheep, were utterly mistaken.

I saw also a Chameleon, such as *Aristotle* describes it, and like that which had been formerly shew'd me by *Charles Maris* a famous Physician of the noble City of *Lyon* on the *Rosne*; and the said *Chameleon* liv'd on air just as the other did.

I saw three *Hydra's*, like those I had formerly seen. They are a kind of a Serpent, with seven different Heads.

I saw also fourteen *Phoenixes*. I had read in many Authors that there was but one in the whole World in every Century; but if I may presume to speak my mind, I declare, that those who said this, had never seen any, unless it were in the Land of *Tapestry*; tho' 'twere vouch'd by *Claudian* or *Lactantius Firmianus*.

I saw the Skin of *Apuleius's* golden Ass.

I saw three hundred and nine *Pelicans*.

Item, Six thousand and sixteen *Seleucid* Blads marching in Battalia, and picking up stragling Grasshoppers in Corn-Fields.

Item, Some *Cynamologi*, Argatiles, Caprimulgi, Thynnunculs, Onocrotals, or Bitterns, with their wide Swallows, Stymphalides, Harpies, Panthers, Dorcas's or Bucks, Cemas's, Cynocephalis's, Satyrs, Cartafons, Tarands, Uri, *Monops's*, or *Bonafi*, Neades, Stera's, Marmosets, or Monkeys, Bugles, Musimons, Byturos's, Ophyri, Scriech Owls, Goblins, Fairies, and Gryphins.

I saw Mid-Lent o' horseback, with Mid-August and Mid-March holding its Stirrups.

I saw some *Mankind-Wolves*, Centaurs, Tigers, Leopards, Hyena's, Camelopardals, and Orix's or huge wild Goats with sharp Horns.

I saw a *Remora*, a little Fish call'd *Echineis* by the Greeks, and near it a tall Ship, that did not get o' head an inch, tho she was in the Offin with Top and Top-gallants spread before the Wind; I am somewhat inclin'd to believe, that 'twas the very numerical Ship in which *Periander* the Tyrant happen'd to be when it was stop't by such a little Fish in spight of Wind and Tide. 'Twas in this Land of *Satin*, and in no other, that *Mutianus* had seen one of them.

Fryar *Ibon* told us, that in the days of Yore, two sorts of Fishes us'd to abound in our Courts of Judicature, and rotted the Bodies and tormented the Souls of those

who

who were at Law, whether noble or of mean Descent, high or low, rich or poor : the first were your *April Fish* or *Makerel*, [*Pimps, Panders and Bawds*] the others your beneficial *Remorae's*, that is, the Eternity of Law-Suits, the needless Lets that keep 'em undecided.

I saw some *Sphynxes*, some *Raphes*, some *Oinces*, and some *Cepphi*, whose fore-feet are like Hands, and their hind-feet like Man's.

Also some *Crocute's*, and some *Eales* as big as Sea-horses, with Elephant's Tails, Boar's Jaws and Tusks, and Horns as pliant as an Ass's Ears.

The *Crocute's* most fleet Animals, as big as our Asses of *Mirebalais*, have Necks, Tails and Breasts like a Lyon's, Legs like a Stag's, have Mouths up to the Ears, and but two Teeth, one above, and one below ; they speak with human Voices, but when they do, they say nothing.

Some people say, that none e're saw an Airy or Nest of Sakers ; If you'll believe me, I saw no less than Eleven, and I'm sure I reckon'd right.

I saw some left-handed Halberts, which were the first that I had ever seen.

I saw some *Menticores*, a most strange sort of Creatures, which have the Body of a Lyon, red Hair, a Face and Ears like a man's, three Rows of Teeth which close

together, as if you join'd your hands with your fingers between each other ; they have a Sting in their Tails like a Scorpions, and a very melodious Voice.

I saw some *Catablepas's*, a sort of Serpents, whose Bodies are small, but their Heads large without any Proportion, so that they've much ado to lift them up ; and their Eyes are so infectious, that whoever sees 'em, dies upon the spot, as if he had seen a Basilisk.

I saw some Beasts with two Backs, and those seem'd to me the merriest Creatures in the World ; they were most nimble at wriggling the Buttocks, and more diligent in Tail wagging than any Water-wagtails, perpetually jogging and shaking their double Rumps.

I saw there some milch'd Craw-fish, Creatures that I never had heard of before in my Life ; and these mov'd in very good order, and 'twould have done your heart good to have seen 'em.

C H A P. XXXI.

How in the Land of Satin we saw Hear-say who kept a School of Vouching.

WE went a little higher up into the Country of *Tapistry*, and saw the Mediterranean Sea open'd to the Right and left down to the very bottom, just as the Red-Sea very fairly left its bed at the *Arabian* Gulph, to make a Lane for the *Jews*, when they left *Egypt*.

There I found *Triton* winding his silver Shell instead of a Horn, and also *Glaucus*, *Proteus*, *Nereus*, and a thousand other God-lings and Sea-monsters.

I also saw an infinite number of Fish of all kinds, dancing, flying, vaulting, fighting, eating, breathing, billing, shoving, milking, spawning, hunting, fishing, skirmishing, lying in Ambuscado, making Truces, cheapning, bargaining, swearing and sporting.

In a blind Corner we saw *Aristotle* holding a Lantern in the Posture in which the Hermit uses to be drawn near St. *Christopher*, watching, prying, thinking, and setting every thing down.

Behind him stood a Pack of other Philosophers, like so many Bums by a Head-Bailiff; as *Appian*, *Heliodorus*, *Athenæus*, *Porphyrius*,
H 3
Pancrates,

Panocrates, Archadian, Numenius, Possidonius, Ovidius, Opianus, Olympius, Selenus, Leonides, Agathocles, Theophrastus, Demostratus, Metianus, Nymphodorus, Ælian; and five hundred other such plodding Dons, who were full of business yet had little to do; like *Chrysippus* or *Aristarchus* of *Soli*, who for eight and fifty years together did nothing in the world but examin the state and concerns of Bees.

I spy'd *Peter Gilles* among these, with an Urinal in his hand, narrowly watching the water of those goodly Fishes.

When we had long beheld every thing in this Land of *Satin*, *Pantagruel* said, I have sufficiently fed my Eyes, but my Belly is empty all this while, and chimes to let me know 'tis time to go to dinner; Let's take care of the Body, lest the Soul abdicate it; and to this effect, let's taste some of these * *Anacampserotes* that hang over our heads. Pshaw, cry'd one, they are meer Trash, stark naught o' my word, they're good for nothing.

I then went to pluck some *Mirabolans* off of a Piece of Tapistery whereon they hang'd, but the Devil a bit I could chew or swallow 'em, and had you had them betwixt

* An Herb, the touching of which is said to reconcile Lovers.

your Teeth, you would have sworn they had been thrown Silk, there was no manner of savour in 'em.

One might be apt to think *Heliogabalus* had taken a Hint from thence, to feast those whom he had caus'd to fast a long time, promising them a sumptuous, plentiful and imperial Feast after it: For all the Treat us'd to amount to no more than several sorts of Meat in Wax, Marble, Earthen-Ware, painted and figur'd Table-Cloths.

While we were looking up and down to find some more substantial Food, we heard a loud various noise, like that of Paper-mills; so with all speed we went to the place whence the noise came, where we found a diminutive, monstrous, misshapen, old Fellow, call'd *Hear-say*; his Mouth was slit up to his Ears, and in it were seven Tongues, each of 'em cleft into seven parts. However, he chatter'd, tattled and prated with all the seven at once, of different Matters, and in divers Languages.

He had as many Ears all-over his head and the rest of his body, as *Argus* formerly had Eyes; and was as blind as a Beetle, and had the Palsie in his Legs.

About him stood an innumerable number of men and women, gaping, list'ning, and hearing very intensely; among 'em I observ'd some who strutted like Crows

in a Gutter, and principally a very handsome bodied man in the Face, who held then a Map of the World, and with little Aphorisms compendiously explain'd every thing to 'em; so that those men of *happy Memories* grew learned in a Trice, and would most fluently talk with you of a world of prodigious Things; the hundredth part of which would take up a man's whole Life to be fully known.

Among the rest, they descanted with great Prolixity on the Pyramids and Hieroglyphics of Egypt, of the Nile, of Babylon, of the Troglodytes, the *Hymantopodes* or *Crumppfooted Nation*, the *Blémie* People that wear their Heads in the middle of their Breasts, the *Pygmies*, the *Cannibals*, the *Hyperborei* and their Mountains, the *Ægyptanes* with their Goat's-feet, and the Devil and all of others: Every individual word of it by *Hear-say*.

I am much mistaken if I did not see among them *Herodotus*, *Pliny*, *Solinus*, *Berosus*, *Philostratus*, *Pomponius Mela*, *Strabo*, and God knows how many other Antiquaries.

Then *Albert* the great Jacobin-Fryar, *Peter Tesmoin* alias *Witness*, *Pope Pius* the Second, *Volaterran*, *Paulius Jovus* the Valiant, *Jemmy Cartier*, *Cbaton* the *Armenian*, *Marco Paulo* the *Venetian*, *Ludovico Romano*, *Pedro Aliares*, and forty Cart-loads of other modern Historians, lurking behind a piece of
Tapistry

Tapistry where they were at it ding-dong, privately scribbling the Lord knows what, and making rare work on't, and all by *Hear-say*.

Behind another piece of Tapistry on which *Naboth's* and *Susanna's* Accusers were fairly represented, I saw close by *Hear-say*, good store of men of the Country of *Perebe* and *Maine*, notable Students, and young enough.

I ask'd what sort of study they apply'd themselves to? and was told, that from their youth they learn'd to be *Evidences*, *Affidavit-men* and *Vouchers*; and were instructed in the Art of *Swearing*; in which they soon became such Proficients, that, when they left that Country, and went back into their own, they set up for themselves, and very *honestly* liv'd by their Trade of *Evidencing*. Positively giving their Testimony of all things whatsoever to those who feed them most roundly to do a Job of Journeywork for them; and all this by *Hear-say*.

You may think what you will of it, but I can assure you, they gave some of us Corners of their Cakes, and we merrily help'd to empty their Hogsheds. Then in a friendly manner they advis'd us to be as sparing of Truth as possibly we could, if ever we had a mind to get *Court-preferment*.

C H A P. XXXII.

How we came in sight of Lantern-Land.

HAVING been but scurvily entertain'd in the Land of *Satin*, we went o' board, and having set Sail, in four days came near the Coast of *Lantern-Land*. We then saw certain little hovering Fires on the Sea.

For my part I did not take them to be Lanterns, but rather thought they were Fishes, which loll'd their flaming Tongues on the surface of the Sea, or Lampyris's, which some call *Cicindela's* or *Glow-worms*, shining there as ripe Barley do's o' nights in my Country.

But the Skipper satisfy'd us that they were the Lanterns of the Watch, or more properly Light-houses, set up in many places round the Precinct of the Place to discover the Land, and for the safe Piloting in of some outlandish Lanterns, which like good *Franciscan* and *Jacobin* Fryars, were coming to make their personal Appearance at the Provincial Chapter.

However, some of us were somewhat suspicious that these Fires were the fore-runners of some Storm; but the Skipper assur'd us again, they were not.

C H A P. XXXIII.

*How we Landed at the Port of the
Lychnobii, and came to Lantern-
land.*

SOON after we arriv'd at the Port of *Lantern-land*, where *Pantagruel* discover'd on a high Tower, the Lantern of *Roebel*, that stood us in good stead, for it casted a great light. We also saw the Lantern of *Pharos*, that of *Nauplion*, and that of *Acropolis*, at *Athens*, sacred to *Pallas*.

Near the Port, there's a little Hamlet inhabited by the *Lychnobii*, that live by Lanterns, as the gulligutted Friars in our Country live by Nuns: They are studious People, and as honest Men as ever shrit in a Trumpet. *Demosthenes* had formerly lanternis'd there.

We were conducted from that place to the Palace by three * *Obeliscolichnys*, Military-Guards of the Port, with high-crown'd Hats, whom we acquainted with the cause of our Voyage, and our Design, which was to desire the Queen of the Country to grant us a Lantern to light and conduct us, during our Voyage to the Oracle of the Holy Bottle.

* *A kind of Beacons.*

They promis'd to assist us in this, and added, that we could never have come in a better time, for then the Lanterns held their Provincial Chapter.

When we came to the Royal Palace, we had Audience of her Highness, the Queen of *Lanternland*, being introduc'd by two Lanterns of Honour, that of *Aristophanes*, and that of *Cleantes*, Mistresses of the Ceremonies. *Panurge* in few words acquainted her with the Causes of our Voyage, and she receiv'd us with great Demonstrations of Friendship, desiring us to come to her at Supper-time, that we might more easily make choice of one to be our guide, which pleas'd us extreamly. We did not fail to observe intensely every thing we could see, as the Garbs, Motions, and Deportment of the Queens subjects, principally the manner after which she was serv'd.

The bright Queen was dress'd in Virgin Christal of *Tutia*, wrought Damask-wise and beset with large Diamonds.

The Lanterns of the Royal Blood, were clad partly with Bastard-diamonds, partly with Diaphanous Stones, the rest with Horn, Paper, and Oyl'd-cloath.

The Cresset-lights took place according to the Antiquity and Lustre of their Families.

An Earthen-dark-lantern shap'd like a Pot, notwithstanding this, took place of some of the first Quality, at which I wonder'd much, till I was told, it was that of *Epictetus*, for which three thousand *Drachmaes* had been formerly refus'd.

Martial's * *Polymix* Lantern made a very good Figure there: I took particular notice of its Dress, and more yet of the *Lych-nosmity*, formerly consecrated by *Canopa* the Daughter *Tisias*.

I saw the Lantern *Penfile* formerly taken out of the Temple of *Apollo Palatinus* at *Thebes*, by *Alexander* the Great.

I saw another that distinguish'd it self from the rest by a Bushy Tuft of Crimlin Silk on its Head. I was told, 'twas that of *Bartolus*, the Lantern of the Civilians.

Two others were very remarkable for Glister-pouches that dangled at their waste. We were told, that one was the *Greater Light*, and the other the *Lesser Light* of the *Pothecaries*.

When 'twas Supper-time, the Queen's Highness first sat down, and then the La-

* A Lamp with many Wicks, or a Branch'd Candlestick with many Springs coming out of it, that supply all the Branches with Oyl.

dy-lanterns according to their Rank and Dignity.

For the first Course, they were all serv'd with large Christmas-Candles, except the Queen, who was serv'd with a hugeous thick, stiff flaming Taper, of white Wax, somewhat red towards the Tip, and the Royal Family, as also the Provincial Lantern of *Mirebalais*, who were serv'd with *Nut-lights*; and the Provincial of Lower *Poitou*, with an arm'd Candle.

After that, god-wot, what a glorious Light they gave with their wicks: I do not say all, for you must except a parcel of Junior Lanterns, under the Government of a high and mighty one. These did not cast a Light like the rest, but seem'd to me dimmer than any long-snuff-farthing Candle, whose Tallow has been half melted away in a Hot-house.

After Supper we withdrew to take some Rest, and the next day the Queen made us chuse one of the most Illustrious Lanterns to guide us; after which we took our leave.

C H A P. XXXIV.

How we arriv'd at the Oracle of the Bottle.

OUR glorious Lantern lighting and directing us to heart's content, we at last arriv'd at the desired Island, where was the Oracle of the Bottle. As soon as Friend *Panurge* landed, he nimbly cut a Caper with one Leg for Joy, and cry'd to *Pantagruel*, Now we are where we have wish'd our selves long ago. This is the place we've been seeking with such Toil and Labour. He then made a Complement to our Lantern, who desir'd us to be of good Cheer, and not be daunted or dismay'd whatever we might chance to see.

To come to the Temple of the Holy Bottle, we were to go through a large Vine-yard in which were all sorts of Vines, as the *Falernian*, *Malvesian*, the *Muscadine*, those of *Taige*, *Beaune*, *Mirevaux*, *Orleans*, *Picardent*, *Arbois*, *Coussi*, *Anjou*, *Grave*, *Corsica*, *Vierron*, *Nerac*, and others. This Vine-yard was formerly planted by the good *Bacchus*, with so great a blessing, that it yields Leaves, Flowers, and Fruit all the Year round, like the Orange Trees at *Surêne*.

Our

Our magnificent Lantern order'd every one of us to eat three Grapes, to put some Vine-leaves in his Shoes, and take a Vine-branch in his left hand.

At the end of the Close, we went under an Arch built after the manner of those of the Ancients. The Trophies of a Toper were curiously carv'd on it.

First, On one side was to be seen a long Train of Flaggons, Leathern Bottles, Flasks, Cans, Glas-bottles, Barrels, Nipperkins, Pint-pots, Quart-pots, Pottles, Gallons, and old fashion'd *Semaisers* [swindging Wooden-pots, such as those out of which the *Germans* fill their Glasses] these hang'd on a shady Arbor.

On another side was store of Garlick, Onions, Shallots, Hams, Botargos, Caviar, Biscuits, Neat's Tongues, Old Cheese, and such like *Comfets*, very artificially interwoven and pack'd together with Vine-stocks.

On another, were a hundred sorts of drinking Glasses, Cups, Cisterns, Ewers, False-Cups, Tumblers, Bowls, Mazers, Mugs, Jugs, Goblets, Talboys, and such other *Bacchic* Artillery.

On the Frontispiece of the Triumphal Arch, under the *Zoophore*, was the following Couplet.

*You, who presume to move this way,
Get a good Lantern, lest you stray.*

We took special care of that, cry'd *Pantagruel*, when he had read them; for there is not a better, or a more Divine Lantern than ours in all Lanternland.

This Arch ended at a fine large round Alley, cover'd over with the interlaid Branches of Vines, loaded and adorned with Clusters of five hundred different Colours, and of as many various Shapes, not natural but due to the skill of *Agriculture*, some were Golden, others Blewish, Tawny, Azure, White, Black, Green, Purple, streak'd with many Colours, Long, Round, Triangular, Cod-like, Hairy, Great-headed, and Grassy. That pleasant Alley ended at three old Ivy-trees verdant, and all loaden with Rings. Our inlightened Lantern directed us to make our selves Hats with some of their Leaves, and cover our Heads wholly with 'em, which was immediately done.

Jupiter's Priestess, said *Pantagruel*, in former days, would not like us have walk'd under this Arbour. There was a Mystical Reason, answer'd our most perspicuous Lantern, that would have hinder'd her. For had she gone under it, the Wine, or the Grapes of which 'tis made, that's the same thing, had been over her head, and then she would have seem'd overtopt and master'd by Wine. Which implies, that Priests, and all Persons who devote themselves

selves to the Contemplation of Divine Things, ought to keep their minds sedate and calm, and avoid whatever might disturb and discompose their Tranquility; which nothing is more apt to do than Drunkenness.

You also, continued our Lantern, could not come into the Holy Bottle's presence, after you have gone through this Arch, did not the noble Priestess *Bacchus* first see your Shooes full of Vine-leaves; which Action is diametrically opposite to the other, and signifies that you despise Wine, and having master'd it, as it were, tread it under foot.

I am no Scholar, quoth Friar *Ibon*, for which I'm heartily sorry; yet I find by my Breviary, that in the *Revelation*, a Woman was seen with the Moon under her Feet, which was a most wonderful sight. Now, as *Bigot* explain'd it to me, this was to signify, That she was not of the Nature of other Women, for they have all the Moon at their Heads, and consequently their Brains are always troubled with a *Lunacy*: This makes me willing to believe what you said, dear Madam *Lantern*.

C H A P. XXXV.

How we went under ground to come to the Temple of the Holy-Bottle ; and how Chinon is the oldest City in the World.

WE went under ground through a plaister'd Vault, on which was coursfely painted a Dance of Women and Satyrs, waiting on old *Silenus* who was grinning o' Horseback on his Ass. This made me say to *Pantagruel*, that this Entry put me in mind of the *Painted Cellar*, in the oldest City of the World, where such Paintings are to be seen, and in as cool a place.

Which is the oldest City in the World, ask'd *Pantagruel* ? 'Tis *Chinon*, Sir, or *Cai-n* in *Touraine*, said I. I know, return'd *Pantagruel*, where *Chinon* lies, and the *Painted Cellar* also, having my self drunk there many a Glass of cool Wine ; neither do I doubt but that *Chinon* is an Ancient Town. Witness its Blazon ; I own 'tis said twice or thrice,

Chinon,
Petite Ville, grand Renom,
Affise sur pierre ancienne :
Au haut le bois, au pied la Vienne.

Chinon,

Chinon,
 Little Town,
 Great Renown,
 On old Stone
 Long has stood :

There's the *Vienne*, if you look down,
 If you look up, there's the Wood.

But how, continued he, can you make it out that 'tis the oldest Town in the World? where did you find this written? I have found in the Sacred Writ, said I, that *Cain* was the First that built a Town; we may then reasonably conjecture that from his Name he gave it that of *Cainon*. Thus, after his Example, most other Founders of Towns have given them their Names; *Athena*, that's *Minerva* in Greek, to *Athens*; *Alexander* to *Alexandria*; *Constantine* to *Constantinople*; *Pompey* to *Pompeiiopolis* in *Cilicia*; *Adrian* to *Adrianople*; *Canaan* to the *Canaanites*; *Saba* to the *Sabeans*; *Affur* to the *Affyrians*; and so *Ptolemais*, *Cesarea*, *Tiberias*, and *Herodium* in *Judea* got their Names.

While we were thus talking, there came to us the great Flask whom our Lantern call'd the Philosopher, her Holiness the Bottle's Governor. He was attended with a Troop of the Temple-Guards all French Bottles in Wicker-Armour, and seeing us with our Javelins wrapp'd with Ivy, with
 our

our Illustrious Lantern, whom he knew, he desir'd us to come in with all manner of safety, and order'd we should be immediately conducted to the Princess *Bachuc*, the Bottle's Lady of Honour, and Priestess of all the Mysteries; which was done.

CHAP. XXXVI.

How we went down the Tetric Steps, and of Panurge's Fear.

WE went down one Marble Step under ground where there was a resting, or (as our Workmen call it) a Landing-place; then turning to the left we went down two other Steps, where there was another resting-place; after that we came to three other Steps turning about, and met a third; and the like at four Steps which we met afterwards. There, quoth *Panurge*, Is it here? how many Steps have you told, ask'd our Magnificent Lantern? One, two, three, four, answer'd *Pantagruel*. How much is that, ask'd she? Ten, return'd he. Multiply that, said she, according to the same *Pythagorical Tetrad*? That's ten, twenty, thirty, forty, cri'd *Pantagruel*. How much is the whole, said she? one hundred, answer'd *Pantagruel*. Add, continued she, the

the first Cube, that's eight; at the end of that fatal Number you'll find the Temple-gate; and pray observe, this is the true *Psychogony* of *Plato*, so celebrated by the Academics, yet so little understood; our moiety of which consists of the unity of the two first Numbers full of two Square and two Cubic Numbers. We then went down those Numeral Stairs all underground, and I can assure you in the first place, that our Legs stood us in good stead; for had it not been for 'em, we had rowl'd just like so many Hogheads into a Vault. Secondly, our Radiant Lantern gave us just as much light as is in *St. Patrick's Hole* in *Ireland*, or *Trophonius's Pit* in *Bæotia*; which caus'd *Panurge* to say to her, after we were got down some seventy eight Steps;

Dear Madam, with a sorrowful aking heart, I most humbly beseech your Lanternship to lead us back. May I be led to Hell if I be not half dead with fear, my Heart's sunk down into my Hose; I am afraid I shall make butter'd Eggs in my Breeches. I freely consent never to marry. You have given you self too much trouble on my account; the Lord shall reward you in his great *Rewarder*, neither will I be ungrateful when I come out of this Cave of Troglodytes. Let's go back, I pray you. I'm very much afraid this is *Tenarus*, the *Low-way* to Hell, and methinks I already

hear *Cerberus* bark. Hark ! I hear the Cur,
 or my Ears tingle ; I have no manner of
 kindness for the Dog ; for there never is a
 greater Tooth-ake, then when Dogs bite
 us by the Shins : and if this be only *Tro-*
phonius's Pit, the Lemures, Hob-thrushes
 and Goblins will certainly swallow us
 alive, just as they devour'd formerly one
 of *Demetrius's* Halbardeers for want of Bri-
 dles. Art thou here, Friar *Ibon* ? Prethee,
 dear, dear Cod, stay by me, I'm almost
 dead with fear ; hast thou got thy Bilbo ?
 this poor Peelgarlick's defenceless, I'm a
 naked man thou know'st ; Let's go back.
 Zoons, fear nothing, cri'd Friar *Ibon*, I'm
 by thee, and have thee fast by the Collar,
 Eighteen Devils shan't get thee out of my
 Clutches, though I were unarm'd. Never
 did a man yet want Weapons who had a
 good Arm with as stout a heart ; Heav'n
 wou'd sooner send down a shower of them ;
 even as in *Provence*, in the Fields of *la Crau*,
 near *Mariane*, there rain'd Stones (they are
 there to this day) to help *Hercules*, who
 otherwise wanted wherewithal to fight
Neptune's two Bastards. But whither are
 we bound ? are we a going to the little
 Children's *Limbo* ? By *Pluto*, they'll be-
 pawh, and conskite us all ; or are we go-
 ing to Hell for Orders ? By Cob's Body,
 I'll hamper, bethwack and belabour all the
 Devils, now I have some Vine-leaves in my
 Shoes.

Shoes. Thou shalt see me lay about me like mad, old Boy. Which way? where the Devil are they? I fear nothing but their damn'd Horns; but Cuckoldy *Panurge's* Bulls Feather will altogether secure me from 'em.

Lo! In a Prophetic Spirit I already see him, like another *Aëdon*, horn'd, horny, hornified. Prithee, quoth *Panurge*, take heed thy self, dear Frater, lest, till Monks have leave to marry, thou wedst's something thou dostn't like, as some Cat o' nine Tails, or the Quartan Ague; if thou dost, may I never come safe and sound out of this *Hypogeum*, this *Subterranean Cave*, if I don't tup and ram that Disease merely for the sake of making thee a cornuted, corniferous Property, otherwise I fancy the Quartan Ague is but an indifferent Bed-fellow. I remember *Gripe-men-all* threatned to wed thee to some such thing, for which thou callst him Heretic.

Here our Splendid Lantern interrupted them, letting us know this was the Place where we were to have a taste of the Creature, and be silent; bidding us not despair of having the Word of the Bottle before we went back, since we had lin'd our Shoes with Vine-leaves.

Come on, then cri'd *Panurge*, let's charge through and through all the Devils of Hell; we can but perish, and that's soon done:

done: However, I thought to have re-
serv'd my Life for some mighty Battel.
Move, move, move forwards. I am as
flout as *Hercules*, my Breeches are full of
Courage; my heart trembles a little, I
own; but that's only an effect of the cold-
ness and dampness of this Vault; 'tis nei-
ther Fear nor an Ague, Come on, move
on, piss, piss, push on. My name's *Willi-*
am Dreadnought.

CHAP. XXXVII.

*How the Temple Gates in a wonderful
manner open'd of themselves.*

AFTER we were got down the Steps
we came to a Portal of fine Jasper
of Doric Order, on whose front we read
this Sentence in the finest Gold, ΕΝ ΟΙΝΩ
ΑΛΗΘΕΙΑ, that is, *In Wine Truth*. The
Gates were of *Corinthian-like* Brass, Massy,
wrought with little Vine-branches, finely
inmall'd and ingraven, and were equally
join'd and clos'd together in their Mortaise
without Padlock, Key-chain, or Tie what-
soever. Where they join'd, there hang'd
an *Indian* Loadstone as big as an *Egyptian*
Bean, set in Gold, having two Points,
Hexagonal, in a right Line; and on each
side towards the Wall hang'd a handful of
Scurdium [Garlick Germander.]

I

There

There our Noble *Lantern* desir'd us not to take it amiss that she went no further with us, leaving us wholly to the Conduct of the Priestess *Bacchus*; for she her self was not allow'd to go in, for certain Causes rather to be conceal'd than reveal'd to Mortals. However, she advis'd us to be resolute and secure, and to trust to her for the Return. She then pull'd the Loadstone that hang'd at the folding of the Gates, and throw'd it into a Silver Box fix'd for that purpose; which done, from the Threshold of each Gate she drew a Twine of Crimsin Silk about nine Foot long, by which the *Scordium* hang'd, and having fasten'd it to two gold Buckles that hang'd at the sides, she withdrew.

Immediately the Gates flew open without being touch'd, not with a creaking, or loud harsh noise, like that made by heavy Brazen Gates, but with a soft pleasing Murmur that resounded through the Arches of the Temple.

Pantagruel soon knew the cause of it, having discover'd a small Cylinder or Rowler that join'd the Gates over the Threshold, and, turning like them towards the Wall on a hard well-pollish'd *Ophite* Stone, with rubbing and rowling, caus'd that harmonious Murmur.

I wonder'd how the Gates thus open'd of themselves to the right and left, and after

After we were all got in, I cast my Eye between the Gates and the Wall; to endeavour to know how this happen'd; for one would have thought our kind Lantern had put between the Gates the Herb *Æthiopia*, which they say opens some things that are shut; but I perceiv'd that the Parts of the Gates that join'd on the inside were cover'd with Steel; and just where the said Gates touch'd when they were opened, I saw two square *Indian Loadstones*, of a blewish Hue, well polish'd, and half a Span-broad, mortais'd in the Temple-wall. Now, by the hidden and admirable Power of the Loadstones, the Steel Plates were put into motion, and consequently the Gates were slowly drawn. However, not always, but when the said Loadstone on the outside was remov'd, after which the Steel was freed from its power, the two Bunches of *Scordium* being at the same time put at some distance, because it deadens the *Magnes*, and robs it of its attractive Virtue.

On the Loadstone that was plac'd on the right side, the following *Iambic Verse* was famously engraven in Ancient Roman Characters.

Ducunt volentem fata, nolentem trahunt.

Fate leads the willing, and th' unwilling draws.

The following Sentence was neatly in the Loadstone, that was on the left.

ALL THINGS TEND TO THEIR
END.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

Of the Temple's admirable Pavement.

WHen I had read those Inscriptions I admir'd the Beauty of the Temple, and particularly the Disposition of its Pavement, with which no Work that now, or has been under the Cope of Heaven can justly be compar'd; not that of the Temple of *Fortune* at *Præneste* in *Syria* Time; or the Pavement of the *Gymnasium* call'd *Alerotum*, laid by *Sofistratus* at *Pergamus*. For this here was wholly in Compartments of precious Stones, all in their Natural Colours: One of Red *Jasper*, charmingly spotted. Another of *Opal*. A third of *Porphyry*. A fourth of *Lycophony*, a Stone of four different Colours, powder'd with sparks of Gold, as fire is as Atoms. A fifth of *Agath*, streaked here and there with small Milk-colour'd Waves. A sixth of costly *Chalcedony*, or *Onyx* Stone. And another of Green *Jasper* with certain red and yellowish Veins.

and all these were dispos'd in a Diagonal line.

At the *Portico*, some small Stones were laid, and evenly join'd on the Floor, all in their Native Colours, to embellish the Design of the Figures, and they were order'd in such a manner, that you would have thought some Vine-leaves and Branches had been carelessly strow'd on the Pavement: For in some place they were thick, and thin in others: That Inlaying was very wonderful every where; here, were seen, as it were in the Shade, some Snails crawling on the Grapes; there, little Lizards running on the Branches; on this side, were Grapes that seem'd yet greenish; on another, some Clusters that seem'd full ripe, so like the true, that they could as easily have deceiv'd Starlings, and other Birds, as those which *Zeuxis* drew.

Nay, we our selves were deceiv'd; for where the Artist seem'd to have strow'd the Vine-branches thickest, we could not bear walking with great Strides, lest we should intangle our Feet, just as People go over an unequal Stony place.

I then cast my Eyes on the Roof and Walls of the Temple, that were all parmented with Porphyry and Mosaic Work; which from the left side at the coming in, so admirably represented the Battel, in

which the Good *Bacchus* overthrew the *Indians*; as followeth,

C H A P. XXXIX.

*How we saw Bacchus's Army drawn up
in Battalia in Mosait Work.*

AT the beginning, diverse Towns, Hamlets, Castles, Fortresses, and Forests were seen in Flames; and several mad and loose Women, who furiously rip'd up, and tore live Calves, Sheep, and Lambs, Limb from Limb, and devour'd their Flesh. There we learn'd how *Bacchus*, at his coming into *India*, destroy'd all things with Fire and Sword.

Notwithstanding this, he was so despis'd by the *Indians*, that they did not think it worth their while to stop his Progress, having been certainly inform'd by their Spies, that his Camp was destitute of Warriors, and that he had only with him a Crew of Drunken Females, a low-built, old, effeminate, sottish Fellow, continually raddled, and as drunk as a Wheel-barrow, with a pack of young Clownish Doodipoles, stark naked, always skipping and frisking up and down, with Tails and Horns like those of young Kids.

For this Reason the *Indians* had resolv'd to let them go through their Country without the least Opposition, esteeming a Victory over such Enemies more dishonourable than glorious.

In the mean time, *Bacchus* march'd on burning every thing; for, as you know, Fire and Thunder are his Paternal Arms; *Jupiter* having saluted his Mother *Semele* with his Thunder; so that his Maternal House was ruin'd by Fire. *Bacchus* also caus'd a great deal of Blood to be spilt; which when he is rouz'd and anger'd, principally in War, is as natural to him, as to make some in time of Peace.

Thus the Plains of the Island of *Samos*, are call'd *Paneca*, which signifies Bloody, because *Bacchus* there overtook the *Amazons*, who fled from the Country of *Ephe- sus*, and there let 'em Blood, so that they all dy'd of Phlebotomy. This may give you a better insight into the meaning of an Ancient Proverb, than *Aristotle* does in his *Problems*; viz. Why 'twas formerly said, *Neither eat nor sow any Mint in time of War*. The reason is, That Blows are given then without any distinction of Parts or Persons, and if a Man that's wounded, has that day handled or eaten any Mint, 'tis impossible, or at least very hard to stanch his Blood.

After this, *Bacchus* was seen marching in Battalia, riding in a stately Chariot, drawn by six young Leopards; he look'd as young as a Child, to shew that all good Topers never grow old; he was as red as a Cherry, or a Cherub, which you please; and had no more Hair on his Chin, than there's in the inside of my Hand; his Forehead was grac'd with pointed Horns, above which, he wore a fine Crown or Garland of Vine-leaves and Grapes, and a Mitre of Crimson Velvet; having also gilt Buskins on.

He had not one Man with him, that look'd like a Man; his Guards, and all his Forces consisted wholly of *Bassarides*, *Evantes*, *Enbyades*, *Edonides*, *Trietberides*, *Ogygia*, *Mimallonides*, *Menades*, *Thyiades*, and *Bacche*; frantick, raving, raging, furious, mad Women, begirt with live Snakes and Serpents, instead of Girdles, dischevell'd, their Hair flowing about their Shoulders, with Garlands of Vine-branches instead of Forehead-cloaths, Clad with Stags or Goat's Skins, and arm'd with Torches, Javelins, Spears, and Halberts, whose ends were like Pine-apples; besides they had certain small light Bucklers, that gave a loud sound if you touch'd 'em never so little, and these serv'd them instead of Drums: They were just Seventy nine thousand two hundred twenty seven.

Silens,

Silenus, who led the Van, was one on whom *Bacchus* rely'd very much, having formerly had many proofs of his Valour and Conduct; he was a diminutive, stooping, palfied, plump, gorbellied, old Fellow, with a swindging pair of stiff-standing Lugs of his own, a sharp *Roman* Nose, large, rough Eye-brows, mounted on a well-hung Ass; in his Fist he held a Staff to lean upon, and also bravely to Fight, whenever he had occasion to alight; and he was drest in a Woman's yellow Gown. His Followers were all young, wild, clownish People, as hornified as so many Kids, and as fell as so many Tigers, naked and perpetually singing and dancing Country-dances; they were call'd *Tityri* and *Satyrs*; and were in all Eighty five thousand one hundred thirty three.

Pan, who brought up the Reer, was a monstrous sort of a Thing, for his lower Parts were like a Goats, his Thighs hairy, and his Horns bolt upright, a Crimsin fiery Phiz, and a Beard that was none of the shortest. He was a bold, stout, daring, desperate Fellow, very apt to take Pepper in the Nose for yea and nay.

In his Left hand he held a Pipe, and a crooked Stick in his Right. His Forces consisted also wholly of *Satyrs*, *Ægipans*, *Agripans*, *Sylvans*, *Fauns*, *Lemures*, *Lares*, *Elves*, and *Hobgoblins*, and their Number

was Seventy eight thousand one hundred and fourteen. The Signal or Word common to all the Army, was *Enobe*.

CH A P. XL.

How the Battle, in which the Good Bacchus overthrew the Indians, was represented in Mosaic Work.

IN the next place we saw the Representation of the Good *Bacchus's* Engagement with the *Indians*. *Silenus*, who led the Van, was sweating, puffing, and blowing, belabouring his Ass most grievously; the Ass dreadfully open'd its wide Jaws, drove away the Flies that plagu'd it, winc'd, flounc'd, went back, and belur'd it self in a most terrible manner, as if some damn'd Gad-bee had stung it at the Breech.

The *Satyrs* Captains, Serjeants, and Corporals of Companies, sounding the *Orgies* with Cornets, in a furious manner went round the Army, skipping, capering, bounding, jerking, farting, flying out at Heels, kicking and prancing like mad, encouraging their Companions to fight bravely; and all the delineated Army cry'd out *Enobe*.

First,

First the *Menades* charg'd the *Indians* with dreadful Shouts, and a horrid Din of their brazen Drums and Bucklers; the Air rung again all-a-round, as the *Mosaic Work* well express'd it. And 'pray, for the future don't so much admire *Apelles*, *Aristides* the *Theban*, and others who drew Claps of Thunder, Lightnings, Winds, Words and Spirits.

We then saw the *Indian Army*, who had at last taken the Field, to prevent the Devastation of the rest of their Country. In the Front were the Elephants with Castles well garison'd on their backs. But the Army and themselves were put into Disorder; the dreadful Cries of the *Bacchæ* having fill'd them with Consternation, and those huge Animals turn'd Tail, and trampled on the men of their Party.

There you might have seen Gaffer *Silenus* on his Afs, putting on as hard as he could, striking athwart and alongst, and laying about him lustily with his Staff, after the old fashion of Fencing. His Afs was prancing and making after the Elephants, gaping and martially braying, as it were to sound a Charge, as he did when formerly in the *Bacchanalian Feasts*. He wak'd the Nymph *Lotis*, when *Priapus* full of *Priapism* had a mind to *priapise*, while the pretty Creature was taking a Nap.

There

There you might have seen *Pan* frisk it with his goatish Shanks about the *Menades*, and with his rustick Pipe excite them to behave themselves like *Menades*.

A little further you might have blest your Eyes with the sight of a young *Satyr* who led seventeen Kings his Prisoners, and a *Bacchis* who, with her Snakes, hawl'd along no less than Two and forty Captains; a little *Faun*, who carried a whole dozen of Standards taken on the Enemy; and goodman *Bacchus* on his Chariot, riding to and fro fearless of Danger, making much of his dear Carcass, and cheerfully toping to all his merry Friends.

Finally, we saw the Representation of his Triumph, which was thus; First, his Chariot was wholly lin'd with Ivy, gather'd on the Mountain *Meros*; this for its scarcity, which you know, raises the Price of every thing, and principally of those Leaves in *India*. In this *Alexander* the Great follow'd his Example at his *Indian* Triumph. The Chariot was draw'd by Elephants join'd together, wherein he was imitated by *Pompey* the Great at *Rome* in his *African* Triumph. The good *Bacchus* was seen, drinking out of a mighty Urn, which *Action Marius* ap'd after his Victory over the *Cimbri* near *Aix* in *Provence*. All his Army were crown'd with Ivy, their Javelins, Bucklers, and Drums were also wholly

wholly cover'd with it ; there was not so much as *Silenus's* Ass, but was betrapp'd with it.

The *Indian* Kings were fasten'd with Chains of Gold close by the Wheels of the Chariot ; all the Company march'd in Pomp with unspeakable Joy, loaded with an infinite number of Trophies, Pageants, and Spoils, playing and singing merry *Epiniciums*, Songs of Triumph, and also rural Lays and Dithyrambs.

At the farthest end was a Prospect of the Land of *Egypt* ; the *Nile* with its Crocodiles, Marmosets, Ibides, Monkeys, Trochilos's, or Wrens, Ichneumons or *Pharo's* Mice, Hippopotami or Sea-Horses, and other Creatures its Guests and Neighbours : *Bacchus* was moving towards that Country under the Conduct of a Couple of horn'd Beasts, on one of which was written in Gold, *Apis*, and *Osiris* on the other ; because no Ox or Cow had been seen in *Egypt* till *Bacchus* came thither.

CHAP. XLI.

*How the Temple was Illuminated with
a wonderful Lamp.*

BEfore I proceed to the Description of the Bottle, I'll give you that of an admirable Lamp, that dispens'd so large a Light over all the Temple, that tho it lay under ground, we could distinguish every Object as clearly as above it at noon-day.

In the middle of the Roof was fix'd a Ring of massive Gold as thick as my clenched Fist. Three Chains somewhat less most curiously wrought, hang'd about two foot and a half below it, and in a Triangle supported a round plate of fine Gold, whose Diameter or Breadth did not exceed two Cubits and half a span. There were four holes in it, in each of which an empty Ball was fasten'd, hollow within, and open o' top, like a little Lamp; its Circumference about two hands breadth, each Ball was of Precious Stone; One an Amethyst, another an *African* Carbuncle, the third an Opale, and the fourth an Anthracites: They were full of burning Water, fivetimes distill'd in a Serpentine Lymbeck, and inconsumptible like the Oyl formerly put into *Pallas's* Lamp at *Acropolis* of *Athens*

thens by *Callimachus*, In each of them was a flaming Wick of *Asbestine* Flax, as of old in the Temple of *Jupiter Ammon*, such as those which *Cleombrotus* a most studious Philosopher, and *Pandelinus* of *Carpasium* had, which were rather renew'd than consum'd by the Fire.

About two foot and a half below that gold Plate, the three Chains were fasten'd to three Handles that were fix'd to a large round Lamp of most pure Chrystal, whose Diameter was a Cubit and a half, and open'd about two hands breadth o' top; by which open place a Vessel of the same Chrystal shap'd somewhat like the lower part of a Gourd-like Lymbeck, or an Urinal, was put at the bottom of the great Lamp, with such a quantity of the aforementioned burning Water, that the flame of the *Asbetine* Wick reach'd the Centre of the great Lamp. This made all its spherical body seem to burn and be in a Flame, because the Fire was just at the Centre and middle Point: so that it was not more easy to fix the Eye on it, than on the Disque of the Sun; the matter being wonderfully bright and shining, and the VVork most transparent and dazzling, by the Reflection of the various Colours of the precious Stones, whereof the four small Lamps above the main Lamp were made, and their Lustre was still variously glittering

ing all over the Temple. Then this wandering Light being darted on the polish'd Marble and Agath, with which all the inside of the Temple was pargetted, our Eyes were entertain'd with a sight of all the admirable Colours which the Rainbow can boast when the Sun darts his fiery Rays on some dropping Clouds.

The Design of the Lamp was admirable in it self; but, in my opinion, what added much to the Beauty of the whole, was that round the body of the Christal-Lamp; there was carv'd in Cataglyphick Work, a lively and pleasant Battel of naked Boys, mounted on little Hobby-horses, with little whirligig-Lances and Shields, that seem'd made of Vine-branches with Grapes on them; their Postures generally were very different, and their childish Strife and Motions were so ingeniously exprest, that Art equall'd Nature in every Proportion and Action. Neither did this seem engrav'd, but rather hew'd out and imboss'd; in *Relief*; or, at least like *Grotesque*, which by the Artist's Skill has the appearance of the roundness of the Object it represents; this was partly the effect of the various and most charming Light, which flowing out of the Lamp, fill'd the carv'd Places with its glorious Rays.

C H A P. XLII.

How the Priestess Bacbuc show'd us a Fantastic Fountain in the Temple.

WHILE we were admiring this incomparable Lamp, and the stupendous Structure of the Temple, the Venerable Priestess *Bacbuc*, and her Attendants came to us with jolly, smiling Looks; and setting us duly accoutred, without the least difficulty, took us into the middle of the Temple, where just under the aforefaid Lamp, was the fine Fantastic Fountain.

C H A P. XLIII.

How the Fountain-water had the Taste of Wine, according to the Imagination of those who drank of it.

SHE then order'd some Cups, Goblets, and Talboys of Gold, Silver, and Cristal to be brought, and kindly invited us to drink of the Liquor that sprung there, which we readily did; for to say the truth, this Fantastic Fountain was very inviting, and its Materials and Workmanship more precious, rare, and admirable than any thing *Pluto* ever dreamt of in Limbo. Its

Its Basis or Ground-work was of most pure and limpid Alebaster, and its height somewhat more than three Spans; being a regular Heptagone on the out-side, with its Stylobates or Footsteps, Arulets, Simasults or Blunt Tops, and Doric *Undulations* about it. It was exactly round within. On the middle Point of each Angle and Brink stood a Pillar orbiculated, in form of Ivory or Alabaster Solid Rings.

Each Pillar's length from the Basis to the Architraves, was near seven Hands, taking an exact Demension of its Diameter through the Centre of its Circumference and inward Roundness; and it was so dispos'd, that casting our Eyes behind one of them, whatever its Cube might be, to view its Opposite, we found that the Pyramidal Cone of our Visual Line ended at the said Centre, and there, by the two Opposites, form'd an Equilateral Triangle, whose two Lines divided the Pillar into two equal Parts.

That which we had a mind to measure, going from one side to another, two Pillars over, at the first third part of the distance between them, was met by their lowermost and fundamental Line, which in a *Consult Line* drawn as far as the Universal Centre, equally divided, gave in a just Partition the distance of the Seven opposite Pillars in a right Line; beginning at the

the Obtuse Angle on the Brink ; as you know that an Angle is always found plac'd between two others in all Angular Figures odd in number.

This tacitly gave us to understand that seven Semi-diameters are in Geometrical Proportion, Compass and Distance, somewhat less than the Circumference of a Circle, from the Figure of which they are extracted , that is to say, three whole Parts with an eighth and a half, a little more ; or a seventh and a half, a little less, according to the Instructions given us of old by *Euclid*, *Aristotle*, *Archimedes*, and others.

The first Pillar, I mean that which fac'd the Temple-gate, was of Azure, Sky-colour'd *Saphir*.

The second of *Hiacinth*, a precious Stone, exactly of the Colour of the Flower, into which *Ajax's* Cholerick Blood was transform'd ; the Greek Letters, *AI*, being seen on it in many places.

The third an *Anachite* Diamond , as bright and glittering as Lightning.

The fourth a *Masculin Ruby Ballais* [Peach colour'd] *amatistifing*, its Flame and Lustre ending in Violet or Purple, like an *Amatist*.

The fifth an *Emerald*, above five hundred and fifty times more precious than that of *Serapis* in the Labyrinth of the *Egyptians*,

tians, and more verdant and shining than those that were fix'd instead of Eyes in the Marble Lyon's Head, near King *Hermias's* Tomb.

The sixth of *Agath*, more admirable and various in the Distinctions of its Veins, Clouds, and Colours, than that which *Pyrrhus*, King of *Epirus*, so mightily esteem'd.

The seventh of *Sienites*, transparent, of the Colour of a *Beril*, and the clear Hue of *Hymetian* Honey, and within it the Moon was seen, such as we see it in the Sky, Silent, Full, New, and in the Wain.

These Stones were assign'd to the Seven heavenly Planets by the Ancient *Chaldeans*; and that the meanest Capacities might be inform'd of this, just at the Central Perpendicular Line, on the Chapter of the first Pillar, which was of *Saphir*, stood the Image of *Saturn* in *Eliacim* Lead, with his Scythe in his Hand, and at his Feet, a Crane of Gold, very artfully enmall'd according to the Native Hue of the *Saturnine* Bird.

On the second, which was of *Hiacinth*, towards the left, *Jupiter* was seen in *Jovetian* Brass, and on his Breast an Eagle of Gold enmall'd to the Life.

On the third was *Phæbus* of the purest Gold, and a white Cock in his right hand.

On

On the fourth was *Mars* in *Corinthian-Brass*, and a *Lion* at his Feet.

On the Fifth was *Venus* in *Copper*, the Metal of which *Aristomides* made *Athamas's* Statue that express'd in a blushing whiteness his Confusion at the sight of his Son *Learchus*, who died at his Feet of a Fall.

On the Sixth was *Mercury* in *Hydrargyre*, I would have said *Quicksilver*, had it not been fixed, malleable, and unmoveable: That nimble Deity had a *Stork* at his Feet.

On the Seventh was the *Moon* in *Silver* with a *Grayhound* at her Feet.

The size of these Statues was somewhat more than a third part of the Pillars on which they stood, and they were so admirably wrought according to Mathematical proportion, that *Polycletus's* Cannon could hardly have stood in competition with them.

The Bases of the Pillars, the Chapters, the Architraves, Zoophores and Cornishes, were *Phrygian* Work of Massive Gold, purer and finer than any that is found in the Rivers *Leède* near *Montpellier*, *Ganges* in *India*, *Pô* in *Italy*, *Hebrus* in *Thrace*, *Tagus* in *Spain*, and *Pactolus* in *Lydia*.

The small Arches between the Pillars were of the same precious Stone of which the Pillars next to them were. Thus that Arch was of *Saphir* which ended at the *Hiacynth*

Hiacynth Pillar ; and that was of Hiacynth which went towards the Diamond, and so on.

Above the Arches and Chapters of the Pillars on the inward Front a *Cúpola* was raised to cover the Fountain ; it was surrounded by the Planetary Statues, Heptagonal at the bottom, and Spherical o' top ; and of Chrystal so pure, transparent, well polished, whole, and uniform in all its parts, without Veins, Clouds, Flaws or Streaks, that *Xenocrates* never saw such a one in his life.

Within it were seen the Twelve Signs of the *Zodiac*, the Twelve Months of the Year, with their Proprieties, the Two Equinoxes, the Ecliptic Line, with some of the most Remarkable fixed Stars about the Antartic Pole and elsewhere, so curiously engraven, that I fancied them to be the Workmanship of King *Necepsus* or *Petofiris* the Ancient Mathematician.

On the top of the *Cúpola*, just over the Centre of the Fountain, were three noble long Pearls all of one size, Pear-fashion, perfectly imitating a Tear, and so joined together as to represent a *Flower-de-luce* or *Lilly*, each of the Flowers seeming above a Hand's-breath. A *Carbuncle* jetted out of its Calix or Cup, as big as an *Ostridge's* Egg, cut seven square (that Number so belov'd of Nature) and so prodigiously
glorious,

glorious, that the sight of it had like to have made us blind ; for the fiery Sun, or the pointed Lightning are not more dazling and unsufferably bright.

Now were some Judicious Appraisers to judge of the Value of this incomparable Fountain, and the Lamp of which we spoke, they would undoubtedly affirm, it exceeds that of all the Treasures and Curiosities in *Europe, Asia and Africa* put together. For that Carbuncle alone would have darken'd the *Fantharb* of *Joachas* the Indian Magician, with as much ease as the Sun outshines and dims the Stars with his Meridian Rays.

Now let *Cleopatra* that *Egyptian* Queen boast of her Pair of Pendants, those two Pearls, one of which she caused to be dissolv'd in Vinegar in the presence of *Anthony* the *Triumvir*, her Gallant.

Or let *Pompeia Plautina* be proud of her Dress cover'd all over with Emeralds and Pearls curiously intermix'd, that attracted the Eyes of all *Rome*, and was said to be the Pit and Magazine of the Conquering Robbers of the Universe.

The Fountain had three Tubes or Channels of right Pearl, seated in three Equilateral Angles already mention'd, extended on the Margent; and those Channels proceeded in a Snail-like Line winding equally on both sides.

We

We look'd on them awhile, and had cast our Eyes on another side, when *Bacchus* directed us to watch the Water: We then heard a most harmonious sound, yet somewhat stopp'd by starts; far distant, and Subterranean, by which means it was still more pleasing than if it had been free, uninterrupted, and near us; To that our Minds were as agreeably entertain'd through our Ears with that charming melody, as they were through the Windows of our Eyes, with those Delightful Objects.

Bacchus then said, Your Philosophers will not allow, that Motion is begot by the power of Figures; Look here, and see the contrary. By that single Snail-like motion, equally divided as you see, and a five-fold *insoliation*, moveable at every inward meeting, such as is the *Vena cava* where it enters into the right Ventricle of the Heart; just so is the Flowing of this Fountain, and by it an harmony ascends as high as your World's Ocean.

She then order'd her Attendants to make us drink; And to tell you the truth of the matter as near as possible, we are not, Heav'n be prais'd! of the nature of a Drove of Calf-lollies, who (as your Sparrows can't feed unless you bob them on the Tail) must be Ribroasted with tough Crabtree, and firk'd into a stomach, or at least

least into an humour to eat or drink; No, we know better things, and scorn to scorn any man's Civility who civilly invites us to a Drinking Bout. *Bacchus* ask'd us then, how we liked our Tiff; We answer'd, that it seem'd to us good harmless sober *Adam's* Liquor, fit to keep a man in the right way, and in a word, meer Element; more cool and clear than *Argyrontes* in *Ætolia*, *Penens* in *Thessaly*, *Axius* in *Migdonia*, or *Cydus* in *Cilicia*, a tempting sight of whose cool silver Stream caus'd *Alexander* to prefer the short-liv'd Pleasure of bathing himself in it, to the Inconveniences which he could not but foresee would attend so ill-tim'd an Action.

This, said *Bacchus*, comes of not considering with our selves, or understanding the motions of the Musculous Tongue, when the Drink glides on it in its way to the Stomach! Tell me, Noble Strangers, Are your Throats lin'd, pav'd, or enamell'd, as formerly was that of *Pythilus*, nicknam'd *Ibenthes*, that you can have miss'd the Taste, Relish and Flavour of this Divine Liquor? Here, said she, turning towards her Gentlewomen, Bring my scrubbing Brushes, you know which, to scrape, rake, cleanse and clear their Palates.

They brought immediately some stately, swindging jolly Hams; fine, substantial Neatstongues, good Hung-beef, pure and

K

delicate

delicate, Botargos, Venison, Sawcidges, and such other Gullet-sweepers. And to comply with her Invitation, we crammed and twisted till we owned our selves thoroughly cured of Thirst, which before did damnably plague us.

We are told, continu'd she, that formerly a Learned and Valiant *Hebrew* Chief leading his People through Deserts, where they were in hopes of being famish'd, obtain'd of God some Manna, whose taste was to them by imagination such as that of Meat was to them before in reality: Thus, drinking of this miraculous Liquor you'll find it taste like any Wine that you shall fancy you drink. Come then, fancy, and drink. We did so, and *Panurge* had no sooner whipp'd off his Brimmer, but he cry'd, By *Noah's* Openshop, 'tis *Vin de Beaulne*; better then ever was yet tipp'd over Tongue, or may Ninety six Devils swallow me. Oh that to keep its taste the longer, we Gentlemen Topers had but Necks some three Cubits long, or so, as *Philoxenus* desir'd to have, or at least like a *Crane's*, as *Melanthius* wish'd his.

On the Faith of true Lanterners, quoth Friar *Ibon*, 'tis gallant sparkling *Greek* Wine; Now, for God's sake, Sweetheart, do but teach me how the devil you make it. It seems to me *Mirevaux* Wine, said *Pantagrue*, for before I drank, I suppos'd

it to be such. Nothing can be mislik'd in it, but that 'tis cold, colder, I say, than the very Ice, colder than the *Nonacrian* and *Berean* Water, or the *Contbopian* Spring at *Corinth*, that froze up the Stomach and Nutritive Parts of those that drank of it.

Drink once, twice or thrice more, said *Bacbac*, still changing your Imagination, and you shall find its taste and flavor to be exactly that on which you shall have pitched. Then never presume to say that any thing is impossible to God. We never offer'd to say such a thing, said I; far from it, we maintain he is Omnipotent.

C H A P. XLIV.

How the Priestess Bacbac equipt Panurge in order to have the Word of the Bottle.

WHEN we had thus chatted and tippled, *Bacbac* ask'd, Who of you here would have the Word of the Bottle? your most humble little Funnel, an't please you, quoth *Panurge*. Friend, saith she, I have but one thing to tell you, which is, that when you come to the Oracle, you take care to hearken and hear the Word only with one Ear. This, cry'd *Char Ibon*, is *Wine of one Ear*, as *Frenchmen* call it.

She then wrapt him up in a Gaberdine, bound his Noddle with a goodly clean Biggin, clapt over it a Felt, such as those through which *Hypocras* is distilled, at the bottom of which, instead of a Cowle, she put three Obelisks, made him draw on a pair of old fashion'd Codpieces instead of Mittins, girded him about with three Bagpipes bound together, bath'd his Jobbernol thrice in the Fountain; then threw a handful of Meal on his Phyz, fixt three Cock's Feathers on the right side of the Hypocratical Felt, made him take a jant nine times round the Fountain, caused him to take three little leaps, and to bump his A—— seven times against the ground, repeating I don't know what kind of Conjurations all the while in the *Toscan* Tongue, and ever and anon reading in a *Ritual*, or Book of Ceremonies, carried after her by one of her *Mystagogues*.

For my part, may I never stir, if I don't really believe, that neither *Numa Pompilius* the Second King of the *Romans*, nor the *Cerites* of *Tuscia*, and the Old *Hebrew* Captain, ever instituted so many Ceremonies as I then saw performed; nor were ever half so many Religious Forms used by the *Southsayers* of *Memphis* in *Egypt* to *Apis*, or by the *Embrians*, or at *Rhamnus* to *Rhamnusia*, or to *Jupiter Ammon*, or to *Feronia*.

When she had thus accoutred my Gentleman, she took him out of our Company and led him out of the Temple through a golden Gate on the Right, into a round Chappel made of transparent specular Stones, by whose solid Clearness the Sun's Light shined there through the precipice of the Rock without any Windows or other Entrance, and so easily and fully dispersed it self through the greater Temple, that the Light seemed rather to spring out of it, than to flow into it.

The Workmanship was not less rare than that of the Sacred Temple at *Ravenna*, or that in the Island of *Cheunis* in *Egypt*. Nor must I forget to tell you, that the Work of that round Chappel was contriv'd with such a Symmetry, that its Diameter was just the height of the Vault.

In the middle of it was an Heptagonal Fountain of fine Alabaster most artfully wrought, full of Water, which was so clear, that it might have pass'd for Element in its purity and singleness. The Sacred Bottle was in it to the middle, clad in pure fine Chrystal, of an oval shape, except its Muzzle, which was somewhat wider than is consistent with that Figure.

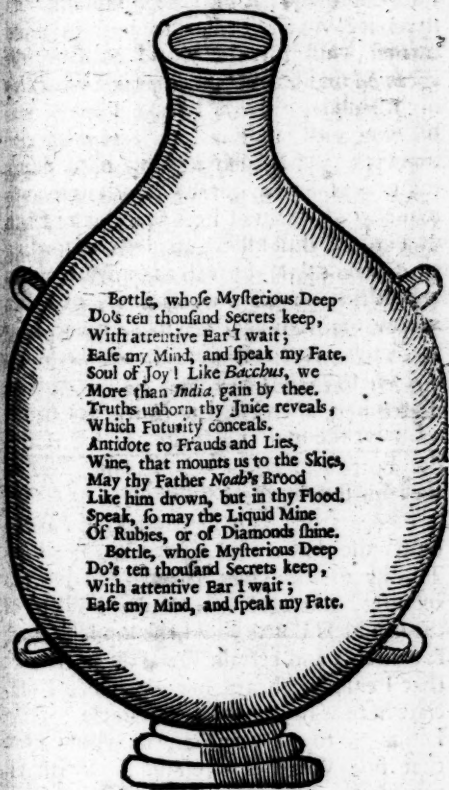
CHAP. XLV.

How Bacbus, the High-Priestess brought Panurge before the Holy Bottle.

THERE the Noble Priestess Bacbus made Panurge stoop and kiss the brink of the Fountain; then bad him rise and dance three * *Ishymbi*. Which done, she ordered him to set down, between two Stools placed there for that purpose, his Arse upon the ground. Then she opened her Ceremonial Book, and whispering in his left Ear made him sing an *Epiteny*, inserted here in the Figure of the Bottle.

* *Dances in the honour of Bacchus.*

Bottle



Bottle, whose Myſterious Deep
Do's ten thouſand Secrets keep,
With attentive Ear I wait;
Eaſe my Mind, and ſpeak my Fate.
Soul of Joy! Like *Bacchus*, we
More than *India* gain by thee.
Truths unborn thy Juice reveals,
Which Futurity conceals.

Antidote to Frauds and Lies,
Wine, that mounts us to the Skies,
May thy Father *Noah's* Brood
Like him drown, but in thy Flood.
Speak, ſo may the Liquid Mine
Of Rubies, or of Diamonds ſhine.

Bottle, whose Myſterious Deep
Do's ten thouſand Secrets keep,
With attentive Ear I wait;
Eaſe my Mind, and ſpeak my Fate.

When Panurge had sung, *Bacuc* throw'd I dont know what into the Fountain, and strait its Water began to boil in good earnest, just for the world as doth the great Monastical Pot at *Bourgneil* when 'tis high Holiday there. Friend *Panurge* was list'ning with one Ear, and *Bacuc* kneeled by him, when such a kind of a humming was heard out of the Bottle as is made by a Swarm of Bees bred in the Flesh of a young Bull kill'd and drest according to *Aristeus's* Art, or such as is made when a Bolt flies out of a Cross-bow, or when a shower falls on a sudden in Summer. Immediately after this was heard the Word *TRINC*. By *Cob's* Body, cri'd *Panurge*, 'tis broken, or crack'd at least, not to tell a Lie for the matter; for, even so do Christian Bottles speak in our Countrey when they burst near the Fire.

Bacuc arose, and gently taking *Panurge* under the Arms, said, Friend, offer your Thanks to Indulgent Heaven, as Reason requires, you have soon had the Word of the Goddess Bottle; and the kindest, most favourable and certain Word of an Answer that I ever yet heard her give since I officiate here at her most Sacred Oracle: Rise, Let us go to the Chapter, in whose gloss that fine Word is explain'd. With all my heart, quoth *Panurge*; by Jingo, I am just as wise as I was last year: Light, where's

where's the Book. Turn it over, where's that Chapter? Let's see this merry Gloss.

C H A P. XLVI.

How Bacbuc explain'd the Word of the Goddess Bottle.

Bacbuc having thrown I don't know what into the Fountain, strait the Water ceas'd to boil, and then she took Panurge into the greater Temple, where was the enlivening Fountain.

There she took out a hugeous Silver Book in the shape of a Half-tierce, or Hog's-head of Sentences; and having fill'd it at the Fountain, said to him; The Philosophers, Preachers and Doctors of your World feed you up with fine Words and Cant at the Ears; now, here we really incorporate our Precepts at the Mouth. Therefore I'll not say to you, read this Chapter; see this Gloss; No, I say to you, Taste me this fine Chapter, swallow me this rare Gloss. Formerly an Ancient Prophet of the Jewish Nation eat a Book, and became a Clerk even to the very Teeth; now will I have you to drink one, that you may be a Clerk to your very Liver. Here open your Mandibules.

212 *RABELAIS's* Book V.

Panurge gaping as wide as his Jaws would stretch, *Bacchus* took the Silver Book, at least we took it for a real Book; for it look'd just for the world like a Breviary; but, in truth, it was a Breviary or Flask of Right *Phalernian* Wine as it came from the Grape, which she made him swallow every drop.

By *Bacchus*, quoth *Panurge*, this was a Notable Chapter, a most Authentic Gloss o' my word! Is this all that the Trismegistian Bottle's Word means? i' troth I like it extreamly, it went down like Mother's Milk. Nothing more, return'd *Bacchus*, for *Trine* is a *Panompbean* Word, that is, a Word understood, us'd and celebrated by all Nations, and signifies *Drink*.

Some say in your World that *Sack* is a Word us'd in all Tongues, and justly admitted in the same sense among all Nations; for, as *Esop's Fable* hath it, all men are born with a Sack at the Neck, naturally needy, and begging of each other; neither can the most powerful King be without the help of other men, or can any one that's poor subsist without the rich, though he be never so proud and insolent; as for example, *Hippias* the Philosopher, who boasted he could do every thing. Much less can any one make shift without Drink than without a Sack. Therefore here we hold not that Laughing, but that Drinking.

Drinking is the distinguishing Character of man. I don't say Drinking, taking that word singly and absolutely in the strictest sense; No, Beasts then might put in for a share; I mean drinking cool delicious Wine. For you must know, my Beloved, that by Wine we become Divine; neither can there be a surer Argument, or a less deceitful Divination. Your * Academics assert the same when they make the Etymology of Wine, which the *Greeks* call ΟΙΝΟΣ, to be from *Vis*, Strength, Virtue and Power; for 'tis in its power to fill the Soul with all Truth, Learning and Philosophy.

If you observe what is written in *Ionian* Letters on the Temple-gate, you may have understood that Truth is in Wine. The Goddess Bottle therefore directs you to that divine Liquor; be your self the Expounder of your Undertaking.

'Tis impossible, said *Pantagruel* to *Panurge*, to speak more to the purpose than does this true Priest; you may remember I told you as much when you first spoke to me about it.

Trine then: What says your heart elevated by *Bacchic* Enthusiasm?

With this, quoth *Panurge*,

* Varro.

Trinc, Trinc, by *Bacchus*, let us tope,
 And tope again; for, now I hope
 To see some brawny juicy Rump,
 And tickle't with my Carnal Stump.
 E'er long, my Friends, I shall be wedded,
 Sure as my Trap-stick has a red head;
 And my sweet Wife shall hold the Combat,
 Long as my Baws can on her Bum beat.
 O what a Battel of A—— fighting
 Will there be! which I much delight in.
 What pleasant Pains then shall I take
 To keep my self and Spouse awake!
 All heart and Juice, I'll up and ride,
 And make a *Dutchess* of my Bride.
 Sing *Io Paan!* lowdly sing
 To *Hymen* who all joys will bring.
 Well, Friar *Ihon*, I'll take my Oath,
 This Oracle is full of Troth;
 Intelligible Truths it bears,
 More certain than the Sieve and Shears.

C H A P. XLVII.

*How Panurge and the rest rim'd with
 Poetick Fury.*

WHat a Pox ails the Fellow, quoth
 Friar *Ihon*? stark staring mad, or
 be witch'd, o' my word! Do but hear
 the chiming Dotterel gabble in Rhime:
 What

What o' Devil has he swallow'd? His
Eyes rowl in his Logger-head, just for
the world like a dying Goat's. Will the
addle-pated Wight have the grace to sheer
off? Will he rid us of his damn'd Com-
pany, to go shite out his nasty riming Bal-
derdash in some Bog-house? wlll no bo-
dy be so kind as to cram some Dog's-bur
down the poor Cur's Gullet, or will he
Monk-like run his Fist up to the Elbow in-
to his Throat, to his very Maw to scour and
clear his Flanks? Will he take a hair of
the same Dog?

Pantagruel bid Friar Ihon, and said,

Bold Monk, forbear, this, I'll assure ye,
Proceeds all from Poetick Fury;
Warm'd by the God, inspir'd with Wine,
His Human Soul is made Divine.

For without Jest,
His hallow'd Breast,
With Wine possesst,
Cou'd have no rest,
Till h'had exprest
Some Thoughts at least
Of his great Guest.
Then strait he flies
Above the Skies,
And mortifies,
With Prophecies,
Our Miseries.

And

And since divinely he's inspir'd,
Adore the Soul by Wine acquir'd,
And let the Toss-pot be admir'd.

How! quoth the Friar, the-fit Rhiming
is upon you too! Is't come to that? Then
we are all pepper'd, or the Devil pepper
me. What would not I give to have *Gargantua*
see us while we are in this Maggot-
ty Crambo-vein! Now, may I be curst
with living on that damn'd empty Food,
if I can tell, whether I shall scape the
catching Distemper. The Devil a bit do
I understand which way to go about it;
however, the Spirit of Fustian possesses us
all, I find. Well, by *St. John*, I'll Poetise
since every Body does; I find it coming.
Stay, and pray pardon me, if I don't
Rhime in Crimson; 'tis my first Essay.

Thou, who canst Water turn to Wine,
Transform my Bum by Pow'r Divine
Into a Lantern, that may Light
My Neighbour in the darkest Night.

*Panurge then proceeds in his Rapture, and
says,*

From *Pythian Tripes* ne'er were heard
More Truths, nor more to be rever'd.
I think from *Delphos* to this Spring,
Some Wizard brought that conj'ring things.
Had

Had honest *Plutarch* here been toping,
 He then so long had ne'er been groping
 To find, according to his Wishes,
 Why Oracles are mute as Fishes
 At *Delphos*: Now the Reason's clear,
 No more at *Delphos* they're, but here.
 Here is the *Tripes*, out of which
 Is spoke the Doom of Poor and Rich.
 For *Athenens* does relate
 This Bottle is the Womb of Fate.
 Prolific of mysterious Wine,
 And big with Prescience Divine:
 It brings the Truth with pleasure forth,
 Besides you ha't a penny-worth.
 So, Friar *Ihon*, I must exhort you
 To wait a word that may import you,
 And to inquire, while here we tarry,
 If it shall be your luck to Marry.

Friar Ihon answers him in a Rage, and says,

How Marry! by St. Bennet's Boot.
 And his Gambadoes, I'll ne'er do't.
 No Man that knows me e'er shall judge
 I mean to make my self a Drudge,
 Or that Peelgarlick e'er will doat
 Upon a paultry Petticoat.
 I'll ne'er my Liberty betray
 All for a little Leap-frog play,
 And ever after wear a Clog
 Like Monkey, or like Mastiff-dog;

No,

No, I'd not have upon my Life,
Great *Alexander* for my Wife,
Nor *Pompey*, nor his Dad in Law,
Who did each other clapper claw.
Not the best he that wears a head,
Shall win me to his Truckle-bed.

*Panurge pulling off his Gaberdine and My-
stical Acountrements, reply'd,*

Wherefore thou shalt, thou filthy Beast,
Be damn'd twelve Fathoms deep at least;
While I shall reign in Paradise,
Whence on thy Loggerhead I'll piss.
Now when that dreadful hour is come,
That thou in Hell receiv'st thy Doom,
Ev'n there, I know, thou'lt play some trick,
And *Proserpine* sha'nt scape a prick
Of the long Pin within thy Breeches.
But when thou'rt using these Capriches,
And catterwawling in her Cavern,
Send *Pluto* to the farthest Tavern,
For the best Wine that's to be had,
Lest he should see, and run horn-mad:
She's kind, and ever did admire
A well-fed Monk, or well-hung Friar.

Go to, quoth Friar *Ihon*, thou old Nod-
dy, thou doddipold Ninny, go to the De-
vil thou'rt prating of; I've done with
Rhiming, the Rhume gripes me at the
Gullet. Let's talk of paying and going;
come. CHAR

C H A P. XLVIII.

How we took our leave of Bacbuc, and left the Oracle of the Holy Bottle.

DO not trouble your self about any thing here, said the Priestess to the Friar; if you be but satisfied, we are. Here below in these Circumcentral Regions, we place the Sovereign Good not in taking and receiving, but in bestowing and giving; so that we esteem our selves happy, not if we take and receive much of others, as perhaps the Sects of Teachers do in your World, but rather if we impart and give much. All I have to beg of you, is that you leave us here your Names in Writing in this *Ritual*. She then open'd a fine large Book, and as we gave our Names, one of her Mystagogues, with a Gold Pin, drew some Lines on it, as if she had been Writing; but we could not see any Characters.

This done, she fill'd three Glasses with fantastick Water, and giving them into our Hands, said, Now, my Friends, you may depart, and may that Intellectual Sphere, whose Centre is every where, and Circumference no where, whom we call GOD, keep you in his Almighty Protection. When you come into your World,
do

do not fail to affirm and witness, that the greatest Treasures, and most admirable Things are hidden under Ground, and not without reason.

Ceres was worshipp'd, because she taught Mankind the Art of Husbandry, and by the use of Corn, which she invented, abolish'd that beastly way of feeding on Acorns, and she grievously lamented her Daughter's Banishment into our Subterranean Regions, certainly foreseeing that *Proserpine* would meet with more excellent Things, more desirable Enjoyments below, than she her Mother could be blest with above.

What do you think is become of the Art of forcing the Thunder, and Cœlestial Fire down, which the wise *Prometheus* had formerly invented? 'Tis most certain you have lost it; 'tis no more on your Hemisphere; but here below we have it. And, without a Cause, you sometimes wonder to see whole Towns burn'd and destroy'd by Lightning, and Ethereal Fire, and are at a loss about knowing from whom, by whom, and to what end those dreadful Mischiefs were sent. Now, they are familiar and useful to us; and your Philosophers who complain that the Ancients have left them nothing to write of, or to invent, are very much mistaken. Those *Phænomena* which you see in the Sky, whatever the surface of

of the Earth affords you, and the Sea, and every River contain, is not to be compar'd with what is hid within the Bowels of the Earth.

For this reason, the Subterranean Ruler has justly gain'd, in almost every Language, the Epithete of Rich. Now, when your Sages shall wholly apply their Minds to a diligent and studious Search after Truth, humbly begging the Assistance of the Sovereign God, whom formerly the Egyptians in their Language, call'd, *The Hidden and the Conceal'd*, and invoking him by that Name, beseech him to reveal, and make himself known to them, that Almighty Being will out of his infinite Goodness, not only make his Creatures, but even himself known to them.

Thus will they be guided by good Lanterns. For all the Ancient Philosophers and Sages have held two things necessary, safely and pleasantly to arrive at the Knowledg of God and true Wisdom; first, God's gracious Guidance, then Man's Assistance.

So among the Philosophers, Zoroaster took *Ariamspes* for the Companion of his Travels; *Esculapius*, *Mercury*; *Orpheus*, *Museus*; *Pythagoras*, *Aclopbemus*; and among Princes and Warriors, *Hercules* in his most difficult Atchievements, had his singular Friend *Theseus*; *Ulysses*, *Diomedes*; *Aeneas*,

Æneas, Achates; you follow'd their Examples, and came under the Conduct of an Illustrious Lantern; Now, in God's Name depart, and may he go along with you.

*The End of the Fifth Book of the Heroic Deeds
and Sayings of the Noble Pantagruel.*

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T H E

Most Certain, True and Infallible

Pantagruelian Prognostication.

For the Year that's to come, and
ever and aye.

Calculated for the Benefit and Noddifica-
tion of the Giddy-brain'd and Weather-
wise *Would-be's*.

By Master *Alcofribas Nasier*, Architriclin to
the aforementioned *Pantagruel*.

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TO THE
 COURTEOUS READER,
 GREETING.

HAVING consider'd the infinite Abuses
 arising from whole Cart-loads of
 Lovain Prognostications made in
 the Shadow of a Pot of Drink,
 as so, I have here calculated one the most sure
 and unerring that ever was seen in Black and
 White, as hereafter you'll find. For, doubt-
 less, considering what the Royal Prophet says
 to God in the 5th Psalm, Thou shalt destroy
 them that speak leasing, 'tis a heinous, foul,
 and crying Sin to tell a damn'd wilful Lie,
 thereby to deceive the poor gaping World, gree-
 dy of Novelties; such as the French, above all
 others, have been time out of mind, as Cæsar
 in his Commentaries, and John de Gravot
 in his Gallick Mythologies have set down.
 Which is daily observable throughout all France,
 where the first questions, which you shall put to
 People newly arriv'd, are, what News? Is
 there no News stirring? What do they say?
 What's the Discourse abroad? And so inquisi-
 tive they are, that they'll be stark staring mad
 at

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at those who come out of strange Countries, unless they bring a whole budgetful of strange Stories, calling them Dolts, Blockheads, Ninnyhammers, and silly Oufs.

Since then, they are so ready to ask after News, and consequently the more glibly swallow down every flim flam Story that's told them, Were it not expedient that some People, on whose Faith we might depend, should hold Offices of Intelligence on the Frontiers of the Kingdom, and have a competent Salary allow'd them for nothing else but to examine the News that is brought, whether it true or no? Yea, verily Friends. Even so did my good Master Pantagruel through all the Countries of Utopia and Dipsody; whence it comes, that his Territories are so prosperous, that at present they can't tell how to make away with their Wine fast enough, but are fain'd to let it run about in waste, if plenty of good Fellows from other Parts do not come to help them off with it.

Being therefore desirous to satisfy the curiosity of every good Companion, I have tumbled over and over all the Pantarchs of the Heavens, calculated the Quadrates of the Moon, hook'd out whatever all the Astrophiles, Hypernephelists, Anemophylaxes, Uranapetes, Om-brophores, and the Devil and all of them, have thought; and then having confer'd with Empedocles upon the whole, who, by the way, desires to be kindly remembred to you, I have here cramm'd the Pith, Marrow and Mat-

To the Courteous Reader. 227

ter of the Substance of it into a few Chapters. Assuring you that I say nothing of it, but what I think; and that I think nothing of it, but what it is; and there is no more to be known in those Matters, than what you are going to read. As for any thing that may hereafter be said over and above, it will come to pass, per 'anture ay, per 'anture no.

Take notice by the by, That if you don't believe every Syllable, Fota, and Tittle of it, you do me a great deal of wrong, for which either here or elsewhere you may chance to be claw'd off with a vengeance; and a good Salt-eal, Crab-tree, Bull's pizzle may be plentifully bestow'd on your inward Man. You may take Pepper in the Nose, and snuff and suck up the Air as you would Oysters, as much as you please; 'tis all one for that.

Well, however, come, snite your Noses my little Children; and you old doating Father-Grey-Beards pull out your best Eyes, d'on your Bar-nacles, and in the Scale of the Sanctuary, weigh in every tittle of what I'm going to tell you.

Of the Golden Number.

THE Golden Number *non est inventus*: I cannot find it this Year by any Calculation that I have made. Let's go on, *Verte folium*; turn over leaf.

L

CHAP.

C H A P. I.

*Of the Governor and Lords Ascendant
this Year.*

WHatsoever these Blindfolded, Block-headly Fools, the Astrologers, of *Lovain, Norimberg, Tubinge, and Lyons*, may tell ye, don't you feed your selves up with Whims and Fancies, nor believe there is any Governor of the whole Universe this Year, but God the Creator, who by his Divine Word rules and governs all; by whom all things are in their Nature, Propriety, and Conditions, and without whose Preservation and Governance all things in a moment would be reduc'd to nothing, as out of nothing they were by him created. For of Him comes, in Him is, and by Him is made perfect every Being, and all Life and Motion, as says the Evangelical Trumpet, my Lord *St. Paul, Rom. the 11th.*

Therefore the Ruler of this Year, and of all others, according to our Authentick Solution, will be God Almighty. And neither *Saturn*, nor *Mars*, nor *Jupiter*, nor any other Planet, nor the very Angels, nor Saints, nor Men, nor Devils, shall have any Virtue, Efficacy, or Influence whatsoever, unless God of his good Pleasure gives it them. As *Avicen* says, Second Causes have

have not any Influence or Action whatsoever, if the first Cause did not Influence them.—Does not the good little Mannikin speak truth, think ye?

C H A P. II.

Of the Eclipses this Year.

THis Year there will be so many Eclipses of the *Sun* and *Moon*, that I fear (not unjustly) our Pockets will suffer Inanition, be full empty, and our feeling at a loss. *Saturn* will be retrograde, *Venus* right, *Mercury* as unfixt as Quicksilver. And a pack of Planets w'on't go as you would have them.

For this reason the Crabs will go side-long, and the Rope-makers backward; the little Stools will get up on the Benches, and the Spits on the Racks, and the Bands on the Hats; and many a ones Yard will hang down and dangle, for want of Leather Pouches; Fleas will be generally black; Bacon will run away from Pease in Lent; the Belly will waddle before; the A—— will sit down first; there won't be a Bean left in a Twelf-cake, nor an Ace in a Flush; the Dice won't run to your wish tho you cog them, and the chance that you desire will seldom come; Brutes shall speak

in several places, *Shrovetide* will have its day, one part of the World shall disguise it self to gull and chouse the other, and run about the Streets like a parcel of adde-pated Animals and mad Devils; such a hurly-burly was never seen since the Devil was a little Boy; and there will be above Seven and Twenty irregular Verbs made this Year, if *Priscian* don't hold them in. If God don't help us, we shall have our hands and hearts full. But on the other side, if he be with us, nothing can hurt us, as says the Coelestial Stargazer, who was rapt into the Third Heaven, *Romans* the 7th. *Si Deus pro nobis, quis contra nos?* If God be with us, who will be against us? In good Faith, *Nemo domine, No body, an't like your worship*; for he is as powerful as he is good. Here for the same praise ye his Holy Name.

C H A P. III.

Of the Diseases this Year.

THIS Year the Stone-blind shall see but very little; the Deaf shall hear but scurvily; the Dumb shan't speak very plain; the Rich shall be somewhat in a better case than the Poor, and the Healthy than the Sick. Whole Flocks, Herds, and

and Drovers of Sheep, Swine, and Oxen; Cocks and Hens, Ducks and Drakes, Geese and Ganders, shall go to pot; but the Mortality will not be altogether so great among Apes, Monkies, Baboons, and Dromedaries. As for Old Age, 'twill be incurable this Year, because of the years past. Those who are Sick of the Plurisy will feel a plaguy Stich in their Sides; those who are troubled with the Thoro'-go-nimble or Wild-squirt, will often prostitute their Blind cheeks to the Bog-house; Catarrhs this year shall distil from the Brain on the lower Parts; sore Eyes will by no means help the Sight; Ears shall be at least as scarce and short in *Gascony*, and among Knights of the post, as ever: A most horrid and dreadful, virulent, malignant, catching, perverse and odious Malady, shall be almost Epidemical, inso-much, that many shall run mad upon't, not knowing what Nail to drive to keep the Wolf from the Door, very often plotting, contriving, Cud-gelling, and puzzling their weak, shallow Brains, and syllogizing and prying up and down for the Philosopher's Stone, tho they only get *Midas's* Lugs by the bargain. I quake for very fear when I think on't; for I assure you, few will escape this Disease, which *Averroes* calls *Lack of Money*: And by consequence of the last years Comet, and Sa-

turn's Retrogradation, a huge drivelling *He-Scoundrel*, all be-crinkum'd and colly-flower'd shall dye in the Spittle; at his Death will be a horrid clutter between the Cats and the Rats, Hounds and Hares, Hawks and Ducks, and eke between the Monks and Eggs.

CH A P. IV.

Of the Fruits of the Earth this Year.

I Find by the Calculations of *Albumazar*, in his Book of the great Conjunction, and elsewhere, That this will be a plentiful year of all manner of good things to those that have enough; but your Hops of *Picardy* will go near to fare the worse for the Cold. As for Oates, they'll be a great help to Horses. I dare say, there won't be much more Bacon than Swine. *Pisces* having the Ascendant, 'twill be a mighty year for Muscles, Cockles, and Perry-winkles. *Mercury* somewhat threatens our Parsly-beds, yet Parsly will be to be had for Money. Hemp will grow faster than the Children of this Age, and some will find there's but too much on't. There will be but a very few *Bon-Christians*, but Choak-pears in abundance. As for Corn, Wine, Fruit, and Herbs, there never was
such

such plenty as will be now, if poor Folks may have their wish.

C H A P. V.

Of the Disposition of the People this Year.

TIs the oddest whimsy in the World, to fancy there are Stars for Kings, Popes, and Great Dons, any more than for the Poor and Needy. As if, forsooth, some new Stars were made since the Flood, or since *Romulus* or *Pharamond*, at the making some body King: A thing that * *Triboulet* or * *Caillette* would have been ashamed to have said, and yet they were Men of no Common Learning or Fame; and, for ought you or I know, this same *Triboulet* may have been of the Kings of *Castille's* Blood in *Noah's* Ark, and *Caillette* of that of King *Priam*. Now, mark ye me, those odd Notions come from nothing in the World, but want of Faith: I say, the true Catholick Faith. Therefore resting fully satisfi'd, that the Stars care not a Farth more for Kings than for Beggars, nor a jot more for your rich topping Fellows, than for the most Sorry, Mangy, Lousy

* *Two Court-Fools.*

Rascal, I'll e'en leave other addle-pated Fortunetellers to speak of Great Folks, and I will only talk of the Little Ones.

And in the first place, of those who are subject to *Saturn*; as for example, such as lack the ready, jealous, or hornmad self-tormenting Prigs, dreaming Fops, crabbed Eves-droppers, raving, doating Churls, hatchers and brooders of Mischief, suspicious, distrustful Slouches, Mole-catchers; closefisted, griping Misers, Usurers, and Pawn-broakers, Christian-Jews, Pinch-crusts, Hold fasts, Michers, and Penny-fathers, Redeemers of dipt, mortgag'd, and bleeding Copy-holds and Mes-suages, Fleecers of Sheer'd-Asses, Shoemakers and Translators, Tanners, Bricklayers, Bellfounders; Compounders of Loans, Patchers, Clowters, and Botchers of old trumpery Stuff, and all moping, melancholly Folks, shall not have this Year whatever they'd have; and will think more than once how they may get good store of the King's Pictures into their Clutches; in the mean time they'll hardly throw Shoulders of Mutton out at the Windows, and will often scratch their working Noddles where they do not itch.

As for those who are under *Jupiter*, as Canting-vermin, Biggots, Pardon-pedlers, Voluminous Abbreviators, Scriblers of Breves, Copists, Pope's Bull-makers, Da-taries,

tarries, Pettifoggers, Capuchins, Monks, Hermits, Hypocrites, Cushing-thumping Mountebanks, Spiritual Comedians, Forms of Holiness, *Pater-Noster*-faces, Wheadling-gablers, Wry-neck'd-scoundrels, Spoilers of Paper, Stately-gulls, Notch'd-cropt-ear'd Meacocks, Publick Register's Clerks, Clergy-Taylor's, Wafer-makers, Rosary-makers, Engrossers of Deeds, Notaries, Grave-bubbles, Protecoles, and Prompters to Speakers, Deceitful-makers of Promises, shall fare according as they have Money. So many Clergy-men will dye, that there will not be men enough found on whom their Benefices may be conferr'd, so that many will hold two, three, four, or more. The Tribe of Hypocrites shall lose a good deal of its Ancient Fame, since the World is grown a Rake, and will not be fool'd much longer, as *Avenzagel* saith.

Those who are under *Mars*, as Hangmen, Cut-throats, Dead-doing Fellows, Free-booters, Hedge-birds, Foot-pads and Highway-men, Catchpoles, Bum-bailiffs, Readles and Watchmen, Reformadoes, Tooth-drawers and Corn-cutters, Pintle-Smiths, Shavers and Frig-beards, Butchers, Coyners, Paultry-Quacks and Mountebanks, Renegadoes, Apostates and Mar-
raniz'd Miscreants, Incendiaries or *Boute-
feus*, Chimny-sweepers, Boorish Cluster-

fists, Charcoalmen, Alchymists, Merchants of Eel-skins and Egg-shells, Gridiron and Rattle-makers, Cooks, Poultry-pedlers, Trashmongers and Spanglemakers, Braceletmakers, Lanternmakers and Tinkers, this Year will do fine things; but some of them will be somewhat subject to be Rib-roasted, and have a St. *Andrew's* Cross scor'd over their Jobbernols at unawares. This Year one of those Worthy Persons will go nigh to be made a Field-Bishop, and, mounted on a Horse that was foal'd of an Acorn, give the Passengers a blessing with his Legs.

Those who belong to *Sol*, as Topers, Quassers, Whipcans, Tosspots, Whittled, Mellow, Cupshotten Swillers, Merry-Greeks with Crimsin-snouts of their own dying; Fat, purfy Gorbellies, Brewers of Wine and of Beer, Botlers of Hay, Porters, Mowers, Menders of Til'd, Slated and Thatch'd Houses, Burthen-bearers, Packers, Shepherds, Ox-keepers and Cow-herds, Swine-herds and Hog-drivers, Fowlers and Birdcatchers, Gardiners, Barnkeepers, Hedgers, Common Mumpers and Vagabonds, Day-labourers, Scowerers of greasy Thrum-caps, Stuffers and Bum-basters of Pack-saddles, Rag-merchants, idle Lusks, floathful Idlebies, and drowsy Loiterers, Smell-feasts and Snap gobbets, Gentlemen generally wearing Shirts with Neckbands,

Neckbands, or heartily desiring to wear such; all these will be hale and sharp set, and not troubled with the Gout at the Grinders, or a stoppage at the Gullet, when at a Feast on free cost.

Those whom *Venus* is said to Rule, as Punks, Jills, Flirts, Queans, Morts, Doxies, Strumpets, Buttocks, Blowings, Tits, Pure Ones, Concubines, Convenients, Cracks, Drabs, Trulls, Light-skirts, Wrigglers, Misses, Cats, Riggs, Try'd Virgins, Bonarobaes, Barbers Chairs, Hedge-whores, Wagtails, Cockatrices, Whipsters, Twiggers, Harlots, Kept-wenches, Kind-hearted-things, Ladies of Pleasures, by what Titles or Names soever dignified or distinguish'd; Bawds, Pimps, Panders, Procurers, and Mutton-broakers; Wenchers, Leachers, Shakers, Smockers, Cousins, Cullies, Stallions and Bellibumpers; Ganymedes, Bardachoes, Huffers, Ingles, Fricatrices, He-whores and Sodomites; swaggering Huffsnufts, bouncing Bullies, Braggadoccios, Tory-rory Rakes and Tantivy-boys; pepper'd, clapt and pox'd Dabblers; shanker'd, colli-flower'd, carbuncled Martyrs and Confessors of *Venus*; Rovers, Russian-Rogues, and Hedge-creepers; Female Chamberlains; *Nomina mulierum desinientia in ess ut* Laundress, Semptress, Hostess, &c. & *in er ut*, Mantuamaker, Bed-maker, Bar-keeper, Fruiterer, &c. all these will be famous this Year.

Year. But when the Sun enters *Cancer* and other Signs, let them beware of the Crinkams, and its Attendants; as Shanks, Claps, Virulent Gonorrheas, Cordees, Buboës, or Running Nags, Pockroyals, Botches, Wens or Condyloms, Tetters, Scabs, Nodes, Glands, Tumours, Carnosities, &c. Nuns shall hardly conceive without Carnal Copulation; very few Virgins shall have Milk at the Breasts.

As for those who come under *Mercury*, as Sharpers, Rooks, Coseners, Setters, Sherks, Cheats, Pickpockets, Divers, Buttocking-Foiles, Thieves, Millers, Night-walkers, Masters of Arts, Decretists, Picklocks, Dear-stealers, Hedge Rimers, Composers of serious Doggril metre, Merry-Andrews, Jack-puddings, Tumblers, Masters in the Art of *Hocus Pocus's*, Legerdemain, and Powder of Prelinpinpin; such as break *Priscian's* head, Quibblers and Punsters, Stationers, Paper-makers, Card-makers and Pyrats, will strive to appear more merry than they'll often be; sometimes they'll laugh without much cause, and will be pretty apt to be blown up, sh — i'th' Plum-bag, and march off, unless they find themselves better stor'd with Chink, and stronger of the Cod than they need to be.

Those who belong to *Madam Luna*, as Hawkers of Almanacks and Pamphlets, Hunts-

Huntſmen, *Oſtridge-Catchers*, Falkoners, Couriers, Salt-carriers, Lunaticks, Maggotty Fools, Crackbrain'd Coxcombs, Addle-pated Frantic Wights, Giddy Whimiſical Foplings, Exchange-Brokers, Poſt-boys, Footboys, Tennis Court-keepers-Boys, Glaſsmongers, Light horſe, Watermen, Mariners, Meſſengers, Rakers and Gleaners, will not long ſtay in a place this year. However, ſo many * Swag-bellies and Puſſ-bags will hardly go to † *St. Hiacco*, as there did in the Year 524. Great numbers of Pilgrims will come down from the Mountains of *Savoy* and *Auvergne*, but *Sagittarius* ſorely threatens them with kib'd Heels.

* Lifreloſes, a word coin'd in deriſion of the Germans and Switzers.

† *St. James in Galicia.*

C H A P. VI.

Of the Condition of ſome Countries.

THE Noble Kingdom of *France* ſhall proſper and triumph this year in all Pleaſures and Delights, ſo that Foreign Nations ſhall willingly retire thither. Preſents of Noſegays, and Feaſts on Birthdays, and Saintſdays, Treats, Paſtimes, and a thouſand Sports, ſhall keep up the Mirth.

There

There will be plenty of delicious Wines; many Radishes in *Lymosin*; store of Chestnuts in *Perigord* and *Dauphine*; a deal of Olives in *Languedoc*; whole shoals of Sand in *Olone*; a world of Fish in the Sea; swarms of Stars in the Firmament; abundance of Salt at *Bronage*; and prodigious quantities of Corn, Pulse, Kitchen Herbs, Flowers, Fruit, Butter, Cheese, Milk, and other Dairy Goods. No Plague, no War, no Vexation. A Fart for Poverty, hang Sorrow, cast away care. Old Gold, such as your Double Ducats, Rose-Nobles, Angels, Spankers, Spur-Royals, and Well-wool'd-Sheeps of Berry will once more be in fashion, with plenty of Seraphs and Crowns with a Sun upon them, however about *Midsummer* you are threaten'd with an Invasion by black Fleas, and Weevils of *la Deviniere*. *Adeo, nil est ex omni parte beatum*; Nothing is yet found that's perfectly happy; But care must be taken to curb them with store of Evening Nunchions.

Italy, Romania, Naples and Sicily will remain where they stood last year. People will be very thoughtful there towards the latter end of Lent, and sometimes will rave and dream at Noon-day.

Germany, Switzerland, Saxony, Strasbourg, Antwerp, &c. will thrive upon't, if they don't fail to do so. Woe be to Pardon-Pedlers if they come among them; I dare

dare engage that there will not be many yearly Obits, Trentals and Services for the Dead founded there.

Spain, Castile, Portugal and Arragon will be subject to sudden Thirsts, and Young and Old will be wofully afraid of dying, for which reason they'll be sure to keep themselves warm when 'tis cold; and will often tell over their Money if they have any.

England, Scotland, and the Easterlings, will be but indifferent *Pantagruelists*. Wine would at least prove as wholesome to them as Beer, provided it were good and delicious. When they sit at Table, their best hopes will be in the aftergame. *St. Traig-nant of Scotland* will work Miracles and sh— Wonders like mad; but the Devil a bit he'll see the better for all the Candles that will be offer'd him, if *Aries* ascending does not fumble, and rumble, tumble, stumble, and be humble, though he grumble, and scorn'd, and unhorn'd.

The *Moscovites, Indians, Persians, and Troglodytes*, will often be troubl'd with the Bloody Flux, because they will not be ridden, tupp'd and ram'd by the *Romanists*, considering the Ball of *Sagittarius* Ascendant. The *Bohemians, Jews and Egyptians* will not be brought this year to conform with the said *Romanists*, as they expect. *Venus* bitterly threatens them with Wens
at

at the Throat; if they do not condescend to the Will of the King of the *Papillons*.

Escargots [Snails] Sarabouytes, Caquemaes [Nightmares] Cannibals shall be pester'd with Ox Flies [Informers, Promooters] and will have but little heart to play on the Cymbals, and Tongue and Keys [or, to letcher] unless *Guyacum* be in request.

As for *Austria*, *Hungary* and *Turky*, by my Troth, my dainty Lads, I can't tell how they'll do, neither does Peelgarlick trouble his head a jot about it, considering the Sun's rare entrance into *Capricornus*; and if you chance to know more of the matter than I do, pray scatter no words, keep it to your selves, but stay for the lame Post.

OF THE

Four Seasons of the Year.

CHAP. VII.

Of the Spring.

IN all this Year's Revolution there will be but one Moon, neither will it be *New*. I dare warrant you are damnably down

down o'the mouth about it, you who do not believe in God, and persecute his holy and Divine Word as also those that stand up for it. But you may e'en hang your selves out of the way, I tell you there will never be any other Moon than that which God created *in the beginning*, and which was plac'd in the Sky to light and guide Mankind by night. But in good sooth, I'll not infer thence that it never shows to the Earth and Earthly People a decrease or encrease of its Light, according as it is nearer the Sun or further from it. No, no, why should I say this? For, wherefore, because, however, notwithstanding, that, &c. and let none of you hereafter pray that Heaven may keep her from the Wolves; for they'll not meddle with her these Twelve months I'll warrant you. *A propos*, now I think on't, you'll see as many Flowers again this Season as in all the other Three; neither shall that man be thought a Fool who'll have wit enough to lay by Money, and get together more of it this Quarter than he will do of Cobwebs in the whole Year. The *Griffons* and *Marrons*, men who make the Ways passable in great Snows, and dwell on the Mountains of *Savoy*, and *Dauphiné*, and the *Hyperboreans*, that are perpetually turr'd with snow, are to miss this Season and have none on't; for *Avicenna* tells us, 'tis not Spring till the Snow is melted away on
the

the Mountains. - Believe the Liar. I have known the time when men reckoned *Ver*, or the Spring, to begin when the Sun enter'd in the first Degree of *Aries*. If they reckon it otherwise now, I knock under, and Mum's the word.

CHAP. VIII.

Of Summer.

IN the Summer I can't justly tell you what kind of Wind will blow; but this I know, that it ought to be warm weather then, and now and then a Sea-Breeze. However, if things should fall out otherwise, you must be sure not to curse God; for he is wiser than we, and knows what's fit for us far better than we our selves; you may take my word for't, whatever *Haly* and his Gang may have said. It will be a delicious Thing to be merry and drink cool Wine, though some have said there is nothing more contrary to Thirst. I believe it; and indeed *Contraria contrariis curantur*.

C H A P. IX.

Of Autumn.

IN Autumn men will make Wine, or before or after it, 'tis all one to me, so we have but good Bub and Nippitati enough; Foul mistakes will then be in season, for many a one will think only to burst at the Broadside by the way of Fizzlecum-funk, and will foully give their Breeches a Clister with a fecal Decoction. As for those Men and Women who have vow'd to fast till the Stars be in the Heavens, they may e'en from this present hour begin to feed like Farmers by my particular Grant and Dispensation. Neither do they begin of the soonest; for those pretty twinkling things have been fix'd there above Sixteen thousand and I can't tell how many days, and stuck in to the purpose too, let me tell you. Nor would I have you for the future hope to catch Larks when the Sky falls: For on my Honour that will not happen in your time. Legions of Hypocritical Church-vermin, Cucullated Sham Saints, Pedlers and Hawkers of Pardons, Perpetual Mumpers and Mumblerers of Orisons, and other such Gangs of rascally Scoundrels will come out of their Dens. Scape that scape can,
say

say I. Harkee me, take heed also of the Bones whenever you eat Fish, and God preserve you from a Dose of Ratsbane too.

CHAP. X.

Of Winter.

IN Winter, in my silly Opinion, those men will not be over-wise who'll sell their Furr'd Gowns, Swans-Skins, and other warm Cloths to buy Fuel; neither did the Ancients use to do so, says *Avenzonart*. If it chance to rain don't fret your selves, so much the less Dust you'll have when you go abroad. Keep your selves as hot as Toasts, d'ye hear, beware of Cathars. Drink of the best, till the other sort mend; and pray henceforth sh — no more o' bed. Oh ho! Poultry, do you build your Nests so high?

The End of the Pantagruelian Prognostication.

A N
EPISTLE
B Y

*PANTAGRUEL's Lymosin,
Grand Excoriator of the Latiale Tongue,
mention'd Book 2. Chap. 6. 7. 9. 36.*

*To his own Amicissim residing at the Inclite and
Famosissim Urb of Lugdun.*

O UR Auricles, percuss'd by Fame so-
norous,
Your mirabundous Acts have brought be-
fore us.

Your placid Life, here inaudite before,
Repletes the Town of *Lugdun* ore and ore.
Where Nymphs convening three Times
thrice Divine

Prostrate themselves as Vot'ries at your
Shrine.

Some voluntary fly into your Arms,
For your Opiparous or Aureous Charms:
Some, tender Souls! on you themselves
obtrude,

Mov'd by your Tongue's most melleous
Dulcitude.

Your

Your Phraſe, robuſtly propt, with eaſe produces

Fractions in many weak Virgineous Cruifes;
When you're placientated the Fort is won,
Id eſt, when e're y' impel the matter on.

You therefore, if your Appetite deſires
New Dapes each hour, purſue what that
requires.

If ſated with your *Urban* Stale Fruitions,
Or with your half unnatural Coitions,
You to your Neighb'ring rural Fund mi-
grate,

And there your Laſſate Corps reanimate.
There ev'ry Joy to you is an Oblation
In which your Ingeny finds delectation.
The gay Merule and warbling Philomel,
To pleaſe you, ſtrive each other to excel.
Their pleaſant Notes triſtitious Thoughts
confound,

And wake your Soul with their letating
ſound.

To that amæne Recess the rural Quire
Sylvanus, Satyrs, Fauns and Pan retire;
Gods, Demigods, Nymphs, Dryads, Nay-
ads meet,

And leave their Manſions for your Dulcior
Seat;

And, when the Turb is once accumulate,
Jucund Jucundity's immenſurate.

With

With sumptuous Cates Divine *Ambrosia*
joins,

And Nectar there exuperates all your
Wines.

With this each dry Esurient Guest replete is,
As at the Feast of *Peleus* and his *Thetis*.

Then All arise, the Tables are sublate ;

In Arbors some themselves refocillate,

Some in serene Venation take delight,

For Cony-caption some have Appetite :

In fine, Ludes omniform are there in-
vented,

And ev'ry Indoles and Sense contented.

Pleasure invades, Pain abdicates the mind,

What more in Heav'n can its grand Te-
nants find !

While we alas ! must still obambulate,
Sequacious of the Court and Courtier's
Fate.

O most infamous who optates there to live !

An aulic Life no solid Joys can give.

We've been cruciated, since your last Mi-
gration,

With an indefinient obequitation :

Our Boots and Legs have not been sepa-
rated,

While we the *Burgade* Lands have concul-
cated.

Lute, Unds and Sands did long our March
oppose,

And asprous Rocks, the Bulwarks of our
Foes. But

But now I'll not too many Verbs effund,
Nor with our Ills your Auricles obtund.
Nor all our Martial Conflicts represent,
Obsesses, Storms and Fights Sanguinolent;

When angry *Mars Burgundia* cicatris'd,
And Friend with Friend in dolours sympathis'd.

Desp'rate of Conquest, through dire Accidents,

Apert we jac'd to th' *Æther* without Tents.

At last the kind, tho rigid Brume came on,
The Camp was derelict, and all are gone.
For when Hybernal Evils appropinque,
The Legions on their Hybernacles think.

So, when the Bellic Season was expir'd,
Wisely the Regal Majesty retir'd.

To *Fonsbellaqueus* now the Monarch's come.

The noblest Master to the noblest Dome:
No more had *Nero's* match'd its noble Pride,
Than with the King the Tyrant could have vy'd.

Were ev'n *Diana's* Temple rais'd again,
The Regal Palace would eclipse the Fane.
'Tis true, you've ocul'd it in Times *præteritis*,
But ev'ry day 't has meliorated merit,
And Those who supervis'd it noct hestern,
In *Hodiern bores*, will major Things discern.

Opining to revise a Structure new,
Where Art surpass'd its self, and Nature too.

Now, to apply my primary Ingredient,
That you move *huc* I think it not expedient :

For, shou'd you come before the Brume's
abated,
Th' Opime you'd relinquish for the Macc-
rated.

Since, thanks to *Jove's* Benignity you're
valid,
Choose not a frigid State, while yours is
calid.

Unless Salubrity you villipend,
And, from your own, become your *Medic's*
Friend.

For in veracity these Times denote
Morbs to the Sane, and Obits to th' *Ægrote*;
And alterate the suavest Pulchritude
To the Completion of its native Mud.

Incluse with Sylves behind, and Lakes
before us,

Our outward man wants something that's
calorous.

Scarce one poor Fascicle we can acquire;
In fine all Solaces from us retire.

And were we not (in this Extremity)

Juvated by the Town's proximity

To which we equitate with maturation,

And to kind Nature make Sacrificacion,

M

Soon

Soon in our Sepulchres we shou'd all hide
us ;

For, sure, one Hebdomad wou'd here oc-
cide us.

By this Imparity you plainly see
Our Life's Distress, and yours Jucundity;
Our State's naufragous and periclitating;
If then you sate, as we are cogitating,
Hither till Spring return make no Transi-
tion,

Tho you were stimulated by ambition.
What tho Honorabilities it offers,
Large heaps of Numms to fill your largest
Coffers,

Imperial Favor too, and what not else?
Ample Munificence, and Office celse,
Such as you execute when here ; yet these
Have no intrinsic Valor, tho they please.
Our means of Life are Pote, and Cibe, and
Vest ;

Who jugulates himself for Wealth's a
Beast.

To this Epistle *Finis* now we'll fix,
Which to your School a Transit does ad-
nix ;

Where Rules to polish Loquels are pre-
scrib'd,

And Doct Verbocination is imbib'd ;
Excoriating the Language Latiale.

To make Reply let not your Calam fail ;

But

But atrament at large the candid Chart
 With corresponding Rimes transcending Art.
 Which will to him be th' altest Obligation
 Who is

Your Serve with maxim Veneration,

Desbride Goufier.

AN EPIGRAM.

ALL strive of late to bring to purity
 Our Tongue, that once lay in Obscurity;
 And, profligating all Barbarity,
 Wish th' Attic set the French in parity:
 So, to revive its old Nobility,
 They shun the Phrase of our Mobility;
 But, thus disguis'd, by a Fatality
 'Tis meer excoriated Latiality.

The Philosophical Cream

OF

Encyclopedic QUESTIONS

By PANTAGRUEL,

Which were *Sorbonico-ficabilitudiniffely* debated in the
Schools of the Decree near St. Denys de la Chartre
at P A R I S.

Utrum, A Platonic Idea, hovering to
the right on the Orifice of the Chaos,
might drive away the Squadrons of Demo-
cratical Atoms.

Utrum, The * Flickermise flying through
the translucidity of the corner'd Gate
might, spy-like, discover the Morphean
Vilions twirling and unwinding in a circular
manner the thread of the *rete admirabile*
that wraps up the † Attili of ill caulk'd
Brains.

Utrum, The Atoms turning about at
the sound of the *Hermagorical* Harmony,
might make a Compaction or a Dissolu-

* *Bats.*

† *A certain Fish in the River Pô, which sometimes
weighed 1000 pound.*

tion

tion of a Quintessence, by the subtraction of the *Pythagorical* Numbers.

Utrum, The Hybernal Frigidity of the *Antipodes*, passing in an Orthogonal Line, through the homogeneous solidity of the Centre, might warm the superficial Connexity of our heels by a soft Antiperistasis.

Utrum, The Tassels of the Torrid Zone might so far be dipt and wetted at the Cataracts of the Nile, as to moisten the most Caustic Parts of the Empyrean Heaven.

Utrum, By reason of the long Hair that was bestowed on the Bear at her metamorphosis, if her Breech were but shav'd the Italian way à la Bougarone, to make Triton a Beard, she might not be Keeper of the Arctic Pole.

Utrum, An Elementary Sentence might alledge a Decennial Prescription against Amphibious Animals, and *è contra* the other respectively put in her Petition in case of Seizure and Novelty.

Utrum, An Historical Grammar, and Posteriority, by the triad of Articles, might find some Line or Character of their Chronicle on the Zenonian Palm.

Utrum, The *Gènera generalissima*, by a violent Elevation over their Predilements, might crawl and clamber up to the Stories of the Transcendents, and consequently let the special and predicable Species follow,

to the unspeakable loss and damage of poor Masters of Arts.

Utrum, *Proteus* that transform'd himself into all manner of Shapes, turping himself into a * *Cigale*, and musically trying his Voice in the Dog-days, might make a third Concoction with Morning-dew carefully botled up in *May*, before the full revolution of a Zodiacal Girdle.

Utrum, The Black Scorpion might bear a solution of the *Continuum* in his substance, and, by the effusion of his Blood, darken and blacken the milky way, to the great loss and grief of the Swagbellied *Jacobites*.

FRANCISCUS RABELÆSVS,

Poeta Sitiens, Ponebat.

Vita, Lyæ, fitis; liquisti, flebis, adures;
Membra, hominem, tumultum; morte, liquore,
face.

*-A thick, broadheaded flying Insect, which sits on Trees in Hot Countries, and sings after a skreaking fashion; 'Tis call'd *Cicada* in Latin, and therefore mistaken by some here for the Grasshopper.

Two Epistles to Two Women of different Humours.

To an Old Woman.

OLd toothless, pox'd, mischievous Hag
of Night;
Old graceless Witch, who liv'st in Virtue's
spight;
Old treach'rous Beldam, burthen to the
Earth;
Plots, Broils, and Wars, from thee derive
their Birth.
Old errand Bawd, by whose destructive
Trade,
The Lewd are sold, the Modest are be-
tray'd.
Honour thou never knew'st, thou, living
Tomb,
Whor'd with thy Father in thy Mother's
Womb.
Thy Charity do's like the Devil's prove,
And damns the Wretches who thy Lewd-
ness love.
Thy livid Blood with poy'snous Rage is
swell'd,
Thy Breast with Gall, thy Head with Mis-
chief fill'd.
Thou

Thou ne're of any but thy self spok'st well,
 And for Detraction ev'n surpassest Hell.
 Old Brimstone-Bawd, with Brandy flaming
 red,

That mak'st a curst rank Brothel of thy Bed,
 Propitious to all Malice and Ill-luck,
 That hast a Tet to give the Devil suck;
 Damn'd Witch, thou dost in Magick far
 excel

Medea, and the Blackest Fiends of Hell:
 Thou mak'st thy hideous Phiz more dreadful
 still,

But when thou dost, we shou'd thy Hagship
 kill,

Lest thy redoubled Uglinefs affright,
 And like *Medusa's* ruin us at sight.

Thou, Scarlet Whore, ne're mourn'st for
 doing ill;

Thy only Tears are Rhumes, and Wines
 distill'd;

Thy only sighs are vented at the Bum,
 Outstink a Carrion, and outroar a Drum.
 Old monstrous Hag of matchless, dreadful
 kind,

Thou the three Furies in one Body joyn'd.
 Satan outdone by thee do's envious grow,
 And longs to burn thee in Revenge below.
 Dissembling Witch, whose Tongue, still
 muttering, dares

Mock frowning Heav'n with thy unhal-
 low'd Pray'rs.

Thou,

Thou, bold bad Spright, with Satan's borrow'd Force,

Pretend'st to turn a rapid River's Course,
With Spells to paleness fright th'astonish'd Moon,

And darken quite the blushing Sun at Noon.
Base murth'ring Sorcerers, with relentless heart,

On Innocence thou try'st thy cursed Art,
Bewitching Infants in their Mother's Arms,
And Death alone can end the painful Charms.

No God thou own'st but thy insatiate Gut,
Thou mak'st each Trull turn up her filthy Scut.

Pity thou slight'st, by Pity thou'rt abhorr'd,
And more deserv'dst a Faggot than a Cord.
Thy cruel heart with Rancour has its Load,
Natural to thee as Poyson to a Toad.

Thou worst of Mischiefs, guide to endless Death,

(Breath,
Who scatt'rest Plagues with thy contagious
Canst thou expect unpunish'd to remain,

And for each Crime to scape a double pain?
Millions against thee will in Judgment rise,
And loudly call for Vengeance to the Skies.
Those whom thy Arts to lawless Flames decoy'd,

Shall be below to burn thy Soul employ'd.
But thou'rt the worst of Hells for impious Deeds,

T'other perhaps in Punishments exceeds.

Prepare,

Prepare, prepare for its revenging Pains,
There to be rack'd in everlasting Chains,
Tremble, and loudly to the Mountains call,
That they may gape, and crush thee with
their fall:

For still thy latter Sins the first excel,
And, living on, thou'lt grow too bad for Hell.
Damn'd Harridan, with reeking Lust more
drunk

Than *Missaline*, that great Imperial Punk;
Ne're tir'd nor sated, thou outdo'st her more
Than she outdid the outmost flint of Whore.
Thy sweaty Carcass (which kind Heav'n
confound!)

With noisom Steams offends us all a-round,
Old drunken Pispot, Sink of Filth and Sin,
Plaister without, and Rottenness within,
Curst lump of Lees, thou universal Sore,
Thou putrid Product of the Common-shore,
Thou lowest last degree of Infamy,
Thou very highest top of Villany;
Repent, or know I'll double ev'ry Curse;
But no, thou canst not mend, nor e're be
worse.

*An Epistle to another Woman of a
quite different Humour.*

Hail! Reverend Matron, vertuous as
you're fair:
Hail! you, whose Autumn may with Spring
compare;
Matron,

Matron, adorn'd so richly in your mind
That in your Looks the Treasures we may
find.

With Pious Doctrine you your Faith im-
prove,

Shun idle talk, and Books of idler Love,
And setting Vice and needless Forms apart,
Your *suff'ring God* ingrave within your heart
While you on Earth a heav'nly Saint com-
mence,

Your Charity is like the World immense ;
Ready to ease th' Afflicted of their Load,
At awful distance y' imitate your God.
So sweet, so modest, and so void of Pride,
That ev'n that God do's own you for his
Bride.

You to all Folly wisely shut your Eyes,
And dare the world's alluring Joys despise.
That Sacred Writ alone is your delight,
Which saves the Soul from everlasting night.
You Temper still, yet never to a fault,
Your Wine with Water, and your Words
with Thought.

And never cherish'd an unchast Desire,
Or cou'd be warm'd but by the Nuptial Fire;
But, waiting for your Saviour, pass away
In Pray'rs the Night, in Pious Acts the
Day.

In Faith, in Piety alone extream,
You shun Applause, yet best deserve Esteem.
The Prophets great Inspirer fills your Breast;
Your Head, your Heart, by the Whole God
possess.

While

While some unthinking Virgins are betray'd,
And made Proficients in Hell's thriving
Trade,

Your wise Advice, your great Example,
draws

The thoughtless Wretches out of *Satan's*
Jaws.

Matron, in Wedlock faithful and sedate,
An honour to that honourable State,
Not weakness made you wed, but Piety,
Thus to encrease the Saint's Society.

Those wanton Toys cou'd ne're your heart
intice,

Which stifle Virtue, and incourage Vice.

Matron, whom All the Christian Pallas term,
Wife is your Conduct, and your Courage
firm.

I prize, admire, and love your matchless store,
Your outward Beauties much, your inward
Graces more.

From Heav'n you came, and to that Heav'n
are born,

Virtue adorns you, Virtue you adorn.

Oh that I may, ev'n till my latest hours,
Advance in Knowledg, contemplating yours.
May you obtain below what Earth can
crave !

What Heav'n can grant, above, you're sure
to have !

LET-

LETTERS

Written by

FRANCIS RABELAIS, M.D.

During his stay in *ITALY*,

In the Year 1536.

L E T T E R I.

To my Lord Bishop of Maillezais.

My Lord,

I Writ to you at large on the Nine and twentieth of *November*, and sent you some *Naples-grain* for your Sallads, of every sort that is eaten on this side, except *Pimpernell*, which then I could not procure. I have sent you no great quantity at present, because it had been too much for the Courier at one time; but if you please to have more, either for your Gardens, or to dispose of otherwise, I will send it you upon notice. I had written to you before, and sent to you the four Signatures concerning the Benefices of

A

Friar

Friar Dom. Philip, obtain'd in the name of those whom you had set down in the Instructions you gave me. I have not receiv'd since any Letter from you that mentions the receipt of the aforesaid Signatures. I receiv'd only one dated from l' *Ermenaud*, when my Lady d'*Estissac* came thither, in which you let me know that you had receiv'd two Pacquets from me; one from *Ferrara*, t'other from this City, with the Cypher which I writ to you: But for ought I understand, you had not yet receiv'd the Pacquet where the Signatures were inclos'd. I can now give you an account, that my Business has been granted and dispatch'd better, and with more certainty, than I cou'd have wish'd; and I have had therein the assistance and advice of Worthy men. Particularly of the Cardinal *de Genutiis*, who is Judge of the Palace, and of the Cardinal *Simonetta*, who was Auditor of the Chamber, a very knowing man, and well vers'd in such matters. The Pope was of opinion that I shou'd proceed in my Bus'ness *per cameram*: The above-mention'd Cardinals were of a mind, that it shou'd be by the Court of Contradicts: Because, that *in foro contentioso*, it cannot be revocable in France, and *Quæ per contradictoria transiguntur transeunt in rem judicatam; quæ autem per Cameram, & impugnari possunt, & in iudicium veniunt.* Those things which are transacted by
 Con-

Contradictories, pass as determin'd; but those things which are done by the Chamber, may be call'd into question, and tri'd over again.

Upon the whole I have nothing more to do, than to take up the Bulls *sub plumbo*.

My Lord Cardinal *du Bellay*, as likewise my Lord Bishop of *Mascon*, have assur'd me that the Charges shall be remitted me, tho the Pope by old custom remits nothing except of what is dispatch'd *per cameram*. There will remain to be paid, only the Referendaries, Proctors, and other such like Scriblers and Blotters of Parchment. If my Money falls short, I will recommend my self to your Lordship's Alms; for I don't think to leave this Place till the Emperor goes.

He is at present at *Naples*, whence, as he has written to the Pope, he will part on the Sixth of *January*. This Town is already full of *Spaniards*: And he has sent an Extraordinary Embassadour to the Pope besides him who constantly resides at this Court to give him notice of his coming. The Pope leaves him half the Palace, and all the Borough of *St. Peter* for his Retinue, and has order'd three thousand Beds to be prepar'd, according to the *Roman* Custom, that is to say, with Quilts: For the City has been unprovided of 'em ever since it was sack'd by the *Lanskenets*. He has got together as much Hay, Straw, Oats, Spelt-

A 2

Corn

Corn and Barly as he could find, and of Wine as much as is arriv'd in ripâ: *I fancy he'll be at no small charge, which can't be very easy to him in this his great Poverty, so apparent in him, more than in any Pope for these Three hundred years past.* The Romans have not yet resolv'd, how to behave themselves upon this occasion, and have had many meetings, by order of the Senators, Conservators and Governor: but they can't agree in their Opinions. *The Emperor has declar'd to 'em by his said Embassador, that he does not design his people shall be entertain'd at free-cost, but as the Pope shall think fit to entertain 'em, which does the more sensibly touch the Pope: For he understands well enough, that by this saying the Emperor means to see, how and with what affection he will treat him and his People.*

The Holy Father has sent two Legats to him by the choice of the Consistory, to wit, Cardinal of Siena, and Cardinal Cesarini. Since which, the Cardinals Salviati and Rodolph, are also gone to him, and with them my Lord de Saintes. I understand 'tis about the Affair of Florence, and concerning the Difference between the Duke Alexander de Medici and Philip Strossi, whose Estate, which is considerable, the Duke had a mind to confiscate. Next to the Fourques of Aufbourg in Germany, he is counted the richest Merchant in Christendom; and the Duke has

has set People here to poison or kill him whatever came on't. Being advertis'd of this Attempt, he obtain'd of the Pope to go arm'd. And he commonly went attended with thirty Soldiers arm'd at all Points. The said Duke of *Florence* having notice (I suppose) that *Strossi*, with the above-mention'd Cardinals, was gone to the Emperor, and that he offer'd to the Emperor Four hundred thousand *Ducats*, only to give Commissions, to People who might inform against the Tyranny and baseness of the said Duke, left *Florence*, constituted Cardinal *Cibo* his Governor, and came to this City the morrow after *Christmas-day*, the twenty third hour, entering at *St. Peter's Gate*, follow'd by fifty light Horse, in white Armour, with Lances, and about a hundred Harquebusiers. The rest of his Train was but little, and in no very good order. And no soul went to receive him, but the Emperor's Embassador, who met him at the same gate. As soon as he was in Town he came to the Palace, and had a short Audience of the Pope. And had Lodgings in *St. George's Palace*. The next morning he went away attended as before.

Eight days since, news came to this Town, and his Holiness has receiv'd Letters from divers parts, that the *Sophy*, King of *Persia*, has defeated the Army of the

Turks. Yesterday night arriv'd here the Nephew of Monsieur *de Vely*, the King's Embassador to the Emperor, who assur'd my Lord Cardinal *du Bellay*, that the thing was really true: And that this has been the greatest slaughter that has been heard of these Four hundred years: For above Forty thousand Horse were kill'd on the *Turk's* side.

Consider what a number of Foot fell there! As likewise on the *Sophy's* side. For, among People that do not willingly fly, *Non solet esse incruenta Victoria. The Victory does not use to be without blood.*

The principal Defeat was near a little Town call'd *Coni*, not far distant from the great City of *Tauris*,, for which the *Sophi* and the *Turk* contend; the other Action was near a place call'd *Betelis*. The manner was thus, The *Turks* had divided their Army, and one part was sent to take *Coni*; of which the *Sophi* having intelligence, he, with his whole Army, rush'd upon this separated part before they could stand upon their guard.

See here the effect of ill Counsel, in dividing his Army before he had gotten the Victory. The French can give a good account of this, when the Duke of Albany drew out the Strength and Flower of the Camp before Pavia. Upon the News of this Rout and Defeat, *Barbarossa* is retir'd to *Constantinsple* to secure the Countrey, and says by his good gods,
That

That this is nothing considering the mighty Power of the *Turk*. But the Emperor is eas'd of the fear that he had of the *Turk's* coming into *Sicily*, as he had threaten'd at the beginning of the Spring. *And this may give repose to Christendom for some considerable time ; and those who would lay Taxes upon the Church, eo pretextu, that they would fortify themselves against the approach of the Turk, are but ill furnish'd with demonstrative Arguments.*

L E T T E R II.

My Lord,

I Have received Letters from Monsieur *de Saint Cerdos*, dated from *Dijon*, in which he tells me of a Process that he has depending in this Court of *Rome*. I dare not answer him, without running the hazard of incurring a great deal of displeasure. But I understand he has the greatest right in the World, and that he suffers a manifest injury ; and that he ought to come hither in person. For there is no such Affair, how equitable soever, that is not lost for want of a man's own soliciting in it ; especially when he has a strong party, who can overawe with Threats those that solicit for him. The want of a Cypher prevents my writing to

you more at large. But it troubles me to see so much as I do, particularly, being sensible of the great kindness you have for him; and likewise because he has of a long time lov'd and favour'd me. In my opinion Monsieur *de Basillac, Conseiller* (one of the Judges Assistants) in the Parliament of *Tboloufe*, came hither this Winter on a less occasion, and is older and more infirm than he, and yet has had a quick dispatch to his content.

L E T T E R III.

My Lord,

THE Duke of *Ferrara*, who went to the Emperor at *Naples*, return'd hither this morning. I know not yet how he has determin'd matters relating to the investiture and homage of his Lands. But I understand he is come back not well satisfi'd with the Emperor. I fear he will be forc'd to empty his Coffers of those Crowns his Father left him, and that the Pope and Emperor will fleece him at pleasure; considering also that it was above six months before he refus'd to espouse the King's Interest, notwithstanding all the Emperor's Remonstrances and Threats. My Lord Bishop of *Limoges*, who was the
King's

King's Embassador at *Ferrara*, seeing the said Duke without acquainting him with his Design was retir'd to the Emperor, is return'd to *France*. 'Tis fear'd that * My Lady *Renée* will receive no little displeasure by it: The Duke having remov'd *Madam de Soubise* her Governess, and order'd her to be serv'd by *Italians*, which don't look well.

* *Renée of France, Dutches of Ferrara.*

LETTER IV.

My Lord,

THREE days since arriv'd here a Post from Monsieur de *Criffé*, who brings an Account that some of the Lord *Rance's* men, who went to the relief of *Geneva*, were defeated by a Party of the Duke of *Savoy's*. With him came a Courier from *Savoy*, who brought the News of it to the Emperor. This may unhappily prove SEMINARIUM FUTURI BELLI, the cause of an ensuing War. For these little wilful Broils draw after them great Battels, which is demonstrable from Ancient History, as well Greek and Roman as French, as appears by the Battel at *Vireton*.

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LETTER

LETTER V.

My Lord,

ABout fifteen days since, *Andrew Doria*, who went with Stores to those who hold the *Gouletta* near *Tunis* for the Emperor, as likewise to supply them with Water. (for the *Arabians* of the Countrey make continual war upon them, and they dare not stir out of their Garison,) is arriv'd at *Naples*, where he staid not above three days with the Emperor, since when, he is sail'd hence with Nine and twenty Gallies. 'Tis said, in quest of *Judeo* and *Cacciadiavolo*, who have burnt a great deal of the Countrey of *Sardinia* and *Minorca*. The Grand Master of *Rhodes*, who was born in *Piedmont*, is lately dead; in whose room the *Commandeur* of *Forton* between *Montauban* and *Tbolonse*, is chosen.

LETTER VI.

My Lord,

I Here send you a Book of Prognostications, which busies this whole Town, 'Tis intitl'd, *De eversione Europæ*, of the overturning of Europe. For my part, I give
no

WORKS.

II

no credit at all to it. But *Rome* was never seen so wholly given over to Vanities and Prophecies, as it is at present. I am apt to think the reason is, because *Mobile mutatur semper cum principe vulgus*. The Giddy multitude always change with the Prince. I have also send you an Almanack for the ensuing Year 1536. I send you besides, the Copy of a Brief which his Holiness has lately decreed for the arrival of the Emperor: As likewise the Emperor's Entry into *Messina* and *Naples*, and the Funeral Oration at the Interment of the deceas'd Duke of *Milan*.

My Lord, I humbly recommend my self to your good favour, praying to our Lord for your good health and long life.

Rome, Dec. 30.
1536.

LETTER VII.

To the Lord de Maillezais.

My Lord,

I Have receiv'd the Letters you were pleas'd to write to me, dated the second of *December*: By which I understand that my two Pacquets are come to your hands,

hands; one of the Eighteenth, the other of the Two and twentieth of *October*, with the four Signatures which I sent you. I writ since to you more at large, on the Nine and twentieth of *November*, and Thirtieth of *December*. By this time, I believe, you have receiv'd the said Pacquets. For Mr. *Michael Parmentier*, Bookseller, living at the Arms of *Basil*, writ to me the fifth of this Instant, that he had receiv'd and sent them to *Poitiers*. You may assure your self, that the Pacquets which I shall send you will be safely deliver'd at *Lions*; for I put them into the great seal'd Pacquet, which is for the King's Affairs, and when the Courier comes to *Lions*, he is dispatch'd by the Governor; then his Secretary, who is much my Friend, takes the Pacquet which I superscribe on the first Sheet, to the aforesaid *Michael Parmentier*. Afterwards there is no difficulty, unless from *Lions* to *Poitiers*, which is the reason that obliges me to set an extraordinary Postage upon it, that the greater care may be taken of it by the Messengers at *Poitiers*, in hopes to get a Spill by it. For my part, I constantly encourage this same *Parmentier* with some small Presents, which I send him of Novelties on this side, or to his Wife, that he may be the more diligent to engage Merchants or Messengers at *Poitiers* to deliver the Pacquets to your Lordship.

ship. And I very much approve of the advice which you gave me in your Letter, that I should not trust them to the hands of the Banquiers, for fear they should be pick'd and broke open. I think 'twill not be amiss, the first time you write to me, especially, if it be business of Consequence, that you write a Line to the said *Parmen-tier*, and inclose a piece of Gold to him in your Letter, in consideration of the Care he takes to send your Pacquets to me, and mine to you. *A small matter sometimes highly obliges honest Men, and makes 'em more diligent for the time to come, when the Case requires a speedy dispatch.*

LETTER VIII.

My Lord,

I Have not as yet presented your Letters to my Lord Bishop *de Saintes*, for he is not yet return'd from *Naples*, whither he went with the Cardinals *Salviati* and *Rodolph*. He will return in two days; then I will give him your Letters, and desire an Answer of 'em, which I will send you by the first Courier that goes hence. I understand their Affairs have not had that success with the Emperor which they hop'd for: And that the Emperor had positively

sitively answer'd, That at their Request and Instance, as likewise, at the late Pope Clement's, he had created *Alexander de Medicis* Duke of the Territories of *Florence* and *Pisa*, which he never thought to do, nor would have done: Meanwhile to depose him, would be the trick of some Stage-player, which do's and undo's the same thing. However, that they should resolve to acknowledge him as their Duke and Lord, and obey him as his Vassals and Subjects, and be sure they did so. As to the Complaints they made against the said Duke, he would take Cognizance of them when he came to *Florence*.

For he designs after some stay at *Rome*, to pass through *Sienna*, and thence to *Florence*, to *Bolonia*, to *Milan*, and *Genoa*. Thus the aforesaid Cardinals, together with the Bishop of *Xaintes*, *Strossy*, and some others, return'd, *re infectâ*, [as wise as they went.]

The Thirteenth of this Month, came back hither the Cardinals of *Sienna* and *Cesarini*, who had been Elected by the Pope, and the whole College, Legates to the Emperor. They have so negotiated the Matter, that the Emperor has defer'd his coming hither to the latter end of *February*. If I had as many Crowns, as the Pope would give days of Pardon, *Proprio motu, de lenitudine potestatis*; Of his

own free Will, out of the Lenity of his Power, and other such like favourable Circumstances, to any one that could defer it for five or six years to come, I should be richer than ever was *Jacques Cœur*. Here are great Preparations made in this City for his Reception; and a new way is made by the Pope's Command, by which he is to make his Entry; that is, through *St. Sebastian's Gate*, towards *Camp-doli*, *Templum pacis*, the Temple of Peace, and the *Amphitheatre*, and he is to pass under the Ancient Triumphal Arches of *Constantine* and *Titus*, of *Numetianus*, and others. Then on one side of *St. Mark's Palace*, by *Campo-de Fiore*, and by the Palace *Farnese*, where the Pope us'd to Reside, then by the Banks, and below *St. Angelo's Castle*. To make and level which way, above Two hundred Houses, and three or four Churches, are pull'd down to the Ground, which most People take for an ill Omen. On the day of the Conversion of *St. Paul*, his Holiness went to *St. Paul's* to hear Mass, and made a Feast to all the Cardinals. After Dinner he return'd, passing through the abovemention'd way, and lodg'd at *St. George's Palace*. But 'tis a sad sight to behold the Ruins of the demolish'd Houses that are not paid for, nor have the Landlords any recompense made 'em.

To day arriv'd here the *Venetian* Embassadors, four brave old gray-headed Gentlemen, who are going to the Emperor at *Naples*. The Pope has sent all his Family before 'em; His Bed chambermen, Chamberlains, Janisaries, Lanskenets; and the Cardinals have sent their Mules in Pontificalibus.

Likewise, the 7th of this Month, the Embassadors of *Sienna* were introduc'd in good order, and after they had made their Speech in open Consistory, and that the Pope had answer'd 'em in fine *Latin*, they suddenly parted for *Naples*. I believe Embassadors will be sent for all Parts of *Italy* to the Emperor, and he knows well enough how to play his Game, to get Money out of 'em, as it has been discover'd about ten days since. But I am not yet fully acquainted with the Subtilty which ('tis said) he made use of at *Naples*; hereafter I may give you an account of it.

The Prince of *Piedmont*, the Duke of *Savoy's* Eldest Son, dy'd at *Naples* fifteen days ago; the Emperor order'd him a very honourable Interment, at which he assisted in Person.

The King, of *Portugal*, six days since, commanded his Embassador at *Rome*, that immediately upon receipt of his Letter, he should return to him in *Portugal*, which he did the same hour, and came ready Boord-
ed

ed and Spurr'd to take his leave of the Most Reverend the Lord Cardinal *du Bellay*. Two days after, was kill'd near the Bridge of St. *Angelo*, in open day, a *Portuguese* Gentleman, who solicited here for the whole Body of the *Jews* that were baptiz'd under King *Emanuel*, and have been since molested by the present King of *Portugal*, that he might succeed to their Estates when they dy'd. That King has also exacted several things of them against the Edict and Ordinance of the King *Emanuel*. I doubt we shall hear of some Sedition in *Portugal*.

LETTER IX.

My Lord,

IN the last Pacquet I sent you, I gave you an account, that part of the *Turk's* Army was defeated by the *Sophy*, near *Betelis*. The *Turk* did not very long delay his Revenge; for two Months after, he fell upon the *Sophy* with the greatest Fury imaginable; and after having put to Fire and Sword, a great part of the Country of *Mesopotamia*, he has driven back the *Sophy* on the other side of Mount *Taurus*. In the mean time, he causes a great number of Gallies to be built upon the River *Tanaïs*,
by

by which they may come to *Constantinople*. *Barbarossa* is still at *Constantinople* to secure the Country, and has left several Garrisons at *Bona* and *Algiers*, lest the Emperor should by chance Attack him. I have sent you his Picture, drawn by the Life; as also the Map of *Tunis*, and of the Sea-port-towns adjacent. The Lanskenets, whom the Emperor sent into the Dutchy of *Milan* to keep the strong Places, are all drown'd and lost at Sea, to the number of fifteen hundred, in one of the biggest and stoutest Ships belonging to the *Genoefes*, and it was near to a Port belonging to the Commonwealth of *Lucca*, call'd *Lerza*. The occasion was; because they being weary of the Sea, and desirous to get ashore, which they could not for the Tempest and Strefs of Weather, imagin'd that the Pilot of the Ship would still keep them off at Sea, longer than he need-ed: For which cause they kill'd him, with some other of the Officers of the said Ship, after whose Death the Ship remain'd without a Commander; and instead of taking in their Sails, the Lanskenets hoisted them, as being unpractic'd in Sea-affairs, and in this Confusion they perish'd within a stone's throw of the aforesaid Port.

My Lord, I understand that my Lord Bishop de l'*Avaux*, who was the King's Embassador at *Venice*, has had his Audience

ence of Leave, and is returning to *France*. The Bishop of *Rhodes* goes in his place, and is now at *Lyons* with all his Retinue ready to go, when the King has given him his Instructions.

My Lord, I humbly recommend my self to your Favour, praying to our Lord, to give you a long Life in good Health.

Rome, Jan. 28.
1536.

Your most humble Servant,

Francis Rabelais.

LETTER X.

My Lord,

I Writ to you at large all the News I could learn, the 28th of *January* last past, by a Gentleman, Servant to *Monsieur de Montreuil*, call'd *Tremetiere*, who return'd from *Naples*, where he had bought some Horses of that Kingdom for his Lord, and was returning to him with all speed. The same day I receiv'd the Pacquet that you were pleas'd to send me from *Legugé*, dated the 10th of the said Month, in which you may see the method I have taken for the delivery of your Letters, by which they are safely and suddenly brought to me here. Your said Letters and Pacquet, were

were deliver'd at the Arms of *Basil*, on the one and twentieth of the same Month, the eight and twentieth they were deliver'd to me here. And to encourage at *Lyons*, (for that's the Point and principal Place) the Bookseller at the Arms of *Basil* to be diligent in this Affair, I repeat what I writ to you in my aforementioned Pacquet, if you chance to write to me about any thing of Consequence: That it is my advice, that on the first occasion of writing to me, you write a word or two to him in a Letter, in which be pleas'd to inclose some Gold-crowns, or some other piece of old Gold, as a Royal, an Angel or Salutation, in consideration of the pains and care he takes of them, so small a matter will more and more endear him to your Service.

Now, to Answer your Letters, I have diligently search'd the Registers of the Palace, since the time that you commanded me, that is, the year 1529, 1530, and 1531, to see if *Dom. Phillippe's* Act of Resignation to his Nephew were to be found, and have given the Clerks of the Register two Gold-crowns, which is but a small recompence for the great and tedious Trouble in it. In short, they have found nothing of it, nor ever heard news of his Procurations; wherefore I doubt there is some foul play in his Case, or the Instru-
ctions

tions you writ to me were not sufficient to find 'em. And that I may be more certifi'd in it, you should tell me, *cujus Diocesis*, of *what Diocesis* the said Friar Dom. Phillippe was, and if you have heard nothing to give more light in the matter, as if it was *pure & simpliciter*, or *causâ permutationis*.

LETTER XI.

My Lord,

WHat I writ to you of my Lord Cardinal *du Bellay's* Answer, when I presented him your Letters, ought not to displease your Lordship. My Lord of *Mascon* has sent you an Account of the whole Matter, and we are not yet like to have a Legate in *France*. 'Tis certain, that the King has presented the Cardinal of *Lorraine* to the Pope. But I believe, that the Cardinal *du Bellay* will endeavour by all means possible to get it for himself. The old Proverb is true, which says, *Nemo sibi secundus*. And I shrewdly suspect by certain signs that I see, that my Lord Cardinal *du Bellay* will engage the Pope on his behalf, and thus be made acceptable to the King. Nevertheless be not uneasy, if his

Answer

Answer be a little ambiguous in your concern.

LETTER XII.

My Lord,

THe Grains which I sent you, I can assure you, are the best of *Naples*, of the same which his Holiness has caus'd to be sow'd in his Privy-Garden of *Belveder*. There are no other kinds of *Sal-lads* on this side but those of *Nasidord* and *Arroussa*, but those of *Legugé* seem to me altogether as good, and somewhat more sweet and grateful to the Stomach, and particularly better for you; for those of *Naples*, in my opinion, are too hot and tough.

As for the Season for sowing 'em, you must caution your Gardeners not to sow 'em altogether so early as they do on this side, for it is not warm Weather so soon with you as here. They may very well sow your *Sallads* twice a year, that is to say, in *Lent*, and in *November*; and they may sow the white *Cardes* or *Thistles* in *August* and *September*; the *Melons*, *Pompions*, and the others in *March*; fencing them for some days with *Mats*, and a thin Layer of *Horse-dung*, not altogether rotten, when they

they fear it will freeze. Many other Grains besides are sold here, as *Alexandria* Gilliflowers, Matronal-Violets, and Shrubs, with which they refresh their Chambers in the Summer, call'd *Belvedere*, and other Physical Herbs. But this would be more for my Lady *d'Estissac*'s turn. If you please to have of all sorts, I will send them you without fail. But I am forc'd to have recourse again to your Alms; for the Thirty Crowns which you order'd to be paid me here, are almost gone, yet I have converted none of them to any ill use, nor for eating, for I Eat and Drink at my Lord Cardinal *du Bellay*'s, or at my Lord of *Mascon*'s. But a great deal of Money goes away in these silly Postage of Letters, Chamber-rent, and wearing Apparel, tho I am as frugal as I can be. If you will be pleased to send me a Bill of Exchange, I hope I shall make use of it wholly to your Service, and not remain ungrateful. I see in this City a thousand pretty cheap things, which are brought from *Cyprus*, *Candia*, and *Constantinople*. If you think fit, I will send what I think fittest of them to you and my Lady *d'Estissac*. The Carriage from hence to *Lyons* will cost nothing.

Thanks be to God I have made an end of my business, and it has cost me no more than the taking out of the Bulls, his Holiness having, of his own good Nature,

ture, given me the Compolition. And I believe you will find the Proceedings right enough, and that I have obtain'd nothing by them, but what is juſt and lawful. But I have been oblig'd to adviſe very much with able Counſel, that every thing might be according to due form; and I dare modeſtly tell you, that I have in a manner hardly made uſe of my Lord Cardinal *du Bellay*, or my Lord Embaſſador, tho out of their kindneſs, they not only offer'd me their own good Word and Favour, but abſolutely to make uſe of the King's Name.

L E T T E R XIII.

My Lord,

I Have not as yet preſented your firſt Letters to the Biſhop of *Saintes*, for he is not yet return'd from *Naples*, whither he went as I writ to you before. He is expected here within theſe three days: Then I will give him your ſecond, and intreat an Answer of it. I underſtand, that neither he, nor the Cardinals *Salviati*, and *Rodolpb*, nor *Phillip Strozzi* with his Money, have done any thing with the Emperor in their Affair, tho they were willing to pay him a Million of Gold up-
on

on the Nail, in the Name of all the Foreigners and Exiles of *Florence*, also to finish *la Rocca* [the Fortrefs] begun at *Florence*, to maintain a sufficient Garrison in it for ever in the Name of the Emperor, and to pay him yearly an Hundred thousand Ducates, provided and upon Condition he restor'd them to their former Goods, Lands, and Liberty.

On the contrary, the Duke of *Florence* was most honourably receiv'd by him at his arrival, the Emperor went out before him, and, *Post manus oscula*, he order'd him to be attended to the Castle of *Capua* in the same Town, where his Natural Daughter has an Apartment; she is affianc'd to the said Duke of *Florence*, by the Prince of *Salerno*, Viceroy of *Naples*, the Marquis *de Vast*, the Duke *D'Alva*, and other Principal Lords of his Court. He held discourse with her as long as he staid, Kiss'd her, and Supp'd with her; afterwards the above-mention'd Cardinals, the Bishop of *Xaintes* and *Strozzi* never left solliciting The Emperor has put them off for a final Resolution to his coming to that Town, to the *Rocca*, which is a place of prodigious Strength, that the Duke has built at *Florence*. Over the Portico he has caus'd an Eagle to be painted with Wings as large as the Sails of the Wind-mills of *Mirebalais*, thereby declaring and insinuating,

ating, that he holds of no body but the Emperor. And in fine, he has so cunningly carried on his Tyranny, that the Florentines have declar'd before the Emperor, *nomine Communitatis* [in the Name of the Commonalty] that they will have no other Lord but him. 'Tis certain, that he has severely punish'd the Foreigners and Exiles. A *Posquil* has been lately set up, wherein 'tis said,

To Strozzi;

Pugna pro patriâ. [Fight for thy Country.]

To Alexander Duke of Florence,

Datum serva. [What's given thee, keep.]

To the Emperor,

*Que nocitura tenes quamvis sint chara relinque.
Quit what will hurt thee, tho' 'tis ne'r so dear.*

To the King,

*Quod potes id tenta.
Dare what thou canst.*

To the Cardinals Salviati and Rodolph,

*Hos brevitâs sensus fecit conjungere binos.
Pure want of Sense unites these Blocks,
As petty Tradesmen joyn their Stocks.*

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

My Lord,

I Writ to you, that the Duke of *Ferrara* is return'd from *Naples*, and retir'd to *Ferrara*. Her Highness, the Lady *Renée*, is brought to Bed of a Daughter: she had another fine Daughter before, between Six and Seven years of Age, and a little Son of Three years old. He could not agree with the Pope, because he demand'd an excessive Sum of Money for the Investiture of his Lands. Notwithstanding, he had abated fifty thousand Crowns for the love of the said Lady, and this by the Solicitations of my Lords the Cardinals *de Bellay* and *Mascon*, still to increase the Conjugal Affection of the said Duke towards her. This was the occasion of *Lyon Jarnac's* coming to this Town, and they only differ'd for Fifteen thousand Crowns; but they could not agree, because the Pope would have him acknowledg, that he held and possess'd all his Lands intirely in fee of the Apostolical See, which the other would not. For he would acknowledg no more than his deceas'd Father had acknowledg'd, and what the Emperor had adjudg'd at *Bolonia*, by a Decree in the time of the deceas'd Pope *Clement*.

B a

Thus

Thus he departed, *re infectâ*, [without doing any thing,] and went to the Emperor, who promis'd him at his coming, that he would easily make the Pope consent, and come to the Point contain'd in his said Decree, and that he should go home, leaving an Embassador with him, to sollicit the Affair when he came on this side, and that he should not pay the Sum already agreed upon, before he heard further from him. The Craft lies here, that the Emperor wants Money, and seeks it on all hands, and Taxes all the world he can, and borrows it from all Parts. When he comes hither, he will demand some of the Pope, 'tis a plain case. For he will represent to him, *That he has made all these Wars against the Turk and Barberossa, to secure Italy and the Pope, and that he must of necessity contribute to it.* The Pope will answer, *That he has no Money, and will manifestly prove his Poverty to him.* Then the Emperor without disbursing any thing, will demand the Duke of Ferrara's of him, which he knows he may command at a word, and this is the Mystery of the Matter. Yet 'tis not certain whether things will be manag'd thus or no.

LETTER XV.

My Lord,

YOU ask whether the Lord *Pietro Ludovico*, is the Pope's Legitimate Son or Bastard; be assur'd, the Pope was never married, which is as much as to say, that the aforesaid Gentleman is certainly a Bastard; The Pope had a very beautiful Sister. There is to be seen to this day, at the Palace in that Apartment where the Summits reside, built by Pope *Alexander*, an Image of our Lady, which ('tis said) was drawn after that Gentlewoman: She was married to a Gentleman, Cousin to the Lord *Rance*, who being in the War, in the Expedition of *Naples*, the said Pope *Alexander* * * *: Now the Lord *Rance* having certain knowledg of the thing, gave notice of it to his Cousin, *Telling him, that he ought not to suffer such a wrong done to their Family by a Spanish Pope; and that if he would endure it, he himself would not.* In short, her Husband kill'd her, for which Fact the present Pope griev'd: And to assuage his Sorrow, *Alexander* made him a Cardinal, being yet but very young, and bestow'd several other Marks of his favour upon him.

At that time the Pope kept a *Roman Lady della Casa Ruffina*, and by her had a

Daughter who was married to the Lord Bauge, Count of *Sancta Fiore*, who died in this Town since I came hither. By her he has had one of the two little Cardinals (who is called the Cardinal of *Sancta Fiore*.) The Pope likewise had a Son, who is the said *Pietro Ludovico*, concerning whom you inquire, who has married the Daughter of the Count *de Cervelle*, on whom he has got a whole Houseful of Children, and among others the little Cardinaticule *Farnese*, who was made Vice-chancellour by the death of the late Cardinal *de Medicis*. By what is said you may judge, why the Pope did not very well love the Lord Rance, and *vice versa*, [on the other side] the Lord Rance put no great confidence in him: Whence arises a great quarrel between my Lord *John-Paul de Cere*, Son to the said Lord Rance, and the abovenamed *Pietro Ludovico*, for he is resolved to revenge the death of his Aunt.

But he is quit of it on the part of the said Lord Rance, for he di'd the Eleventh day of this Month, going a Hunting, in which he extremely delighted, old as he was. The occasion was this, He had got some *Turkish* Horses from the Fairs of *Racana*, and as he was hunting on one of them that was very tender-mouth'd, it fell, tumbl'd over him, and bruise'd him with the Saddle-bow so severely, that he did

did not live above half an hour after the fall. *This was a great loss to the French, for the King in him has lost a good Servant for his Affairs in Italy: 'Tis rightly said, that the Lord John Paul his Son will be no less hereafter. But it will be a long time e're he gets such Experience in feats of Arms, or so great a Reputation among the Commanders and Soldiers, as the late brave man had. I wish with all my heart that my Lord d'Estissac, by his death, had the County of Pontoise; For, 'tis said, it brings a good Revenue.*

To assist at the Funeral, and to comfort the Marchioness his Wife, my Lord Cardinal has sent to Ceres, near Twenty miles from this Town, my Lord de Rambouillet and the Abbot of St. Nicaise, who was a near Kinsman to the deceased (I believe you have seen him at Court) he is a little man, all life, who was call'd the Arch-deacon of the Ursins; Besides, he has sent some others of his Prothonotaries; which likewise my Lord of Mascon has done,

LETTER XVI.

My Lord,

I Defer to my next to give you more at large the News concerning the Emperor; for his Design is not yet perfectly discovered. He is still at *Naples*, but is expected here by the end of this Month. Great preparations are made for his coming, and abundance of Triumphal Arches. His four Harbingers have been a good while here in Town; two of them *Spaniards*, one *Burgundian*, and the fourth a *Flemming*.

'Tis great pity to see the Ruins of the Churches, Palaces and Houses which the Pope has caused to be demolished and pulled down to make and level him a way. For the Charges of his Reception he has laid a Tax on the College of Cardinals, on those who have Places at Court, and the Artificers of the Town as much as the very *Aquarols*. The Town is already full of Foreigners.

On the Fifth of this Month the Cardinal of *Trent* (*Tridentinus*) arrived, being sent here by the Emperor. His Train is very numerous, and more sumptuous than the Pope's. He had with him above a hundred *Germans* all drest alike; their Gowns
were

were Red, with a Yellow Galloon; and on their right Sleeve was embroydered a Wheat-sheave ti'd close, and round it was written *UNITAS*.

I hear he is much for Peace, and reconciling all the Christian Princes. He eagerly desires a General Council, whatever is done in other matters. I was present when he said to my Lord Cardinal du Bellay: *His Holiness, the Cardinals, Bishops and Prelates of the Church are against a Council, and will by no means hear any thing of it, though they are pressed by Secular Princes on that Subject; but I see the Time at hand when the Prelates of the Church shall be reduced to demand a Council, and the Laity will not hearken to it. This will be when the Latter have taken from the Church all the Wealth and Patrimony which they had given, while Ecclesiastics by the means of frequent Councils maintained Peace and Unity among the Laity.*

Andrew Doria came to this Town on the Third of this Month in no very good Equipage. No manner of particular respect was shewn him at his Arrival, save only that the Lord *Pietro Ludovico* conducted him as far as the Palace of the Cardinal *Camerlingo*, who is a *Genoese*, of the House of *Spinola*. The next day he saluted the Pope, and the day after went away for *Genoa*, on the Emperor's behalf, to inform

himself underhand concerning the Dispositions of the *French* about the War.

We have had here a positive Account of the Old Queen of England's Death; and they add, That the Princess her Daughter lies very ill.

However, The Bull that was to be issued out against the King of England to excommunicate him, and to *interdict* and *proscribe* his Kingdom, did not pass at the Consistory, because of the Articles, *De communicatione & commerciis mutuis*, Of the Passages of Foreigners and Mutual Intercourses, which my Lord Cardinal Du Bellay and the Bishop of Maseon opposed in the King's name, on account of the Interests which he pretends to have in it. It has been put off till the Emperor's Arrival.

My Lord, I most humbly recommend myself to your kind Favour, praying God that it may please him to keep you long in health and prosperity.

Rome, Feb. 15.

MDXXXVI

Your Lordship's most humble

Servant,

Francis Rabelais.

The End of the Letters.

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